



KINDLY + LIGHT

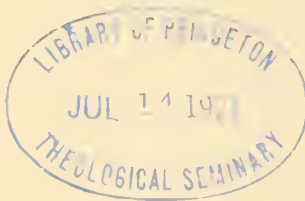
"AMID THE ENCIRCLING GLOOM
LEAD THOU ME ON"

BY

J. H. KURZENKNABE

J. H. KURZENKNABE
COMPANY.

HARRISBURG, PA.




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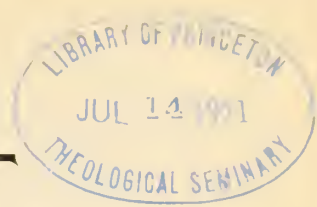
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KINDLY LIGHT.

A New Collection of Hymns and Music
for Praise in the

Sunday School.

BY...

J. H. [✓]KURZENKNABE.

HARRISBURG, PA.:

J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

*Price, post-paid, by Mail, 35 cents per copy; \$4.20 per dozen. By Express, not prepaid, \$3.60 per dozen.
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PREFACE.

“KINDLY LIGHT” is a New Collection of Hymns and Music, especially designed for “*Praise*” in the *Sunday School*.

We extend our heartiest thanks to the friends who so very cheerfully contributed their most valuable copyrights to enrich its pages.

Much praise is due to Harry J. Kurzenknabe, who so ably assisted in the supervision, and for his valuable services in the proof-reading and general arrangement of the Book.

“KINDLY LIGHT!” May its beautiful songs cheer us amidst the encircling gloom, and keep our feet, step by step, o’er crag and torrent, till the night is gone. With the morn, may its rays, reflected from cross to crown, light us to enter with praises into that glory, where you, dear Reader, and we together, shall have part in His Salvation.

The Author,

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

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KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light.

3

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

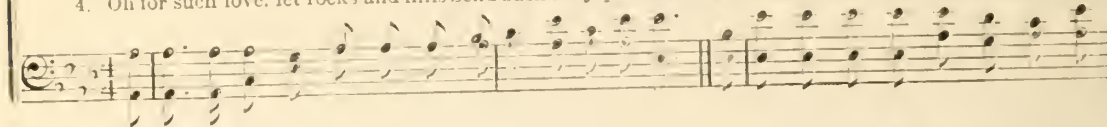
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone! And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!

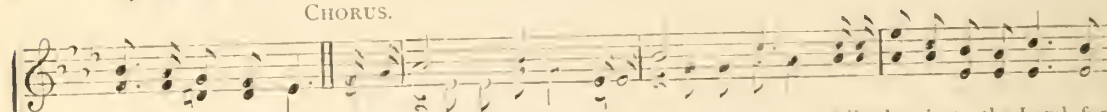
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



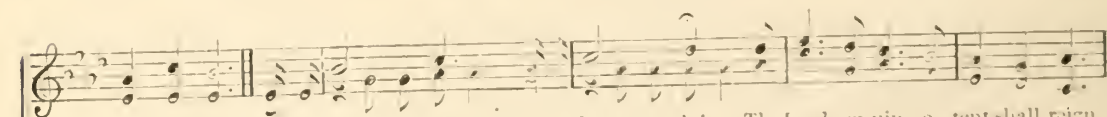
1. Lift up a joy - ful song of praise To Christ our Sacri - fice, To Him who bled for us with His blood Let
2. Let in - fant lips His love proclaim Who sav'd our fallen race, And all the tribes of earth re-joice Who
3. Let distant climes the strains prolong, The isles His praise repeat, While angels sing around His throne That
4. Oh for such love! let rocks and hills send back the joyful strain, And Heav'n and earth unite to praise The



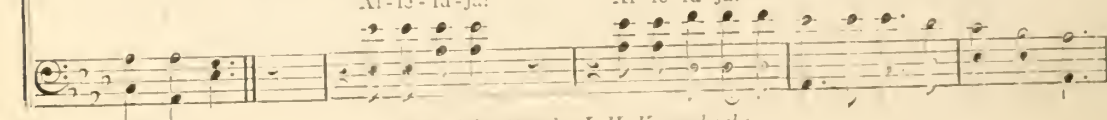
CHORUS.



notes of rap-ture rise. Al-le-lu - ja! Alle-lu - ja! All - lu - ja to the Lamb for
 know His sov'reign grace. Al-le-lu - ja! Alle-lu - ja!
 song so wond'rous sweet.
 Lamb for sin-ners slain.



sin-ners slain; Al-le-lu - ja! Alle-lu - ja! The Lord om-nip - o - tent shall reign.
 Al-le-lu - ja! Alle-lu - ja!

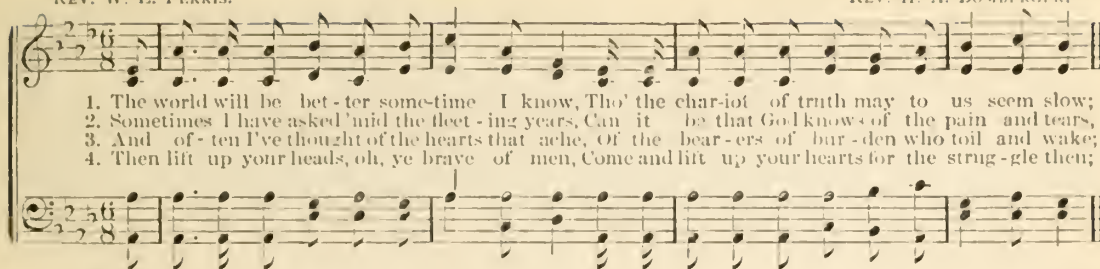


The Beautiful Sometime.

5

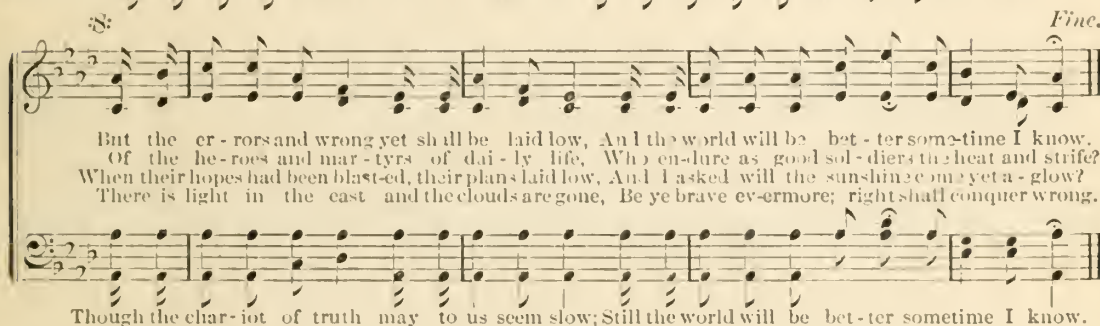
REV. W. L. FERRIS.

REV. H. A. BOMBERGER.



1. The world will be bet-ter some-time I know, Tho' the char-iot of truth may to us seem slow;
 2. Sometimes I have asked 'mid the fleet-ing years, Can it be that God knows of the pain and tears;
 3. And of-ten I've thought of the hearts that ache, Of the bear-ers of bur-den who toil and wane;
 4. Then lift up your heads, oh, ye brave of men, Come and lift up your hearts for the strug-gle then;

Fine.

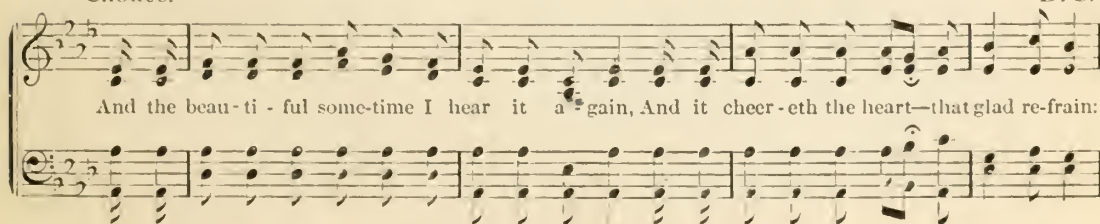


But the er-rors and wrong yet shall be laid low, And the world will be bet-ter some-time I know.
 Of the he-roes and mar-tyrs of dai-ly life, Who en-dure as good sol-diers the heat and strife?
 When their hopes had been blast-ed, their plans laid low, And I asked will the sunshine e-ver yet a-glow?
 There is light in the east and the clouds are gone, Be ye brave ev-ermore; right shall conquer wrong.

Though the char-iot of truth may to us seem slow; Still the world will be bet-ter sometime I know.

CHORUS.

D. S.



And the beau-ti-ful some-time I hear it a-gain, And it cheer-eth the heart—that glad re-frain:

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He'll Carry the Lambs in His Arm.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. When the an - gel mes - senger's vis - it came, Down from the streets of gold, To ten - der - ly car - ry the
 2. 'Twas a ten - der loved one so young and fair, Pride of a sun - ny home; The Mas - ter had need of this
 3. When the Lord shall come to make up His own, Praise to His ho - ly name; Then we shall a - gain see our

lit - tle lamb Thro' the gates to the up - per fold; Why should we sor - row and weep a - lone? The
 blos - som there, And He ten - der - ly bade it, "Come." Why should we weep? Let this grief be gone! The
 lit - tle one, Clad in robes to a - dorn the Lamb. There with the countless un - numbered host, The

dar - ling is safe from harm; For Je - sus so loves the lit - tle one, He'll car - ry the lambs in His arm.
 dar - ling is safe from harm; For Je - sus sought out the lit - tle one, He'll car - ry the lambs in His arm.
 dar - ling is safe from harm; We'll meet them again we've once thought lost! He'll carry the lambs in His arm.

He'll Carry the Lambs in His Arm. (Concluded.)

7 -

CHORUS.

rit.

He'll carry the lambs, The dear little lambs; Ah! then before His Father's throne, He'll carry the lambs in His arm.

Nearer my God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
 2. Tho' like a wander-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be ov - er me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let my way appear Steps un-to Heaven: All that Thou sendest me In mer - cy given;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Near - er to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Near - er to Thee!
 An - gels to beck-on me Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

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One Look at the Cross.

W. W. RHODES.

REV. W. W. RHODES.

1. One look at the cross on Calvary's mount, Where Christ, the Redeemer, suffer'd and died, Will satisfy all who
 2. One look at the cross suf - fi - cient will be To save thee from sin and set thy soul free; The promise is: Look, and
 3. Then look to the cross, O burden'd of soul! Where floweth the blood that maketh thee whole; That one look of faith to

CHORUS.

look and be-lieve On Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied. One look at the cross..... on Cal - va - ry's
 on - ly be-lieve, And mer - cy thou shalt receive.
 Cal - va - ry's brow, Will bring theesal - va - tion now. One look at the cross

brow..... Will sat - is - fy all..... who look and believe;..... One look at the
 on Cal - va - ry's brow, Will sat - is - fy all who look and believe;

One Look at the Cross. (Concluded.)

9

"CROSS..... will sat-is-fy all..... Who only will look..... will look and live.
 One look at the cross will sat-is-fy all, Who only will look,

Sing Through All.

IDA L. REED.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. If the days are dreary, And the clouds hang low, Sing, tho' sad and wea-ry. And for-get thy woe.
 2. If life's woes oppress thee, Sing, and they will hide; Naught can long distress thee While thy song abide.
 3. Sing, tho' hopes are blighted, Fondest, loved and best; Soon 'twill all be righted, Sing thy fears to rest.

CHORUS.

Sing, tho' shadows cov-er Thy way; lift up thy song; The storms will soon be over, The path seem not so long.

The Home of Cloudless Day.

ARR BY J. H. KURZENKNABE.

GEO. W. COVER.

1. O, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O, they tell me of a home far a-way,
 2. O, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, And they tell me of a heav-en-ly way,
 3. O, they tell me that the Sav-iour will welcome them, And His saints shall stand in spotless ar-ray,

Fine.

O, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise, An e-ter-ni-ty of cloudless day.
 Where the tree of life, a-glow with e-ter-nal noon, Sheds its fragrance thro' that endless day.
 And bow down, and bring the crown and the di-a-dem, And shall crown Him Lord of Heav'n for aye.

D. S.—Take me home where I may spend with my Sav-iour dear, An e-ter-ni-ty of cloud-less day.

CHORUS.

D. S.

O, the land..... of cloudless day..... Heav'nly land..... of cloudless day;
 O, the land of cloudless day, the land of cloudless day; Blessed heav'nly land, that far-er land, the home not far a-way;

The Way of the Cross.

11

E. W. BLANDY.

Andantino con espressione.

ARR. BY J. S. NORRIS.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and

CHORUS.

call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me." Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He
 gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. (Sing above chorus for 2d and 3d verses.)
 judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 glo-ry. And go with me with me all the way. Yes, He gives me grace and glo-ry, Yes, He
Final chorus.—As He leads me I do fol-low, As He

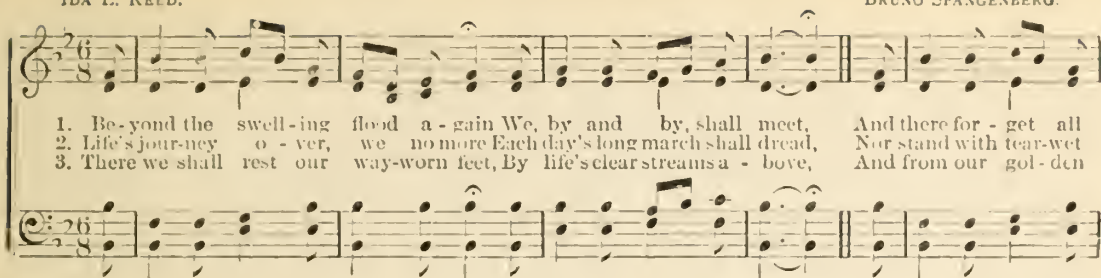
leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 gives me grace and glo-ry, Yes, He gives me grace and glo-ry, And goes with me, with me all the way.
 leads me I do fol-low, As He leads me I do fol-low, He goes with me, with me all the way.

1. Je-sus, I am nev - er wea - ry, In this world of care and pain, If Thy presence on - ly cheer me, All my
 2. All my sins were laid up - on Thee, All my griefs were on Thee laid; For the blood of Thine a-tonement All my
 3. Dearest Sav-iour! go not from me; let Thy presence still a-bide; Look in tend rest love up - on me, I am

CHORUS.

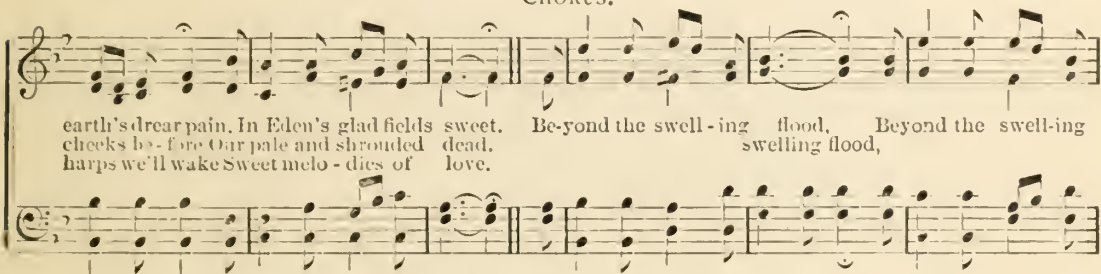
loss I count but gain. Both Thine arms..... are clasp'd around me, And my head..... is on Thy
 ut - most debt has paid. Both Thine arms are clasped around me, And my head
 shelt'ring at Thy side.

breast, For my wea - - ry soul has found Thee Such a per - fect, per - fect rest.
 is on Thy breast, For my weary soul, my weary soul has found Thee

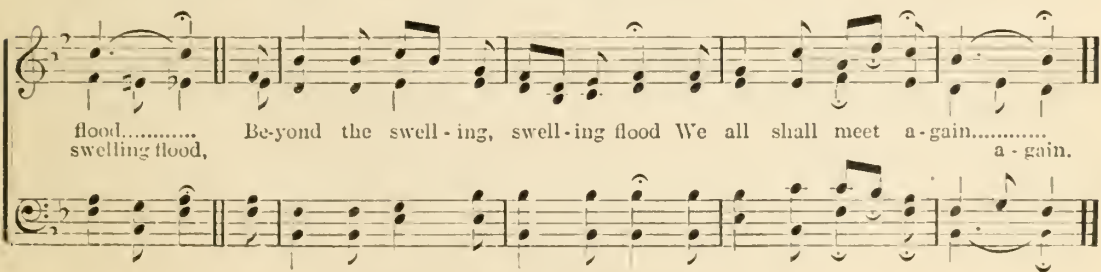


1. Be-yond the swell-ing flood a-gain We, by and by, shall meet, And there for-get all
 2. Life's jour-ney o-ver, we no more Each day's long march shall dread, Nor stand with tear-wet
 3. There we shall rest our way-worn feet, By life's clear streams a-bove, And from our gol-den

CHORUS.



earth's drear pain, In Eden's glad fields sweet. Be-yond the swell-ing flood, Beyond the swell-ing
 cheeks be-fore Our pale and shrouded dead, swelling flood,
 harps we'll wake Sweet melo-dies of love.

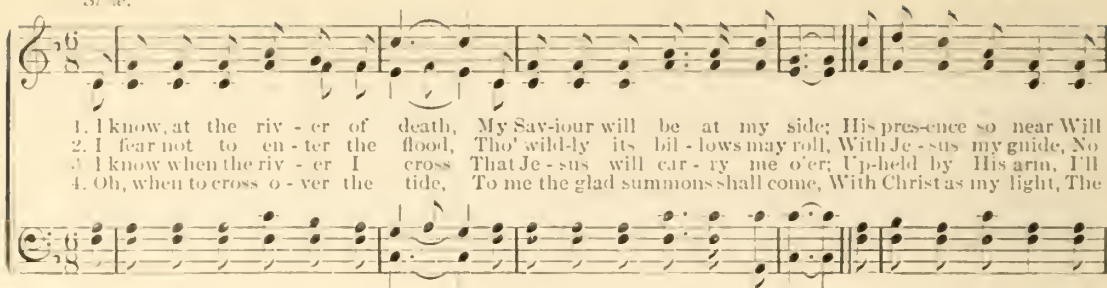


flood..... Be-yond the swell-ing, swell-ing flood We all shall meet a-gain.....
 swelling flood, a-gain.

A. F. MYERS

Soprano.

A. F. MYERS

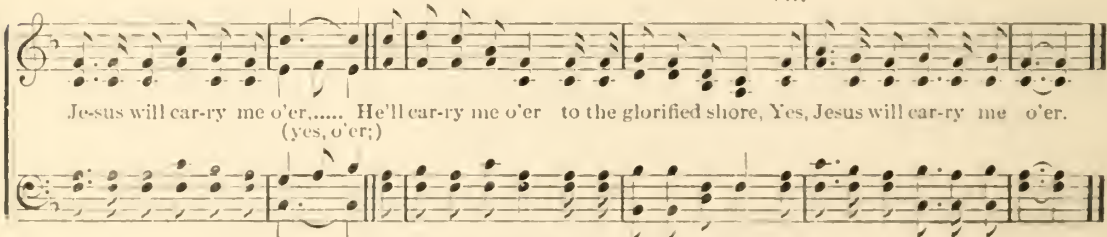


1. I know, at the riv - er of death, My Sav-iour will be at my side; His pres-ence so near Will
 2. I fear not to en - ter the flood, Tho' wild-ly its bil - lows may roll, With Je - sus my guide, No
 3. I know when the riv - er I cross That Je - sus will car - ry me o'er; Up-held by His arm, I'll
 4. Oh, when to cross o - ver the tide, To me the glad summons shall come, With Christ as my light, The

CHORUS.



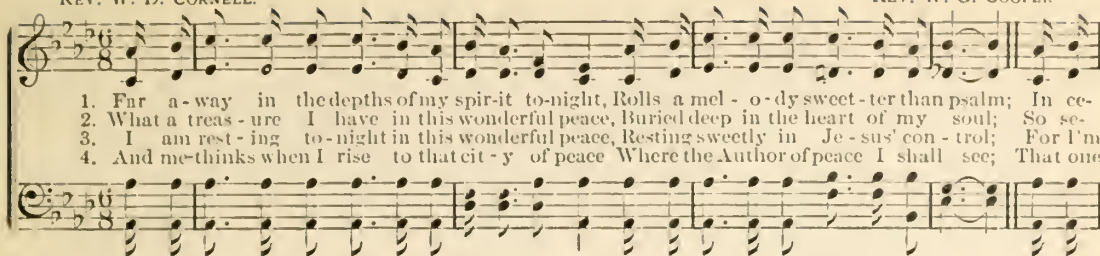
ban-ish all fear, And He will the wa - ters di - vide. Yes, Je - sus will car - ry me o - ver the riv - er, Yes
 ill can be - tide, For He will the tem - pest con - trol.
 suf - fer no harm, But safe - ly I'll reach the blest shore.
 way will be bright, And an - gels will wel - come me home.

rit.


Jesus will car - ry me o'er,..... He'll car - ry me o'er to the glorified shore, Yes, Jesus will car - ry me o'er.
 (yes, o'er;)

REV. W. D. CORNELL.

REV. W. G. COOPER

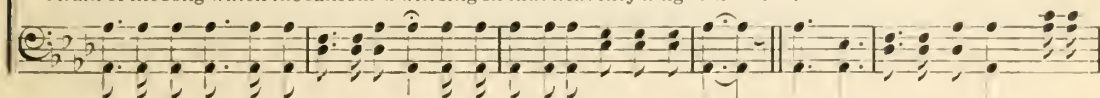


1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel-o-dy sweet-ter than psalm; In ce-
 2. What a treas-ure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in the heart of my soul; So se-
 3. I am rest-ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweetly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm
 4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit-y of peace Where the Author of peace I shall see; That one

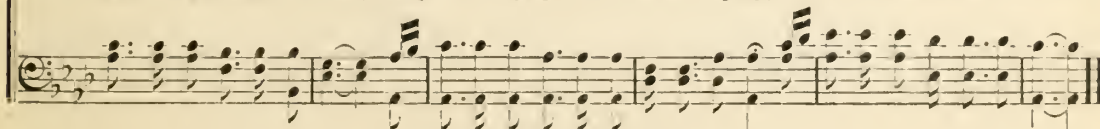
CHORUS.



lestial like strains it unceasingly falls O'er my soul like an infinite calm. Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming
 cure that no power can mine it away. While the years of eterni-ty roll.
 kept from all danger by night and by day, And His glory is flooding my soul.
 strain of the song which the ransom'd will sing In that heavenly kingdom will be.




down from the Father a-bove; Sweep o-ver my spir-it for-ev-er I pray, In fathomless billows of love.



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J. H. KURZENKNABE.

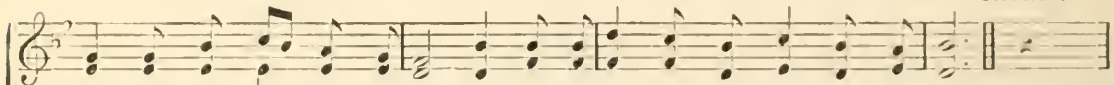
J. H. KURZENKNABE



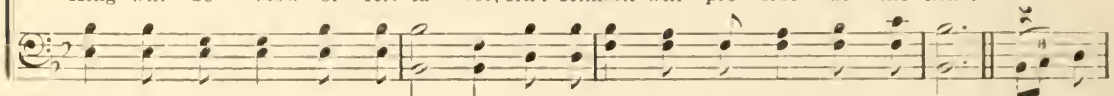
1. Have the na - tions been called to the ban-quet, That is spread near the King's roy - al throne, To the
 2. Let them know that the feast now is wait - ing, Ev-'ry guest is made welcome to - day; And the
 3. Teach the word that is sent down from Heav-en, Tell of meat and of drink that is blest; And the
 4. O, the boun - ty and price of the purchase, And how sumptuous the ban-quet is spread; There the



CHORUS.



feast by His boun - ty pro-vid - ed, And to which He in - vites ev - 'ry one?
 Lord who so gra - cious - ly bids them, Sends His ser - vants to show them the way.
 won - der - ful love that is giv - en, And the wel - come for ev - er - y guest.
 King will be - stow of His fa - vor, And Himself will pre - side at the head.



Send the

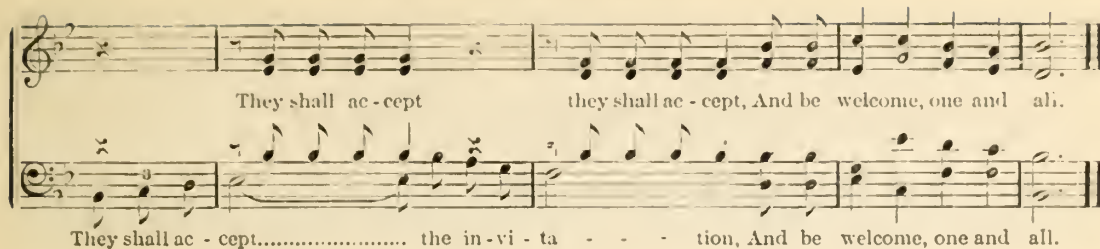


Oh, send the call, Oh, send the call; Bid them to the banquet hall, to the royal banquet hall;



call..... to ev-'ry na - - tion, Bid them to the ban-quet hall:

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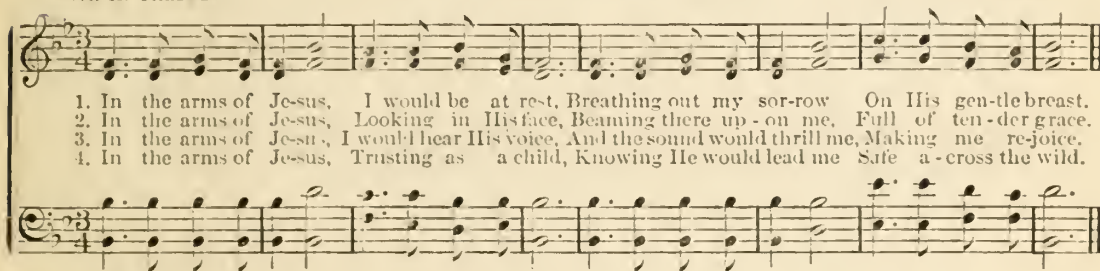
They shall ac-cept they shall ac-cept, And be welcome, one and all.

They shall ac-cept..... the in-vi-ta-tion, And be welcome, one and all.

In the Arms of Jesus.

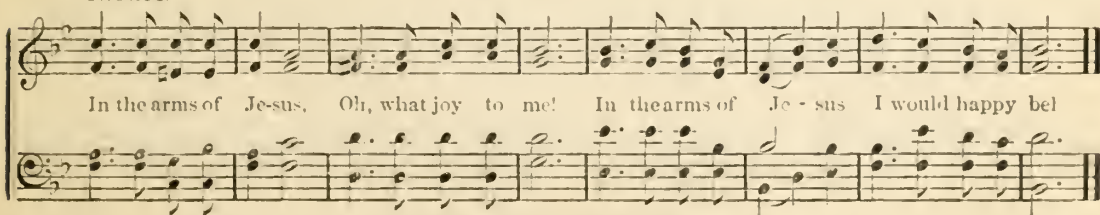
WM. H. GARDNER.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



1. In the arms of Je-sus, I would be at rest, Breathing out my sor-row On His gen-tle breast.
 2. In the arms of Je-sus, Looking in His face, Beaming there up-on me, Full of ten-der grace.
 3. In the arms of Je-sus, I would hear His voice, And the sound would thrill me, Making me re-joice.
 4. In the arms of Je-sus, Trusting as a child, Knowing He would lead me Safe a-cross the wild.

CHORUS.



In the arms of Je-sus, Oh, what joy to me! In the arms of Je-sus I would happy be!

Slow.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Those words, "no tears," will look so bless'd, To eyes grown dim with weeping; Those words "no death," will
 2. "No night there" seems so bright to those Whose sun sank back at dawn; "No sea" sounds calm to
 3. There ev - er at His feet to sit, And wonder at the glo - ry; So bright to view, so



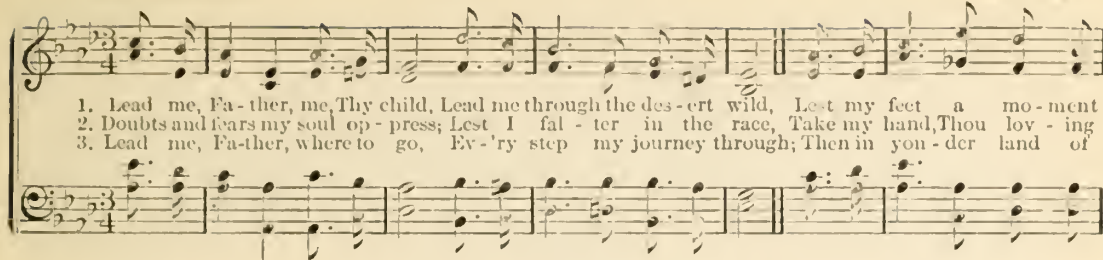
come so glad To bod - ies grave - ward ereeping; "No sorrows" makes a thrill in hearts, Long
 those who sail Long tem - pest tossed and mourning; "No pain," drops bless'd on aching hearts, Which
 far be - yond Earth's fair - est, fond - est sto - ry; There naught but God Him-self shall be The



dead to oth - er thrilling; "No crying" sounds so soft to ears, Earth's moans have long been filling.
 fare their deep - est dreading; "That rest," falls sweet on wea - ry feet; Uncho - sen path - ways treading.
 all a - dored for - ev - er; This heav'nly land by faith I see, Be - yond the si - lent riv - er.



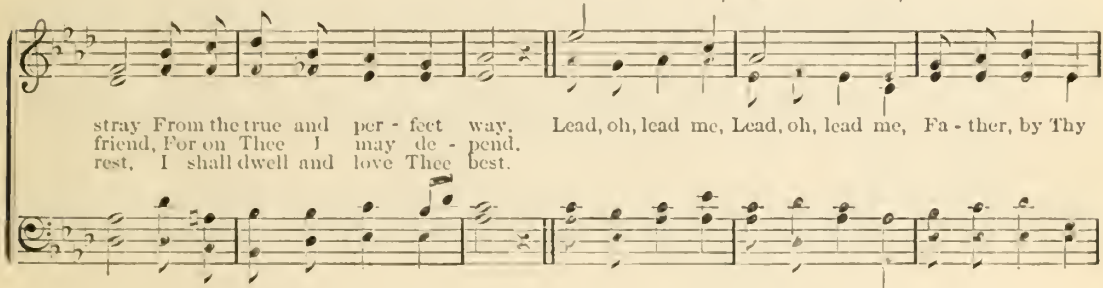
Lead Me Father.



1. Lead me, Fa-ther, me, Thy child, Lead me through the des-ert wild, Lest my feet a mo-ment
 2. Doubts and fears my soul op-press; Lest I fal-ter in the race, Take my hand, Thou lov-ing
 3. Lead me, Fa-ther, where to go, Ev-'ry step my journey through; Then in yon-der land of

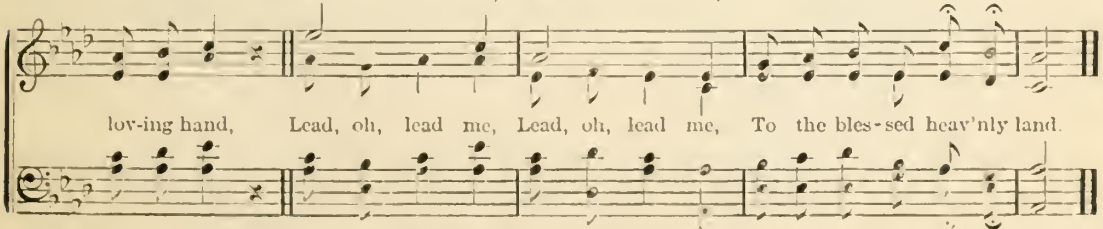
CHORUS.

Lead me, Lead me,

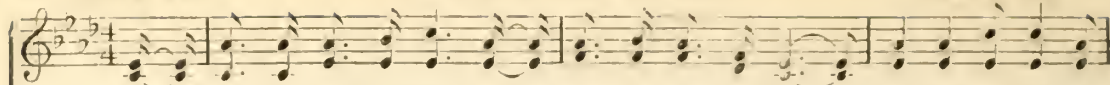


stray From the true and per-fect way. Lead, oh, lead me, Lead, oh, lead me, Fa-ther, by Thy
 friend, For on Thee I may de-pend.
 rest, I shall dwell and love Thee best.

Lead me, Lead me,



lov-ing hand, Lead, oh, lead me, Lead, oh, lead me, To the bles-sed heav'nly land.



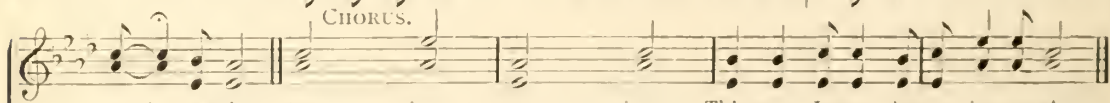
1. Our Lord, whom we've not seen, yet whom we dear - ly love; This same Je - sus is
2. Oh, bless - ed, glo - rious hope, that Je - sus shall ap - pear; This same Je - sus is
3. This gos - pel of the King to all the world shall go. For this same Je - sus shall
4. He said we shall be changed in the twink - ling of an eye, When this same Je - sus shall
5. We shall reign up - on the earth With Christ a thou - sand years, When this same Je - sus shall



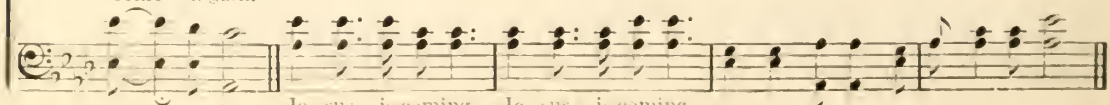
coming a - gain; The an - gels left us word just as He went a - bove, This same Je - sus is
 coming a - gain; Oh! Bride of Christ, a - wake! the time is sure - ly near When this same Je - sus shall
 come a - gain; He said the time shall come when ev'ry tongue shall know This same Je - sus is
 come a - gain; Yes, soul - in - spir - ing hope, to see Him by and by; This same Je - sus is
 come a - gain; In the mil - len - ial day there shall be no more tears; When this same Je - sus shall



CHORUS.



com - ing a - gain. Com - - ing, com - - ing, This same Je - sus is com - ing a - gain;
 come a - gain.
 com - ing a - gain.
 com - ing a - gain.
 come a - gain.



Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming.

Com - - - ing, com - - - ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.

Je - sus is com-ing, Je - sus is com-ing,

By permission.

H. F. ECKERT.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. No want shall I know for the Lord is my Shep-herd, In ev-er-green pas-tures He resteth my soul;
 2. For the sake of His name in the paths of the righteous He leads me, and kind-ly re-storeth me there;
 3. Thy rod and Thy staff, they shall comfort and keep me, Thy boun-te-ous ta-ble be-fore me is spread;
 4. Sure-ly goodness and mer-cy shall fol-low me ev-er, The days of my life in my pilgrimage here;

And ten-der-ly leads me and lov-ing-ly guides me, Where wa-ters of crystal e-ter-nal-ly roll.
 Tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of death, yet no e-vil, Nor poi-son of sin shall I breathe on the air.
 In mine en-e-mies pres-ence my cup runneth o-ver, With oil, Lord of Hosts, Thou anointest my head.
 And when I de-part from this val-ley for-ev-er, In the house of my Lord I shall dwell ov-er there.

Not the Half Was Ever Told.

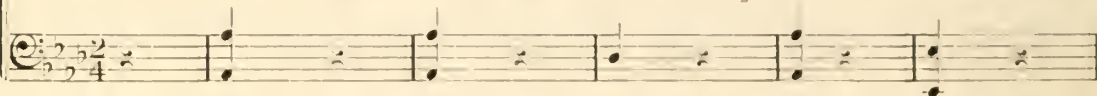
MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

L. H. PARTHMORE.

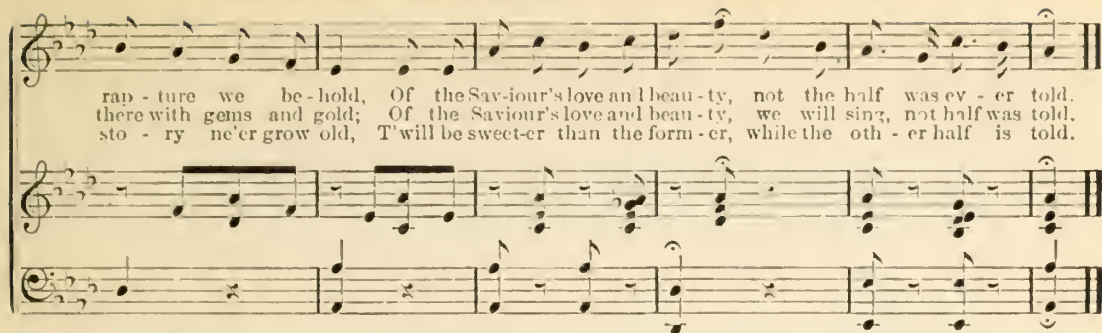


1. When we've reach'd the heav'nly por-tals and have pass'd in-side the gate, And are greet-ed by the
 2. When we're wel-com'd by the Fa-ther, who will wipe a-way our tears, And will give us great-er
 3. When we've reign'd thro' countless a-ges, with the Fath-er and the Son, We'll have endless days in



an-gels, who the sto-ry will re-late; There ar-rayed in heav'n-ly splen-dor, and in
 bless-ings than He did in form-er years; On His throne He gent-ly seats us, crowns us
 glo-ry, for our Heaven's just be-gun; There to praise our dear Re-deem-er, let the





rap - ture we be - hold, Of the Sav - iour's love and beau - ty, not the half was ev - er told.
there with gems and gold; Of the Saviour's love and beau - ty, we will sing, not half was told.
sto - ry ne'er grow old, T'will be sweet - er than the form - er, while the oth - er half is told.

CHORUS.



Not the half..... was ev - er told..... Not the half..... was ev - er told.....
Not the half was ev - er told, Not the half was ev - er told;
Of the Sav - iour's love and beauty..... Not the half..... was ev - er told.....
Of the Saviour's love and beauty, Love and beauty, Not the half was ev - er, ev - er told.



Of the Sav - iour's love and beauty..... Not the half..... was ev - er told.....
Of the Saviour's love and beauty, Love and beauty, Not the half was ev - er, ev - er told.

J. H. KURZENKNAEBE.

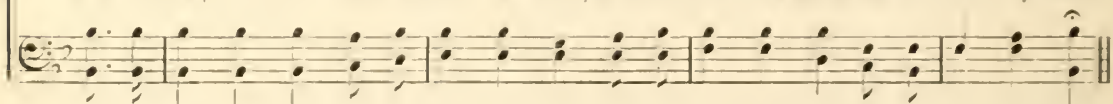
L. H. PARTHMORE.



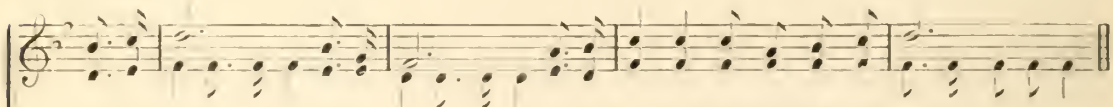
1. Bless-ed Sav-our! Thou art my hope and stay, Thy pro- tecting hand leads me all the way;
 2. Oh, the wondrous care and the lov- ing hand Of this trus- ty guide, and the stead- fast friend,
 3. Thro' the storms of life, when the tem- pests play, Then He calms the winds, and the waves o- bey;



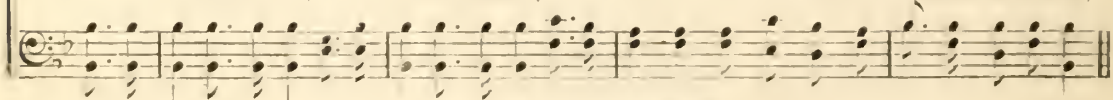
Keep me ev- er near, with the cross in view, Lead me, step by step, all my journey through.
 Who will not for- sake what-so- e'er he- tide; Those who trust His word, in His love a- bide.
 And at last, when all of life's work is done, He will crown His saints with the vic- t'ry won.



CHORUS.



Lead me on,..... lead me on,..... Lead me in the straight and nar- row way;.....
 Lead me on, Lead me on, Lead Thou me on;



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Lead Me On. (Concluded.)

25

rit.

Lead me on,..... Lead me on,..... Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me day by day,.....
 Lead me on, Lead me on, day by day.

Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

CHAS. WESLEY

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own, Wash me, and mine Thon art;
 4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply Till faith to sight im - prove;

CHORUS.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,

This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died,
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean,
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart,
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul my be love.

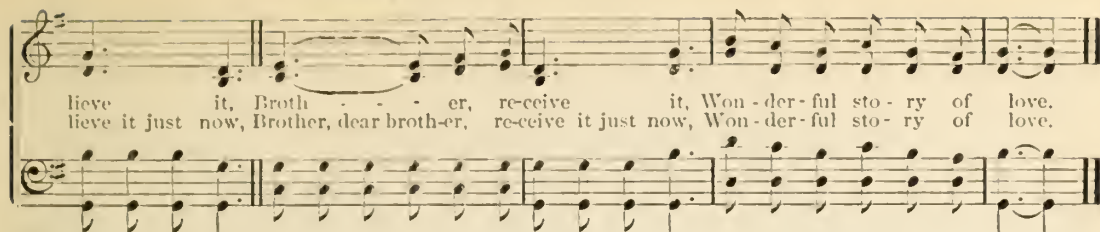
And through His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free,

1. Oh! won - der - ful sto - ry of mer - cy and love, While yet we were sin - ners condemn'd by the fall, God
 2. Now sing it in ac - cents so ten - der and plain, God loved us, so loved us, while yet in our sin, He
 3. God's measure of love for the sin - ner is shown, To be just the same that He had for His Son, His
 4. Oh! come now, dear sin - ner, and give God your heart, Be - lieve and confess Him, and at His throne bow; Re -
 5. Yes, won - der - ful sto - ry, oh! sing it a - gain, God loved us, we need not now per - ish, said He; Christ

pi - tied our sor - row, and sent from a - bove His Son, our dear Sav - iour, to die for us all;
 suffered His on - ly dear Son to be slain, That life ev - er - last ing for us He might win;
 love then, dear lost one, how can you dis - own, Or still re - ject Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied One?
 pent, and from all your sad life now de - part, God loves you, and longs to for - give you just now;
 Je - sus when on earth re - ceived sin - ful men, Come, prod - i - gal wand'rer, He will re - ceive thee;

CHORUS.

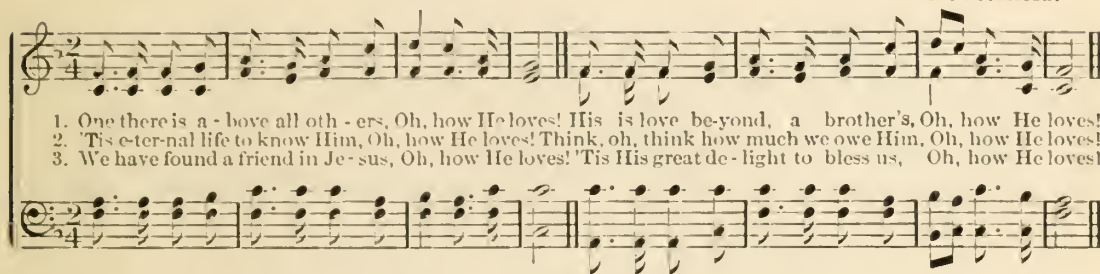
Won - der - ful sto - ry of love. Won - der - ful sto - ry, Sin - ner, be -
 Wonderful, wonderful sto - ry of love, Sin - ner, dear sin - ner, be -



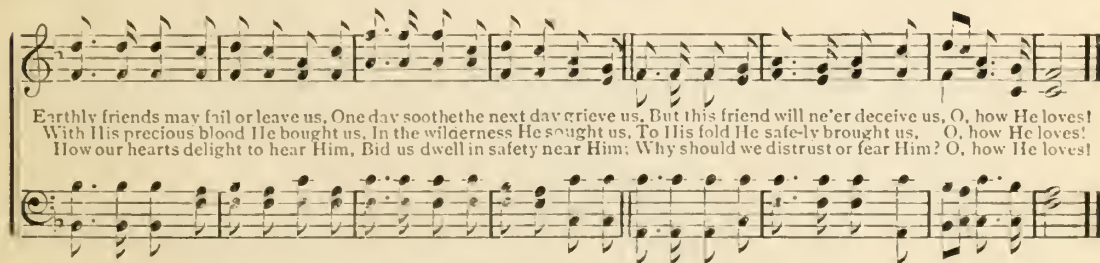
lieve it, Broth - er, re-ceive it, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
lieve it just now, Brother, dear broth-er, re-ceive it just now, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.

O, How He Loves.

I. N. McHose.



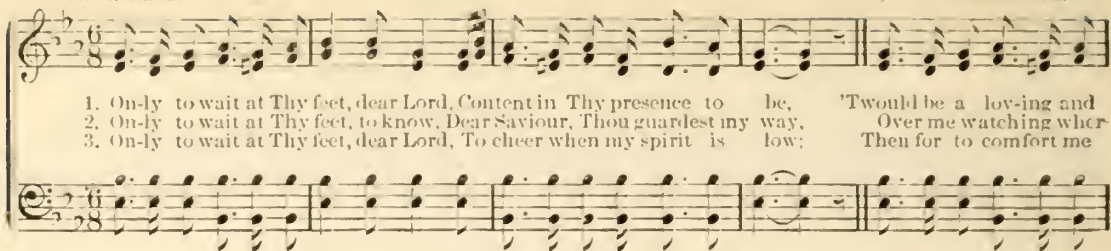
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be-yond, a brother's, Oh, how He loves!
2. 'Tis e-ter-nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves!
3. We have found a friend in Je - sus, Oh, how He loves! 'Tis His great de - light to bless us, Oh, how He loves!



Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe the next day grieve us, But this friend will ne'er deceive us, O, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us, In the wilderness He sought us, To His fold He safe-ly brought us, O, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him, Bid us dwell in safety near Him; Why should we distrust or fear Him? O, how He loves!

IDA L. REED.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

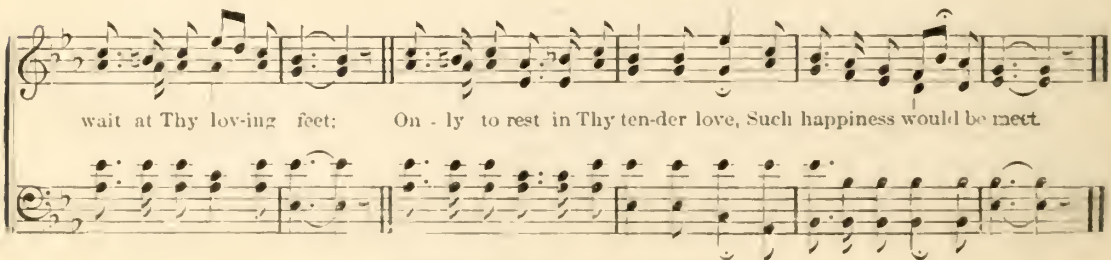


1. On-ly to wait at Thy feet, dear Lord, Content in Thy presence to be, 'Twould be a lov-ing and
 2. On-ly to wait at Thy feet, to know, Dear Saviour, Thou guardest my way, Over me watching wher
 3. On-ly to wait at Thy feet, dear Lord, To cheer when my spirit is low; Then for to comfort me

CHORUS.



sweet re-ward For toil-ing and weep-ing to me. On - ly to wait at Thy feet, dear Lord, To
 e'er I go, Wher-ev - er my footsteps may stray.
 by Thy word, Thy choicest of blessings be - stow.



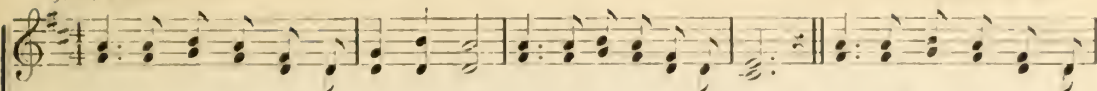
wait at Thy lov-ing feet; On - ly to rest in Thy ten-der love, Such happiness would be meet.

Wand'ers on the Mountains.

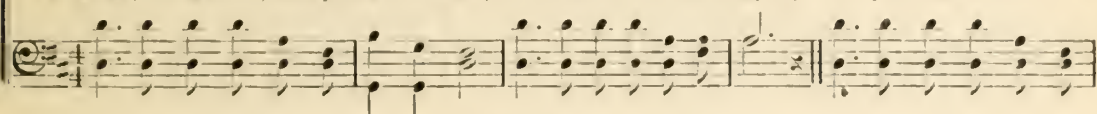
29

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

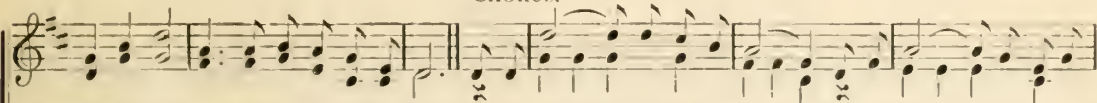
NORMAN B. KURZENKNABE



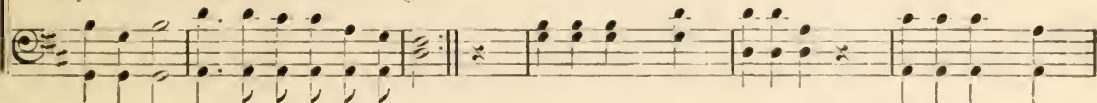
1. There are wand'ers on the mountains bare, 'Midst the storm and piercing cold; See, the Shepherd longs to
2. Go where shad-ows of de-spair lie deep, Search in desert places wild; Help the Shepherd find His
3. Leave them not where storms of fu-ry beat, Leave them not to loss un-told; Help them to the Shepherd's
4. Christ, our Sav-iour, seeks your soul to win, From the mount of dark despair; If you now will turn a-



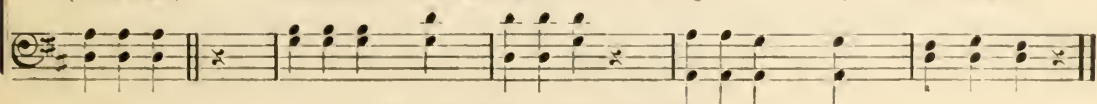
CHORUS.

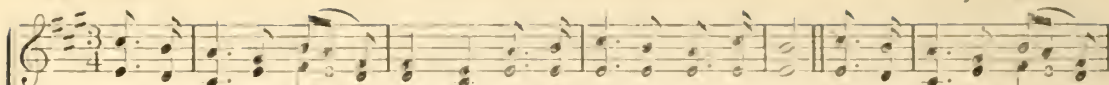


give His care, Bring them to His shelter'd fold. From the mountains dark and cold, From deceiv - ing paths of
straying sheep, Bring each wayward, wand'ring child. From the mountains dark and cold, From de-ceiv - ing
safe retreat, Help them to His peaceful fold.
way from sin You shall have His loving care.



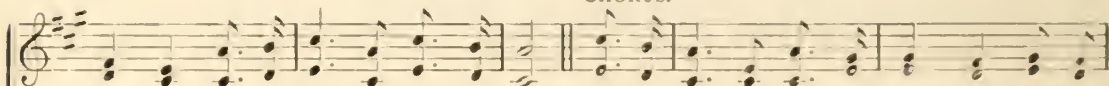
sin..... To the safe.....and sheltered fold..... Bring the err - ing wand'ers in.....
paths of sin, To the safe and sheltered fold, Bring the err - ing wand'ers in



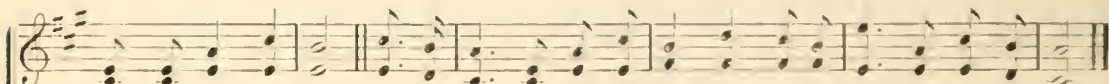


1. Are you watching for the Bridegroom? Have you heard His voice di-vine? Can you say, "O, yes, I
 2. Is your lamp all trimmed and burning, And with oil are you supplied, So that you can stand le-
 3. If you thus are wait-ing, watching, And your lamp is burning bright, You shall share His roy-al
 4. But if you re-ject His fa-vor, And will not His love re-cieve, You shall mourn in bit-ter

CHORUS.



love Him, I am His, and He is mine?" I am watch-ing for the Bride-groom, I have
 fore Him When He comes to claim His Bride?
 splen-dor, Mansions in e-ter-nal light.
 an-guish When, too late, you must be-lieve.



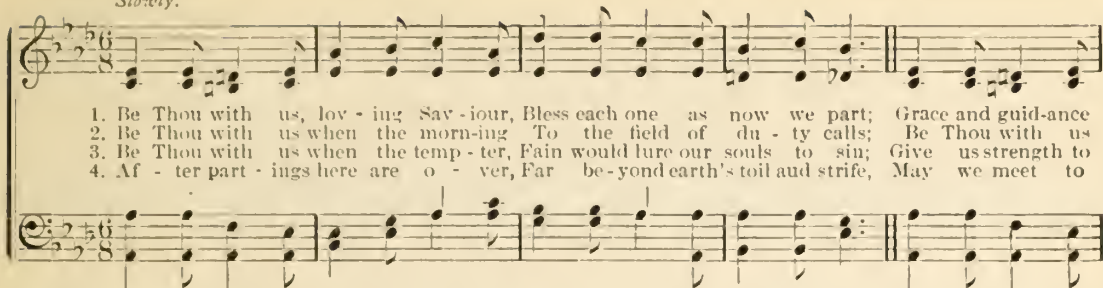
heard His voice di-vine, I can say, "O, yes, I love Him, I am His, and He is mine."

Be Thou With Us. (Parting.)

31

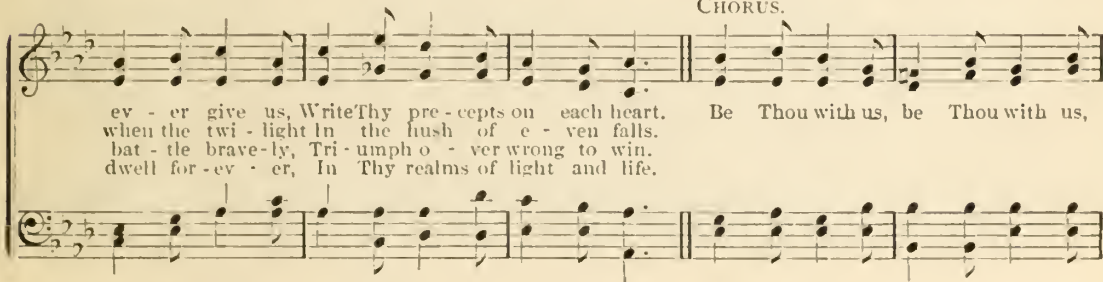
JENNIE WILSON.
Slowly.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.

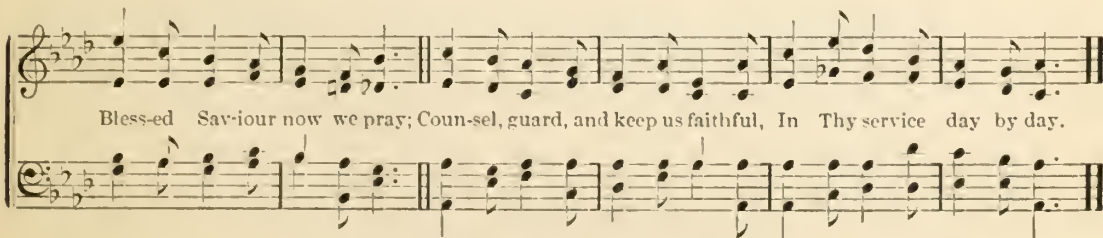


1. Be Thou with us, lov - ing Sav - iour, Bless each one as now we part; Grace and guid-ance
2. Be Thou with us when the morn-ing To the field of du - ty calls; Be Thou with us
3. Be Thou with us when the temp - er, Fain would lure our souls to sin; Give us strength to
4. Af - ter part - ings here are o - ver, Far be - yond earth's toil and strife, May we meet to

CHORUS.



ev - er give us, Write Thy pre - cepts on each heart. Be Thou with us, be Thou with us,
when the twi - light In the hush of e - ven falls.
bat - tle brave - ly, Tri - umph o - ver wrong to win.
dwell for - ev - er, In Thy realms of light and life.



Bless - ed Sav - iour now we pray; Coun - sel, guard, and keep us faithful, In Thy service day by day.

Oh, I Love to Think of Jesus.

J. H. KURZENKNADE.

J. H. PARTHEMORE.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Name most precious tongue can tell; He who came from realms of
 2. Je - sus Christ, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Cho - sen from e - ter - ni - ty, Laid a - side His heav'nly
 3. Help us here to love and serve Thee, And to prove our love, we pray; Make us faith - ful in our

glo - ry, With us mortals here to dwell; And He saw us in our miser - y, In our sins He heard us
 glo - ry, For to ransom you and me; 'Twas for us He suffered an - guish, Bore our sor - rows and our
 du - ties, Kind and trustful day by day; And, as Thine own chil - dren lead us, In the path of truth and

groan; He came from the heav'nly Fa - - ther For us sin - ners to a - - tone,
 shame, Died that we might live, He rose a - - gain, Lord of life and death He came.
 right; If we walk in Thy blest foot - - steps, We shall reach the realms of light.

CHORUS.

Je-sus died..... up-on the tree..... Je-sus died..... for you and me.....
 Je-sus died up-on the tree, Je-sus died for you and me;

That whoso-ev-er be-lieveth in Him..... Shall have e-ter-nal life;.....
 That whoso-ev-er be-liev-eth in Him e-ter-nal life;

That whoso-ev-er be-lieveth in Him..... Shall have e-ter-nal life;.....
 That whoso-ever be-liev-eth in Him e-ter-nal life.

ARR. BY J. H. K.

GEO. W. COVER.

1. Oh, how happy are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove;..... Tongue can
 2. 'Tis a Heaven be-low, My Re-deemer to know; Why the angels can have nothing more..... Than to
 3. Je-sus, all the day long, Is my joy and my song; Oh! that all His sal - vation might see!..... In His
 4. Oh! the rapturous height Of the ho - ly de - light Which I feel in the life-giving blood;..... Of the

CHORUS.

never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.....
 fall at His feet And the sto - ry repeat, And the Saviour of sinners a - dore.....
 love they might hide, For He suffer'd and died To redeem us and make us all free..... Jesus, my song, All the day
 Saviour I'll sing, My Redeemer and King, Till I'm fill'd with the fullness of God.....

rit.


long; And I will tell it around;..... Tell it to-day, Tell it alway, What a dear Saviour I've found.....
 I'll tell it around, I will dear Saviour I've found.

Teach All Nations.

35

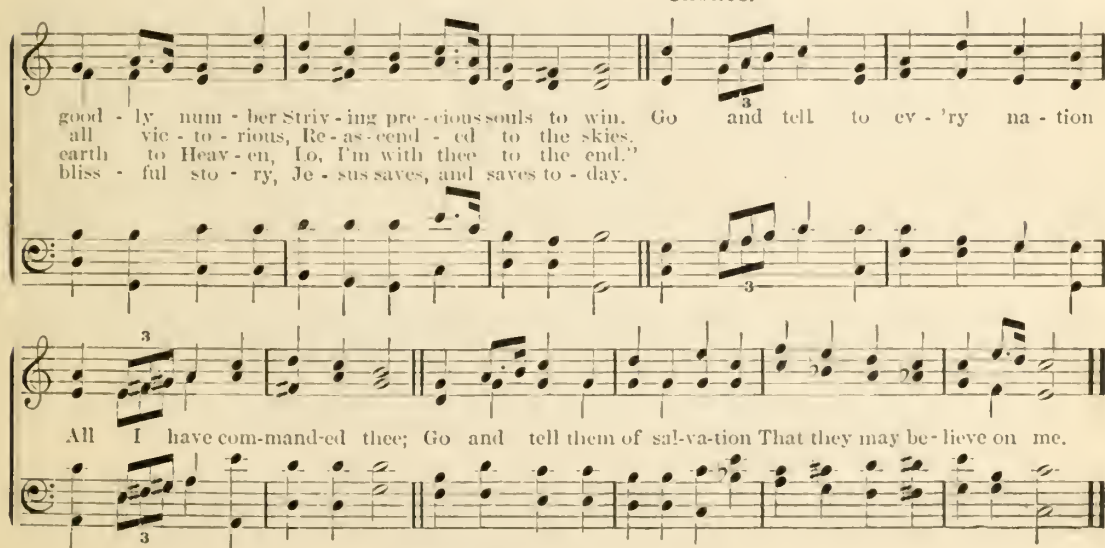
CORDELIA STEWART.

GEORGE J. KURZENKNABE.



1. Chris - tian, rouse thee from thy slum - ber, Far too long thy sleep hath been; Wake and join the
 2. Lo! to thee a mes - sage glo - rious, His com - mand re - cord - ed lies; Ere thy Mas - ter,
 3. Note the prom - ise, then, that's giv - en, Pre - cious words from faithful Friend: "All thy way, from
 4. Go, then, where the Mas - ter calls thee, Home, or hea - then land a - way; Go, and tell the

CHORUS.

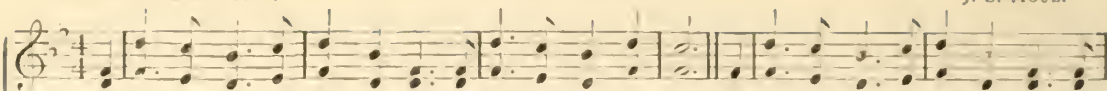


good - ly num - ber Striv - ing pre - cious souls to win. Go and tell to ev - 'ry na - tion
 all vic - to - rious, Re - as - cend - ed to the skies,
 earth to Heav - en, Lo, I'm with thee to the end."
 bliss - ful sto - ry, Je - sus saves, and saves to - day.

All I have com - mand - ed thee; Go and tell them of sal - va - tion That they may be - lieve on me.

REV. W. A. DESBRISAY.

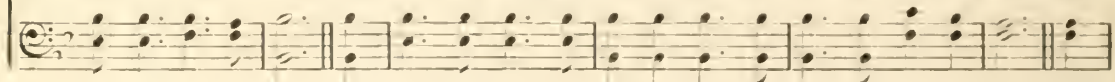
J. S. MOUL.



1. How of - ten in a far - off land, O'er time's vast restless sea, A harp, touched by an ab - sent hand, Has
2. O, mu - sic of the ransomed souls, In rai - ment pure and white; Be - yond the stormy flood that rolls. O -
3. My faith can on - ly here explore Those re - gions vast and dim; Where thro' an ev - er o - pen door Rolls
4. That gold - en mu - sic sings of love And mercy's heart di - vine, And tells me in the home a - bove A



gol - den notes for me. Some an - gel-choir the strain up - lifts, Un - der the tree of life; And
 er the mountain height, Sweet ech - oes from the gol - den clime; Land of the tried and true, Your
 forth your splendid hymn; That souls sin soiled may walk forth clean, Thro' Him who once was slain, Earth's
 her - i - tage is mine; That in the foun - tain o - pen yet, The vil - est child of sin, Since



CHORUS.



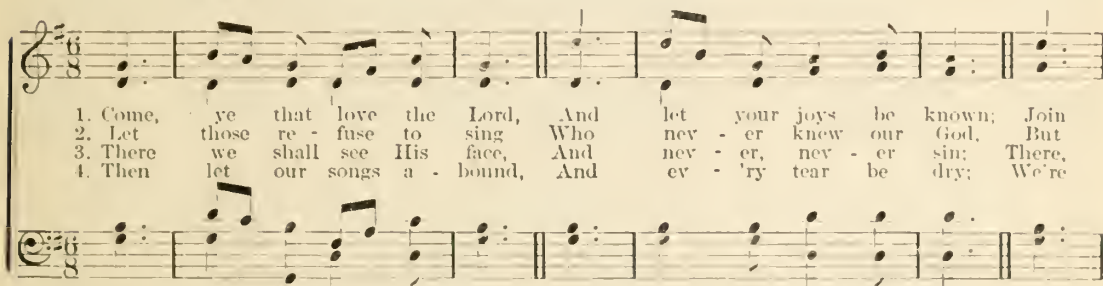
ov - er cloudland meadow drifts Brings peace to earthly strife. O gold - en music, song of love, In my
 mu - sic is a song sub - lime, A mel - o - dy e'er new.
 prod - i - gals but seem to ween A deep e - ter - nal stain.
 Je - sus paid for him the debt, May safe - ly en - ter in.





heav'n-ly home a - bove; Sing of ran-somed souls and free, Sing re-deem-ing love to me.

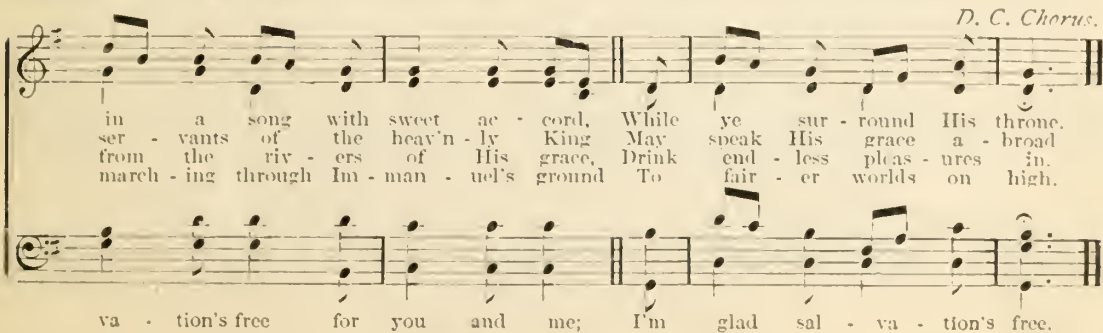
Salvation's Free.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But
 3. There we shall see His face, And nev-er, nev-er sin; There,
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're

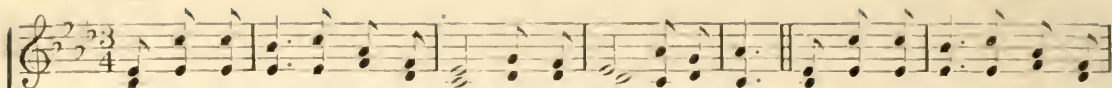
CHORUS.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free; Sal -

D. C. Chorus.

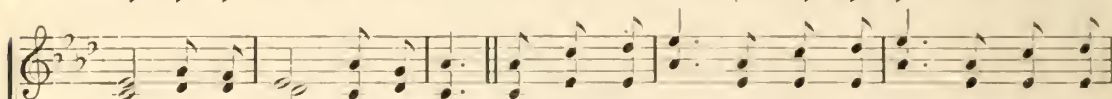
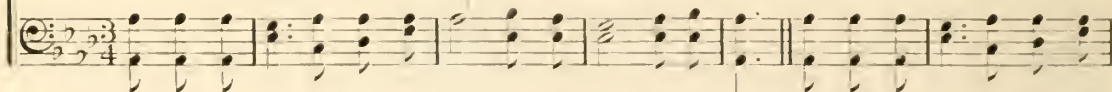


in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round His throne,
 ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King, May speak His grace a-broad
 from the riv-ers of His grace, Drink end-less pleas-ures in
 march-ing through Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

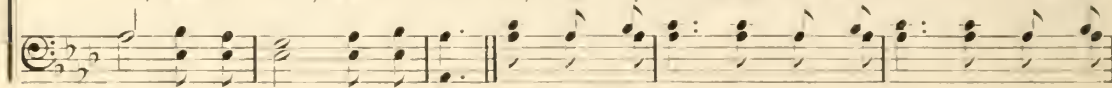
va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.



1. Be-hold! be-hold! the Lamb of God! On the cross, on the cross; For you He shed His precious
2. Come, sin-ner, see Him lift-ed up, On the cross, on the cross; For you He drinks the bit-ter
3. And now the might-y deed is done, On the cross, on the cross; The bat-tle's fought, the vic-t'ry's
4. Wher-e'er I go, there I shall tell, Of the cross, of the cross; In noth-ing else may I ex-



blood, On the cross, on the cross: The sun with-holds its rays of light, The heav'n's are
cup, On the cross, on the cross: The rocks are rent, the moun-tain shakes, The tem-ple
won, On the cross, on the cross: To Heav'n He lifts His lau-guid eyes, 'Tis fin-ished
cel, Save the cross, save the cross: Yes, this my con-stant theme shall be In time and



wrapped in gloom of night; Whilst He doth pow'rs of dark-ness fight, On the cross, on the cross,
veil a-sun-der breaks; While Je-sus full a-tone-ment makes, On the cross, on the cross,
now, the con-queror cries; Then bows His sa-cred head and dies, On the cross, on the cross,
for e-ter-ni-ty, That Je-sus died, for you and me, On the cross, on the cross,



Oh, Bring Them to Jesus!

39

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bring them to Je-sus! the way-worn, the weary, The Sav-iour hath said, come to me and find rest;
 2. Oh, bring them to Je-sus! the sad and afflicted, The souls who are mourning the lov'd they have lost;
 3. Oh, bring them to Je-sus! the wretched, the erring; Lost prod-i-gals, far from their Fa-ther's a-bode;
 4. Oh, bring them to Je-sus! the dwellers in darkness, Yes, lead them from gloom un-to Him the True Light;

Fine.

A par-don for sinners, and love for the lonely, And com-fort and strength for the faint and oppress'd.
 He ten-der-ly binds up the hearts that are broken, And of-fers a ref-uge to those tem-pest-toss'd.
 For why should they perish 'neath sin's heavy burden When He is so will-ing to ear-ry their load?
 For He is the Sun whose al-might-y effulgence Will scat-ter the shad-ows of sin's dis-mal night.

D. S.—bring them to Jesus; He died to redeem them, He's waiting to wel-come the sin-la-den one.

CHORUS.

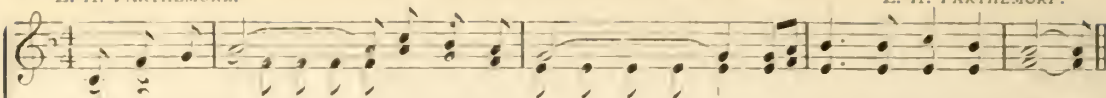
D. S.

Oh, bring them to Je-sus; Oh, bring them to Jesus! Bright crowns for the faithful when labor is done, Oh,

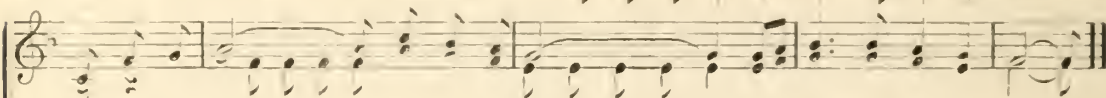
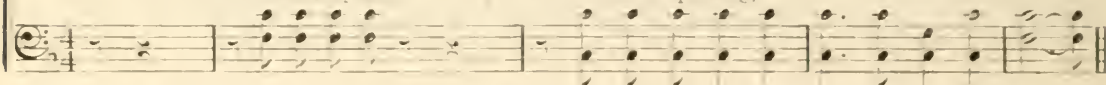
Who Are These in Bright Array?

L. H. PARTHEMORE.

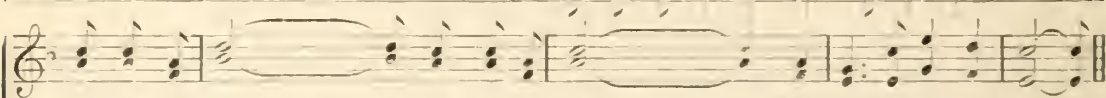
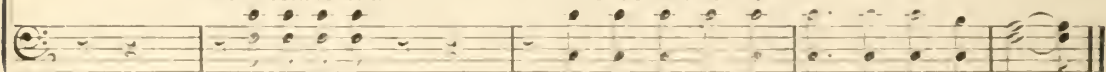
L. H. PARTHEMORE.



1. Who, who are these..... in bright ar-ray,..... In gar-ments pure and white?
 Who, who are these..... in bright ar-ray,
 2. Oh! there a-round..... the heav'nly throne..... Un-numbered mil-lions stand,
 Oh! there a-round..... the heav'nly throne
 3. Hark! now they sing..... the tri-umph song..... And shouts of vic-t'ry ring;
 Hark! now they sing..... the tri-umph song,



- How came they there..... be-fore the throne..... To praise Him day and night?
 How came they there..... be-fore the throne,
 With vic-tors' crowns..... up-on their brow..... And palms within their hand,
 With victors' crowns..... up-on their brow,
 We've been re-deemed..... thro' Je-sus' blood..... Our Sav-iour, Lord, and King.
 We've been redeemed..... thro' Je-sus' blood,



- Lo! these came up..... through conflicts great..... Came up to realms of light,
 Lo! these came up..... through conflicts great
 These, these have come..... a con-q'ring band..... Through trib-u-la-tion sore,
 These, these have come..... a con-q'ring band,
 All Heav-en joins..... the peal-ing strain..... And bows be-fore the Lamb;
 All Heav-en joins..... the peal-ing strain.



They wash'd their robes..... in Je-sus' blood..... That makes them shine so bright.
 They wash'd their robes in Je-sus' blood,
 A-round the throne..... they now shall stand, And praise Him ev - er - more.
 Around the throne they now shall stand,
 The God who was, is now, shall be, For - ev - er - more the same.
 The God who was, is now, shall be,

Copyright, 1896, by J. H. Kurzenkubec.

Our Tribute of Song.

SELECTED.

REV. C. H. BLOUGH.

1. O, come, let us raise Our trib-ute of song, Thanksgiv-ing and praise To Je-sus be-long.
 2. The old and the young, His peo-ple by choice, With heart and with tongue In Him shall re-joice.
 3. God's temple shall ring; While un-der His eye, Ho-san-nah! we'll sing To Je-sus on high.
 4. Ho-san-nah! our breath Thro' life shall pro-claim, Ho-san-nah! in death, In glo-ry, the same.

CHORUS.

Ho-san-nah! that word To chil-dren so dear; To Je-sus, our Lord, We'll ech-o it here.

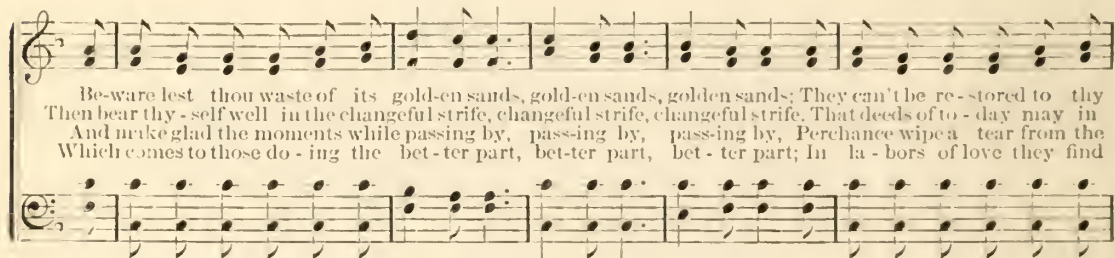
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To-Day.

L. A. DRUMHELLER.

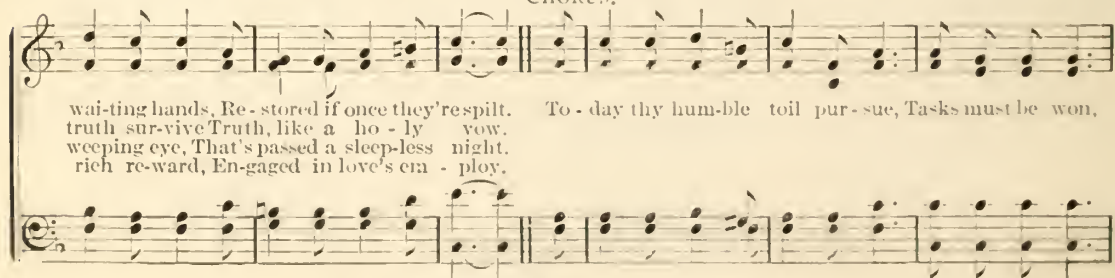


1. To - day, a - lone, God places in thy hands, To use for good or ill, just as thou wilt;
 2. To - day is big with is - sues for thy life, They hinge up - on the ev - er - pressing now;
 3. To - day, a - rise! thy bet - ter self ap - ply, With zeal to fill thy lit - tle sphere a - right;
 4. To - day then thou shalt feel within thine heart, Up - rise a well - spring of eter - nal joy,

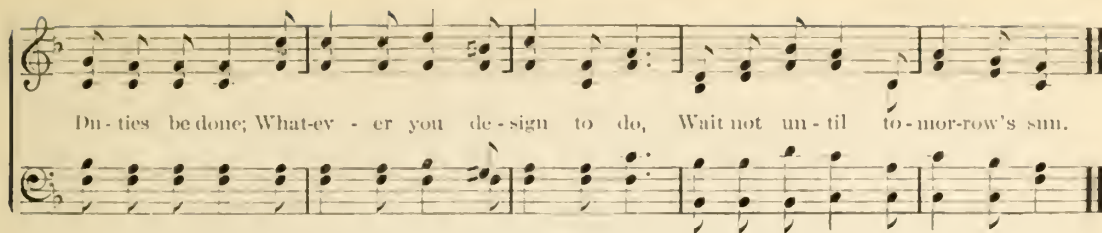


Be - ware lest thou waste of its gold - en sands, gold - en sands, golden sands; They can't be re - stored to thy
 Then bear thy - self well in the changeful strife, changeful strife, changeful strife, That deeds of to - day may in
 And nuke glad the moments while passing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, Perchance wipe a tear from the
 Which comes to those do - ing the bet - ter part, bet - ter part, bet - ter part; In la - bors of love they find

CHORUS.



wai - ting hands, Re - stored if once they're spilt. To - day thy hum - ble toil pur - sue, Tasks must be won,
 truth sur - vive Truth, like a ho - ly vow.
 weeping eye, That's passed a sleep - less night.
 rich re - ward, En - gaged in love's em - ploy.

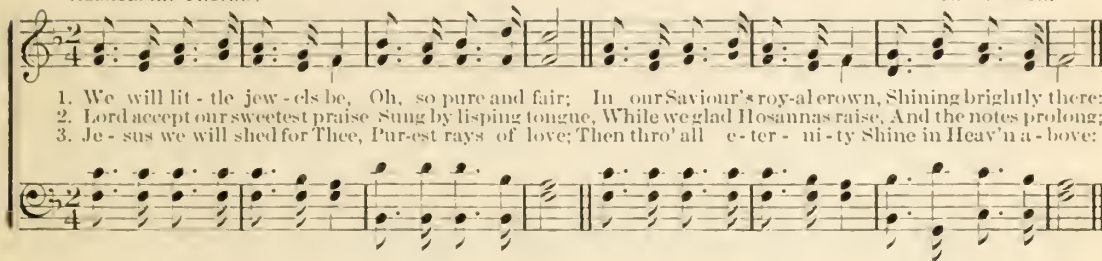


Du-ties be done; What-ev - er you de-sign to do, Wait not un-til to-mor-row's sun.

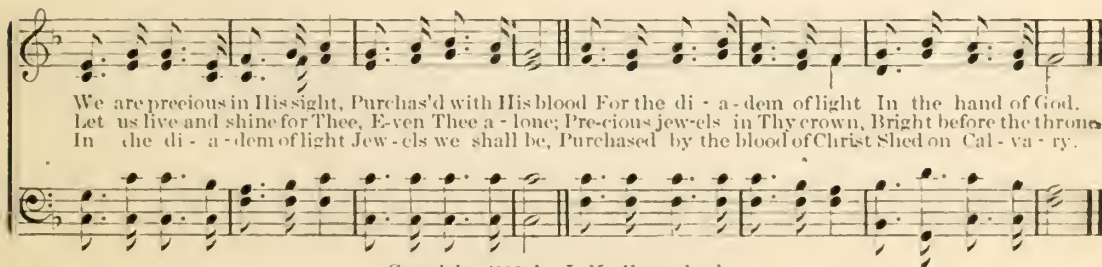
Little Jewels.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS,

E. D. KECK.



1. We will lit - tle jew - els be, Oh, so pure and fair; In our Saviour's roy-al crown, Shining brightly there;
2. Lord accept our sweetest praise Sung by lisping tongue, While we glad Hosannas raise, And the notes prolong;
3. Je - sus we will shed for Thee, Pur-est rays of love; Then thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Shine in Heav'n a - bove;



We are precious in His sight, Purchas'd with His blood For the di - a - dem of light In the hand of God.
Let us live and shine for Thee, E - ven Thee a - lone; Pre-cious jew-els in Thy crown, Bright before the throne.
In the di - a - dem of light Jew - els we shall be, Purchased by the blood of Christ Shed on Cal - va - ry.

Tell Me 'Tis True.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

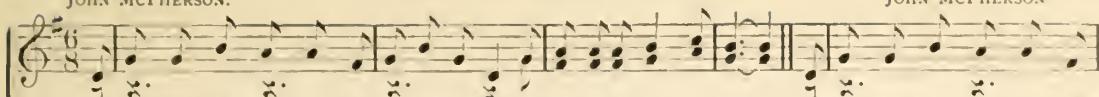
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Tell me 'tis true, let me hear that sweet sto - ry; Je - sus who suf - fered and died on the tree;
 2. Tell me 'tis true, whilst in scorn and der - ri - sion, Liv - ing and walk - ing, un - hee - ling in sin;
 3. Tell me 'tis true, thorn - y crown did He wear it? Was it for me, lost, with no one to save?
 4. Tell me 'tis true that this dear, lov - ing Je - sus, Free - ly the pen - i - tent one will for - give;

Can it be true, this same Je - sus in glo - ry, Now in - ter - cedes with the Fa - ther for me?
 There shone a light that revealed my con - di - tion, And a still voice whisper'd "Soul, let me in."
 He came in love; Ah! 'tis joy just to hear it: His pre - cious blood for a ran - som He gave.
 Yes, bless - ed truth, Je - sus saves and He frees us; Blessed His name, now in faith I be - lieve.

CHORUS.

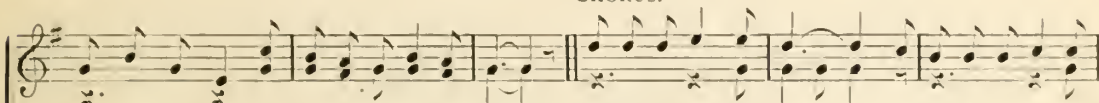
1, 2 & 3. - Tell me 'tis true, this won - der - ful sto - ry; Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied, died to save me.
 4. - Yes, it is true.



1. This life with its sorrows will soon pass away, 'Tis on-ly a few more days; The summons will come to cross
2. I dream of the joys that a-wait me a-far, 'Tis on-ly a few more days; And long to go home where my
3. The moments glide swiftly, I'm nearing the shore, 'Tis only a few more days; Where I shall dwell ev-er and
4. I'll pa-tient-ly wait till He calls me up there, 'Tis only a few more days; And then I'll go home, His bright

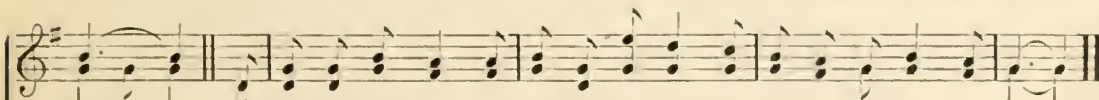
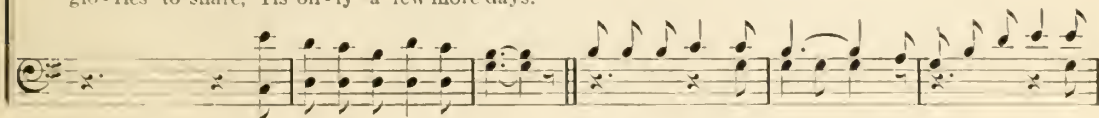


CHORUS.



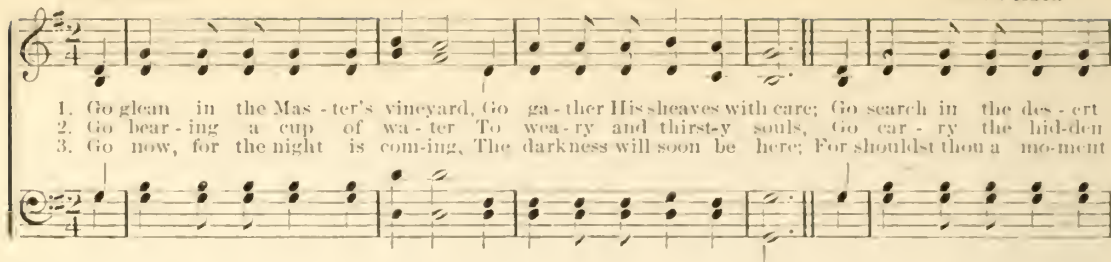
o-ver the way, 'Tis on-ly a few more days.
 lov'd ones now are, 'Tis on-ly a few more days.
 grieve nev-er more, 'Tis on-ly a few more days.
 glo-ries to share, 'Tis on-ly a few more days.

On-ly a few more days,..... 'Tis on-ly a few more
 A few more days, A



days,..... We soon shall reach home and nev-er-more roam, 'Tis on-ly a few more days.
 few more days.



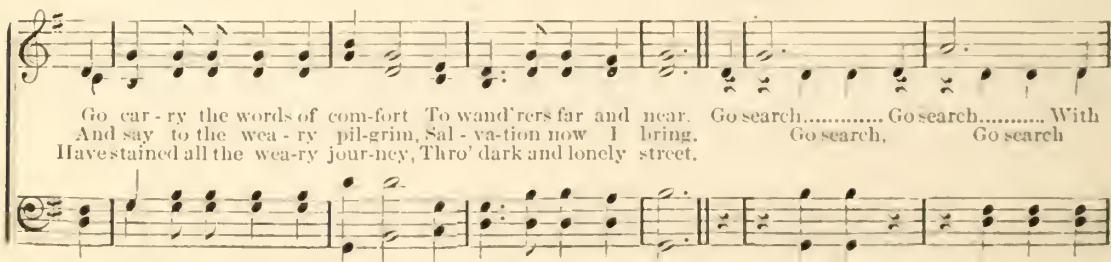


1. Go glean in the Mas - ter's vineyard, Go ga - ther His sheaves with care; Go search in the des - ert
 2. Go bear - ing a cup of wa - ter To wea - ry and thirst - y souls, Go car - ry the hid - den
 3. Go now, for the night is com - ing, The darkness will soon be here; For shouldst thou a mo - ment



places, For man - y are fal - len there; Go build up the bro - ken - heart - ed With tid - ings of roy - al cheer,
 man - na To fainting ones on life's shoals; Go tell of a lov - ing Saviour, Go point to the ris - en King,
 lin - ger, Thy way will not be so clear; The path which thy Lord hath trodden Thou'lt know, for His bleeding feet

CHORUS.



Go car - ry the words of com - fort To wand'ers far and near. Go search..... Go search..... With
 And say to the wea - ry pil - grim, Sal - va - tion now I bring. Go search, Go search
 Have stained all the wea - ry jour - ney, Thro' dark and lonely street.

ear - nest and watch-ful eye; Go bear - ing a glad-some mes-sage To those who'd pass you by.

From All Who Dwell Below the Skies. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
 3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue
 Thy praise, shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal - va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Sav - iour's name.

1. No-bod-y knows the bur-dens I bear, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus; No-bod-y helps me to
 2. No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I see, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus; Won-der-ful com-fort is
 3. No-bod-y knows how tempted I am, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus; He can de-liv-er, blest
 4. No-bod-y knows the sor-row I feel, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus; Grief can-not be that He
 5. Help me to sing His mer-cy and grace, Help me to sing of Je-sus; Soon shall we meet be-fore

CHORUS.

car-ry my cares, No-bod-y helps like Je-sus. Oh! I tell Him all my grief.
 Christ to me, No-bod-y helps like Je-sus.
 be His name, Might-y to save is Je-sus.
 can-not heal, No-bod-y soothes like Je-sus.
 His dear face, Soon shall we meet with Je-sus.

Tell it all to Je-sus; He doth give me sweet re-lief, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win? Is it dark without you,—darker still within?
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs unan-swer'd by your God a-bove?
 3. Would you go re-joicing on the upward way, Knowing naught of darkness,—dwelling in the day?

CHORUS.

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in. Let the blessed sunshine in,.....
 Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in. the sunshine in,
 Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

Let the blessed sunshine in;..... Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.
 the sunshine in;

DR. BONAR.

J. R. DUNHAM.

1. The cross, it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing ev - 'ry
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! It's tri-umphs let us
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our sins on Je - sus

blast, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown,
 tell, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! The grace of God here shown Thro' Christ, the bless-ed Son,
 laid, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! So'round the cross we sing Of Christ, our of - fer - ing—

CHORUS.

Yet 'tis not o-verthrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! It
 Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
 Of Christ, our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

The Cross. (Concluded.)

51

ne'er shall suf - fer loss; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

This musical score is for the song 'The Cross. (Concluded.)'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Nearer to Thee.

LUELLA CLARK.

REV. R. L. SELLE. By Per.

1. My hand in Thine, dear Lord, So let me rest; Wher-e'er Thou lead - est me,
2. Day af - ter day to know No way but Thine, To love Thy sweet will so,
3. Hence-for-ward all my way, Thou shalt pre-pare; Mine but on Thee to lay
4. Shad-ows can bring me not One bod-ing fear; My all - suf - fi - cing thought,

This musical score is for the song 'Nearer to Thee.' by Luella Clark, with lyrics by Rev. R. L. Selle. It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score includes four verses of lyrics printed below the treble staff.

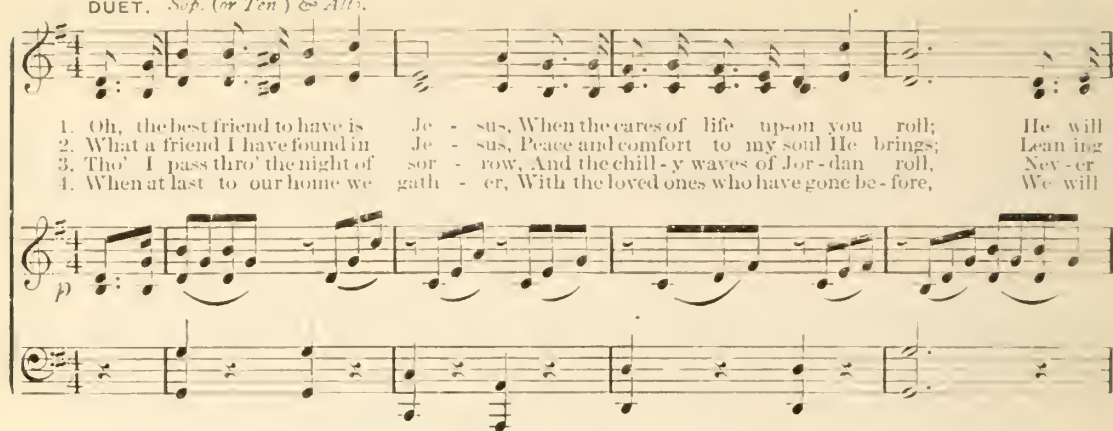
CHORUS.

It must be best. Near-er, near-er, Blessed Lord to Thee; Near-er, near-er, Blessed Lord to Thee.
It shall be mine.
My ev-'ry care.
Thou, Lord, art near.

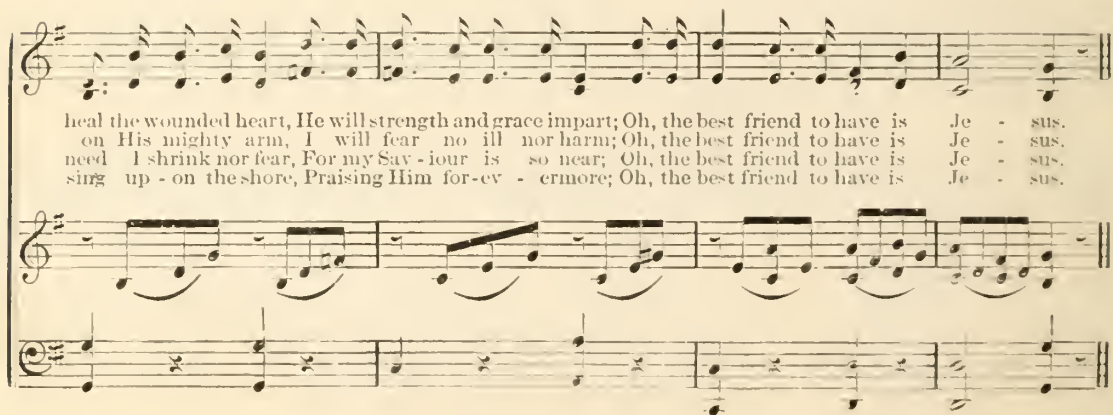
This musical score is for the chorus of 'Nearer to Thee.' It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. BILHORN.

DUET. *Sop. (or Ten) & Alto.*


1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you roll; He will
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus, Peace and comfort to my soul He brings; Lean ing
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of Jor-dan roll, Nev - er
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We will

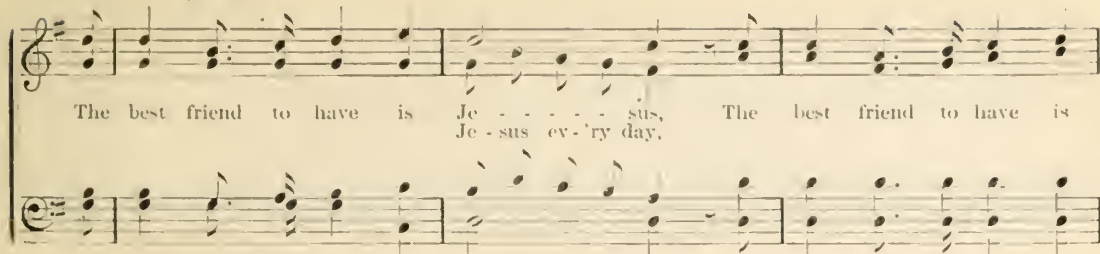


heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 on His mighty arm, I will fear no ill nor harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 sing up - on the shore, Praising Him for-ev - ermore; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

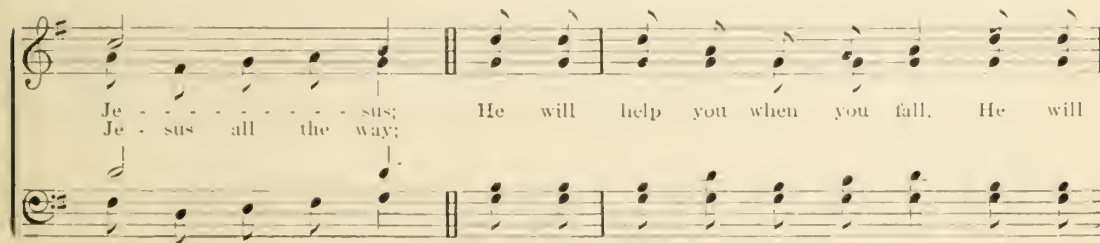
The Best Friend is Jesus. (Concluded.)

53

CHORUS. *Spirited.*



The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is
Je - sus ev - 'ry day,



Je - sus - all the way; He will help you when you fall, He will

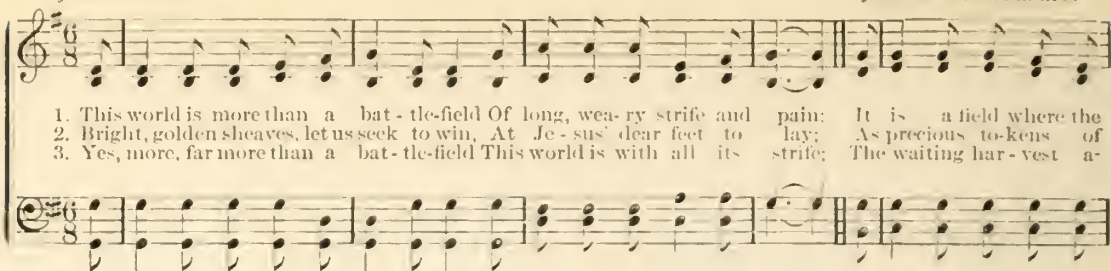


hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

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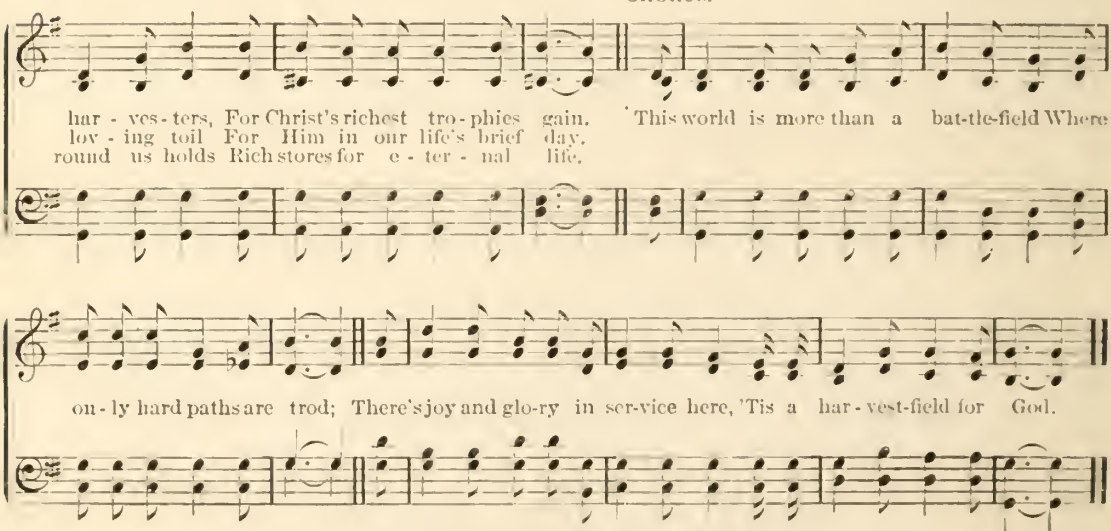
JENNIE WILSON.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.



1. This world is more than a bat-tle-field Of long, wea-ry strife and pain: It is a field where the
 2. Bright, golden sheaves, let us seek to win, At Je-sus' dear feet to lay; As precious to-kens of
 3. Yes, more, far more than a bat-tle-field This world is with all its strife; The waiting har-vest a-

CHORUS.



har-ves-ters, For Christ's richest tro-phies gain. 'This world is more than a bat-tle-field Where
 lov-ing toil For Him in our life's brief day, round us holds Rich stores for e-ter-nal life.
 on-ly hard paths are trod; There's joy and glo-ry in ser-vice here, 'Tis a har-vest-field for God.

Jesus Will Bear Me O'er.

55

L. E. JONES.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. When I have reached earth's border-land, Je-sus will bear me a - way; Take me to sing with the
 2. Cit - y of glory so bright and fair, Cit - y of peace a - bove; I shall sing prais-es to
 3. Dwelling with Jesus in glo - ry-land, What could! ask be - side? Sing-ing the song of the

CHORUS.

ransomed band, Hap-py in end-less day. Car-ried a-way to the realms of light, Safe on the golden
 Je - sus there, Tell-ing His wondrous love, an - gel-band, Near to the Sav-iour's side.

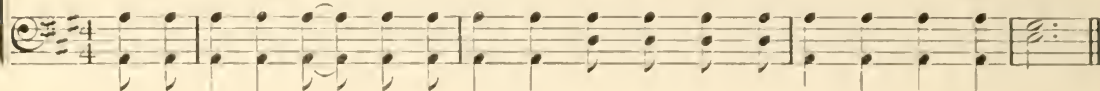
shore; In - to the sum-mer-land ev - er bright, Je - sus will bear me o'er.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - iour, There is glo - ry in my soul;
 2. Since He cleansed my heart, and gave love's blest full - ness, There is glo - ry in my soul;
 3. Since I walk with God hav - ing sweet com - mun - ion, There is glo - ry in my soul;
 4. I have en - tered Canaan on my way to Heav - en, There is glo - ry in my soul;



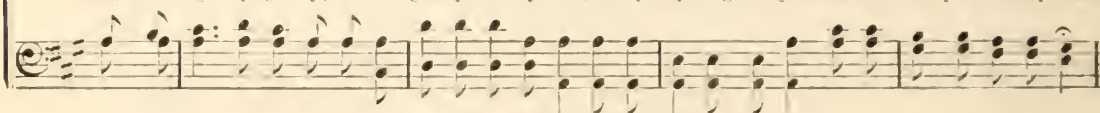
Since I lost my bur - den and found God's fa - vor, There is glo - ry in my soul.
 Since He keeps me ful - ly in lov - ing kind - ness, There is glo - ry in my soul.
 Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is glo - ry in my soul.
 And I claim as mine all my God has giv - en, There is glo - ry in my soul.



CHORUS.



Yes, there's glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; Ev'ry day brighter grows And I conquer all my foes



There is Glory in My Soul. (Concluded.)

57

There is glo - ry, glo - ry, yes, there's glo - ry in my soul; There is glo - ry in my soul.

Modena. C. M.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. A - wake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweet - est voi - ces raise;
 2. Great is the Lord, and works un - known Are His di - vine em - ploy;
 3. O Zi - on! trust the liv - ing God; Serve Him with faith and fear;

Your pi - ous pleas - ures, while you sing, In - creas - ing with the praise,
 And all His saints sur - round the throne, His treas - ure, and His joy.
 He makes thy courts His blest a - bode, And claims His hon - or there.

DR. E. H. NEVIN.

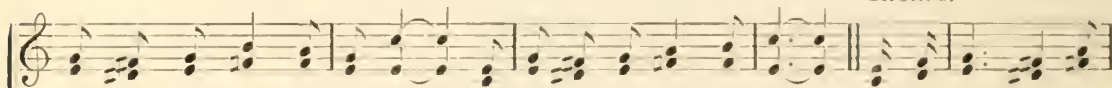
Not too fast.

HENRY A. BOMBERGER.

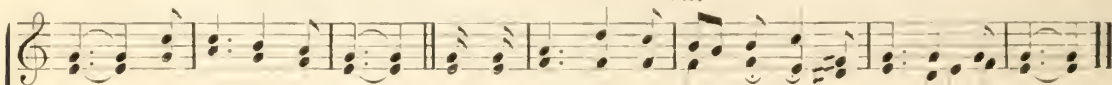


1. I have read of a world of beau - ty Where there is no gloom - y night, And where
 2. I have read of a flow - ing riv - er That bursts from be - neath the throne, And the
 3. I have read of the saints in glo - ry That passed from this earth to Heaven, And their
 4. Oh, I long for that land su - per - nal, To breathe of its balm - y air; There are

CHORUS.



love is the spring of du - ty, And God is the source of light. Oh, I long to be
 beau - ti - ful trees that ev - er Are found on its banks a - lone.
 song was the same sweet sto - ry Of love, and their sins for - given.
 man - sions of bliss e - ter - nal, And Je - sus will greet me there.

rit.


there, I long to be there; In that vast world of beau - ty, Oh, I long to be there.

"God Calling Yet."

39

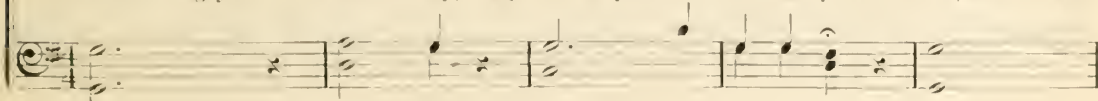
BOSTHWICK.

H. A. BOMBERGER.

DUET. *Slow, with feeling.*



1. God call-ing yet!— shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing
2. God call-ing yet!— shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de-spise? And base - ly His kind
3. God call-ing yet!— and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing
4. God call-ing yet!— I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay: Vain world, farewell! from



Cres.

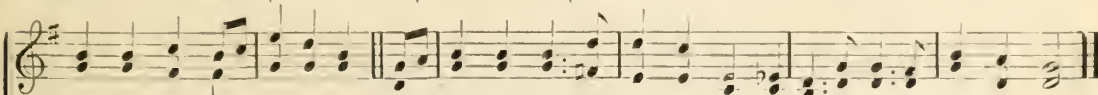
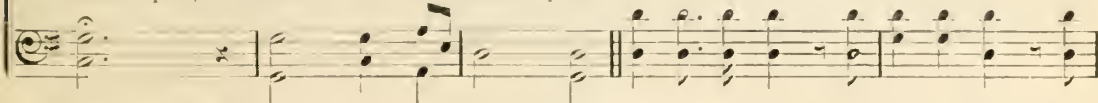
dim.

rit.

CHORUS.



years all fly, And still my soul in shun-bers lie? God call-ing yet! He call - eth me: My
 care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
 thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.



soul give heed and be thou free: From earth to Heav'n, with all the blest, He calleth to the promised rest.



Give Me Thy Love, Dear Saviour.

IDA L. REED.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Give me Thy love, dear Sav- iour, I ask naught else of Thee; No gift of earth nor
 2. Give me Thy love, dear Sav- iour, To glad- den all my day; Where'er my foot-steps
 3. Give me Thy love, dear Sav- iour, A star of hope 'twill be; Through ev- ry storm and

CHORUS.

Heav- en Could be more sweet to me. Give me Thy love, Thy sav- ing love, That
 wan- der, 'Twill smooth the thorns a- way.
 tri- al, A safe, sure guide for me.

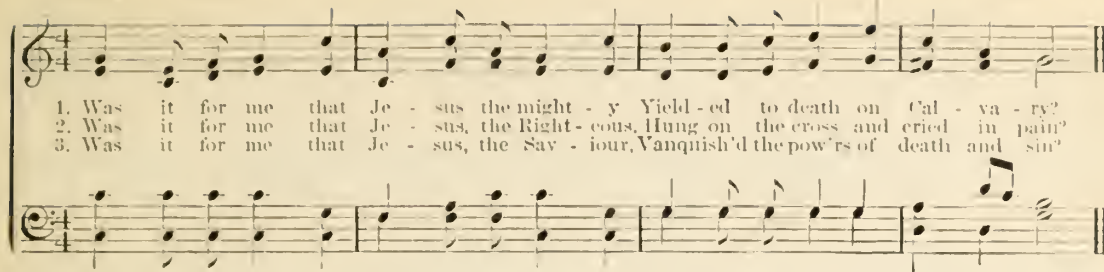
I may love Thee so; Oh, do Thou guide me day by day, In all I think and do.

Was it For Me?

61

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

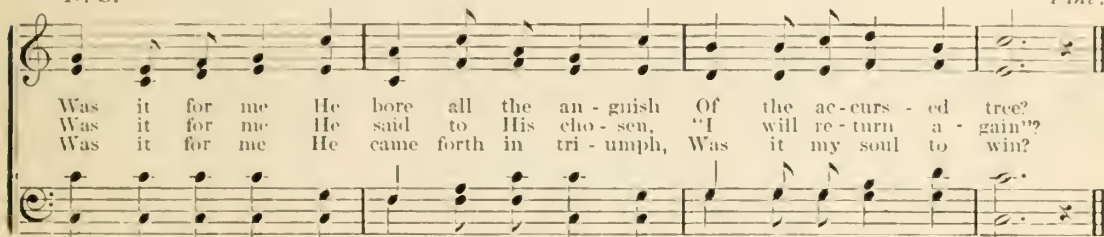
REV. E. S. UFFORD.



1. Was it for me that Je - sus the might - y Yield - ed to death on Cal - va - ry?
 2. Was it for me that Je - sus, the Right - eous, Hung on the cross and cried in pain?
 3. Was it for me that Je - sus, the Sav - iour, Vanquish'd the pow'rs of death and sin?

D. S.

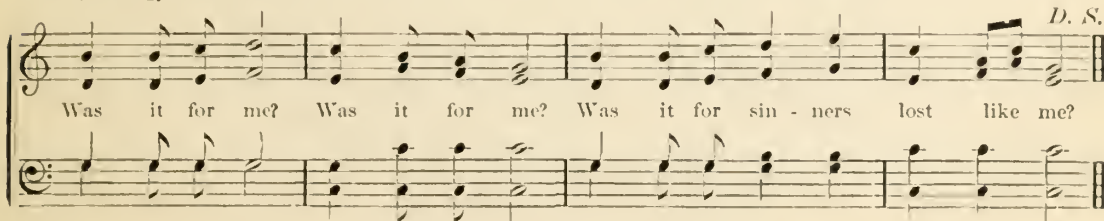
Fine.



Was it for me He bore all the an - guish Of the ac - curs - ed tree?
 Was it for me He said to His cho - sen, "I will re - turn a - gain?"
 Was it for me He came forth in tri - umph, Was it my soul to win?

D. S.—Yes, dy - ing sin - ner, this is the sto - ry, Je - sus hath died for thee.

CHORUS.



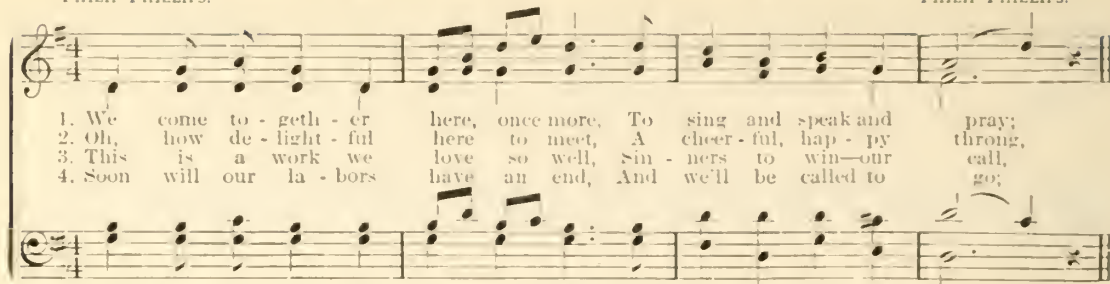
Was it for me? Was it for me? Was it for sin - ners lost like me?

The Work We Love.

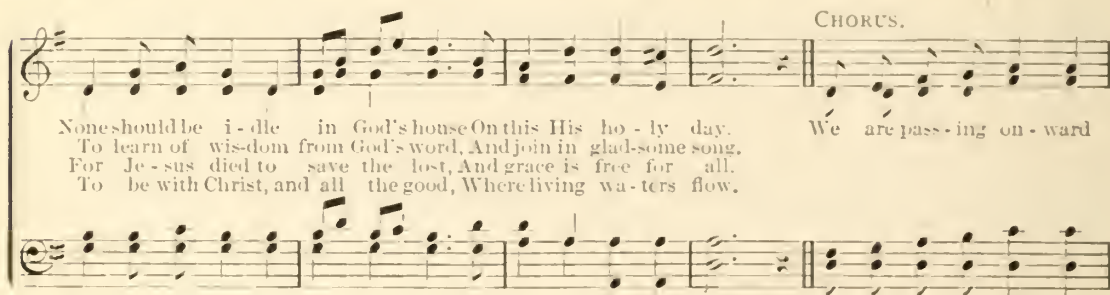
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Words and Music written especially for Chas. H. Gabriel, March 20, 1895.

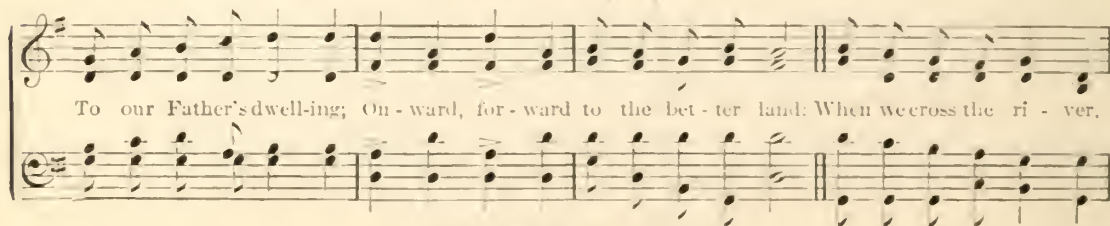
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. We come to - geth - er here, once more, To sing and speak and pray;
 2. Oh, how de - light - ful here to meet, A cheer - ful, hap - py throng,
 3. This is a work we love so well, Sin - ners to win - our call,
 4. Soon will our la - bors have an end, And we'll be called to go;



CHORUS.
 None should be i - dle in God's house On this His ho - ly day. We are pass - ing on - ward
 To learn of wis - dom from God's word, And join in glad - some song.
 For Je - sus died to save the lost, And grace is free for all.
 To be with Christ, and all the good, Where living wa - ters flow.



To our Father's dwell - ing; On - ward, for - ward to the bet - ter land: When we cross the ri - ver,

We shall dwell for - ev - er In the land of Par - a - dise, at God's right hand.

Mildred. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

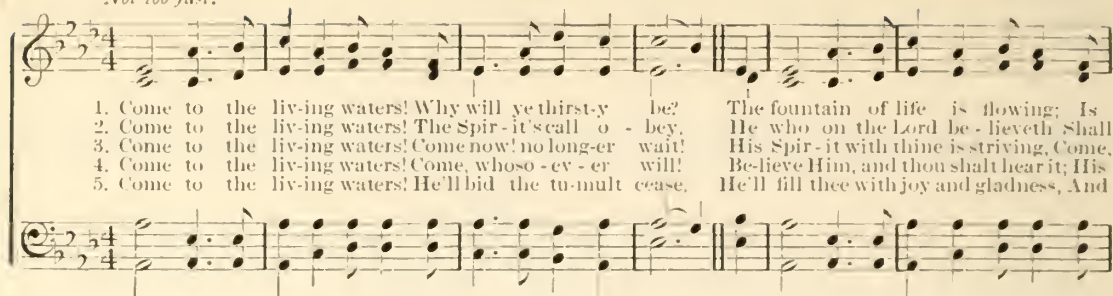
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill; Oh,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live; And,
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly; As

nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky,
 may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will,
 oh! Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
 sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

Come to the Living Waters.

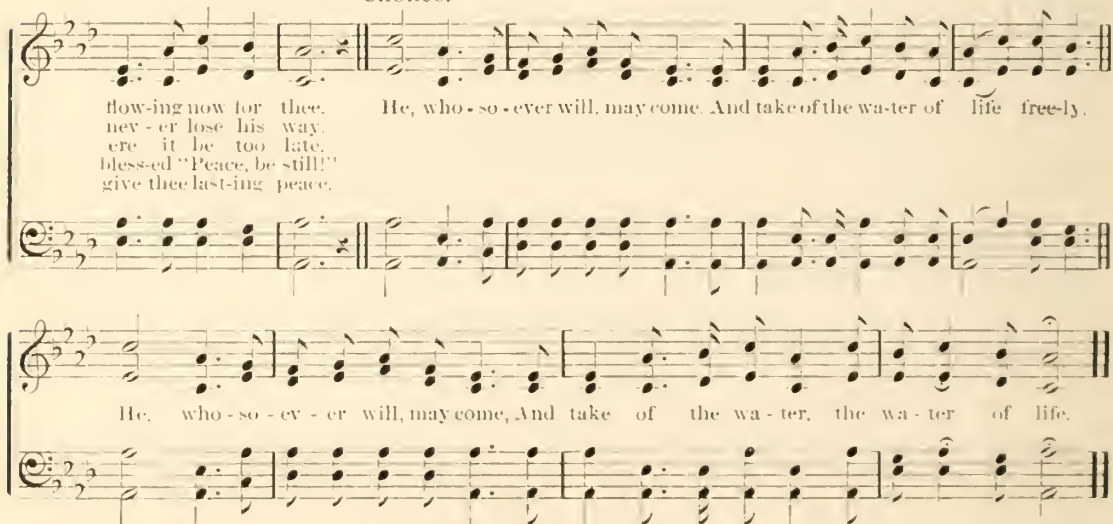
J. H. ALLEMAN.
Not too fast.

J. H. ALLEMAN.



1. Come to the liv-ing waters! Why will ye thirst-y be? The fountain of life is flow-ing; Is
 2. Come to the liv-ing waters! The Spir-it's call o - bey, He who on the Lord be - lieveth Shall
 3. Come to the liv-ing waters! Come now! no long-er wait! His Spir-it with thine is striving, Come,
 4. Come to the liv-ing waters! Come, who-so - ev - er will! Be-lieve Him, and thou shalt hear it; His
 5. Come to the liv-ing waters! He'll bid the tu-mult cease, He'll fill thee with joy and gladness, And

CHORUS.



flow-ing now for thee. He, who - so - ev - er will, may come. And take of the wa-ter of life free-ly.
 nev - er lose his way.
 ere it be too late,
 blessed "Peace, be still!"
 give thee last-ing peace.

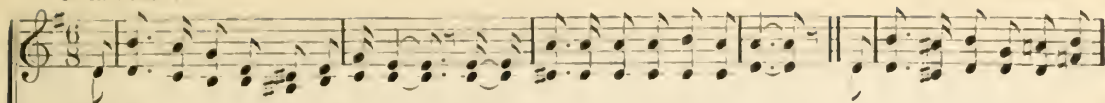
He, who - so - ev - er will, may come, And take of the wa-ter, the wa-ter of life.

Quick to the Rescue!

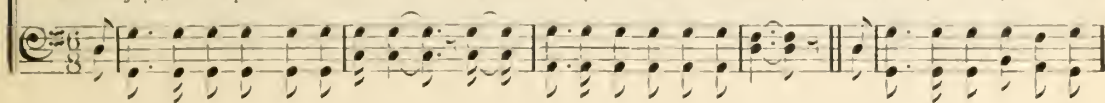
65

F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. BELDEN



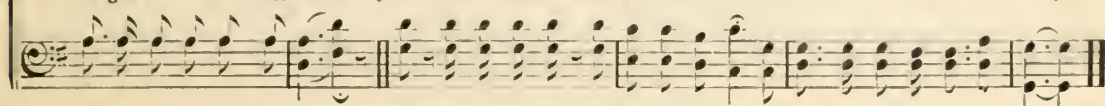
1. O, Christian, triumphantly sing "Halle - lujah! I'm anchored at last!" Look yonder, lo! millions are
2. The pathway of sanc - ti - fi - ca - tion Is, "Sailor, come, follow thou me;" Sleep not in the port of sal -
3. Say not 'tis the call of stern du - ty, Say "Jesus my pattern shall be," Who left His bright kingdom of
4. The joy and the peace of the Sav - iour Shall comfort your heart in the storm; Love's ho - ly de - light is in



eling - ing, O'erwhelm'd by the fear - ful blast. Hear the lost call - ing! Tempest appalling
va - tion, The per - ish - ing call for thee.
beau - ty, With in - fi - nite love for me.
la - bor, And not in the i - dle calm.

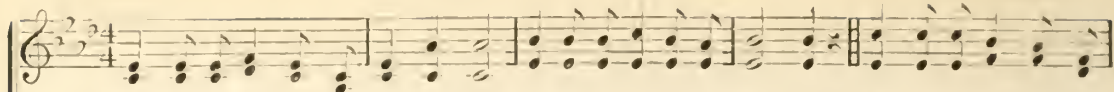


Ra - ges on life's midnight sea: Quick to the rescue! O, Christian be true! Christ brav'd the dark billow for you.

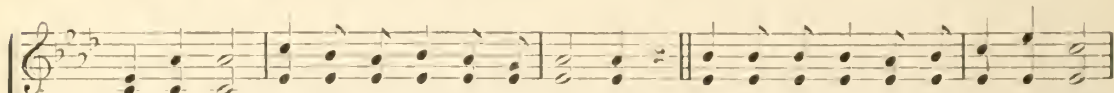


Jesus, Our Wonderful Saviour.

J. H. KURZENKNABE



1. Slain for the sins of the world was He, Je-sus, our wonderful Sav-iour; Slain that we all might for-
 2. Dy-ing for us, oh, the fear-ful pain, Je-sus, our wonderful Sav-iour; That with the Lord we may
 3. Strong is the love that for us He bore, Je-sus, our wonderful Sav-iour; Stronger than death, touching



giv-en be, Je-sus, our won-der-ful Sav-iour; King o-ver all, He was cru-ci-fied,
 live a-gain, Je-sus, our won-der-ful Sav-iour; Bear-ing the death on the cross, that we
 ev-'ry shore, Je-sus, our won-der-ful Sav-iour; Still it is sweep-ing from ev-'ry strand,



Un-der our burden of sins He died, Died, that we all might be just-i-fied, Je-sus, our wonderful Saviour,
 Might from our burden of sins be free And become heirs of e-ter-ni-ty. Je-sus, our wonderful Saviour.
 Blessing the pilgrims of ev'ry land, Jesus, that wonderful heav'nly Friend, Jesus, our wonderful Saviour.



We'll Never Say Good-by.

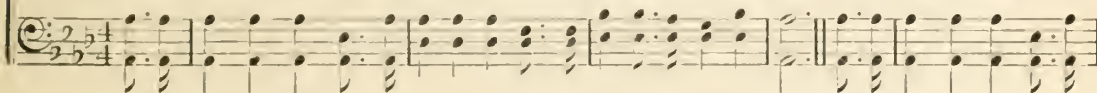
67

GEO. C. HUGG.

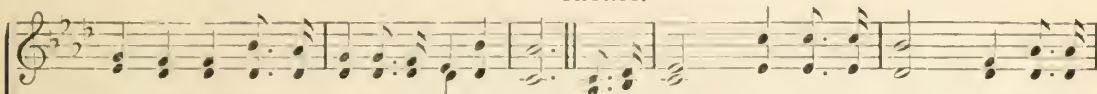
GEO. C. HUGG.



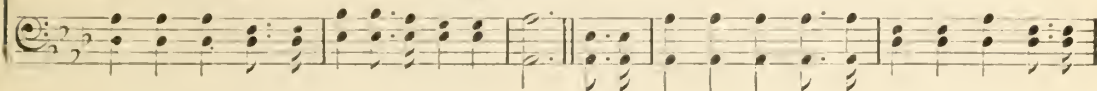
1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far above the sky, We'll recall the scenes we have
2. Nev-er sadness there, neither grief nor tear, In that beautiful home on high! But they swell the song, happy
3. With our kindred dear, in that home of love, While the ages e-ter-nal fly. We will meet, and sing at the



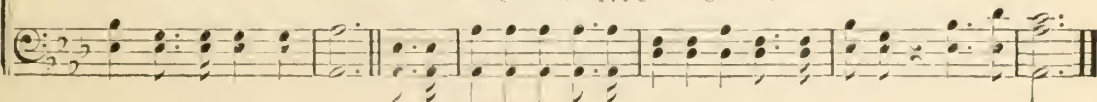
CHORUS.



left be-hind, But we never will say "good-by." In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing, In that
ransom'd throng, And they never will say "good-by." In the dawning clear of the morn-ing fair
Sav-iour's feet, But we never will say "good-by."

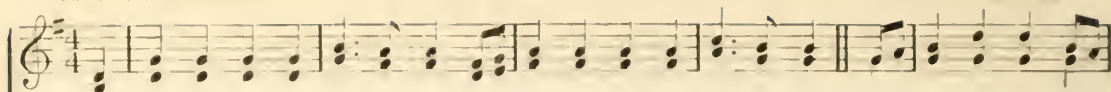


home far a-bove the sky; Hap-py meet-ing, hap-py greet-ing, When we nev-er say "good-by."
meeting there, happy greeting there,



Beulah Land.

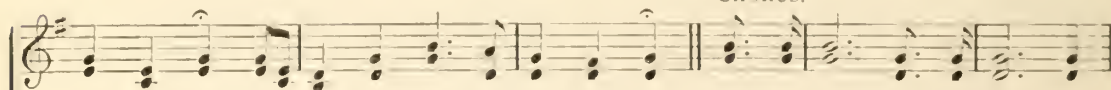
REV. R. I. SELLE.



1. Thou Beu-lah land! in thee I live, And from thy treasures I re-ceive All need-ful bless-ings,
 2. Thou Beu-lah land! so rich thy store, Enough for all for-ev-er more; E-nough for each, none
 3. The Beu-lah land that lies be-fore, From Pisgah's top I now ex-plore; My hope is anchored
 4. And in that home I soon shall rest, Its ear-nest here I now pos-sess; This Beu-lah land, this



CHORUS.



full and free; Thou art the cho-sen land for me. Beu-lah land! Beu-lah land! My
 need de-spair, Thy love so free the world may share.
 in that clime, And faith now claims that land as mine.
 ear-nest given, Is peace on earth, and rest in Heav'n.



hope is anchored in that clime! Beu-lah land! Beu-lah land! And faith now claims that land as mine.

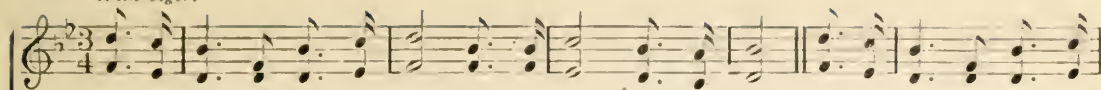


I am Saved!

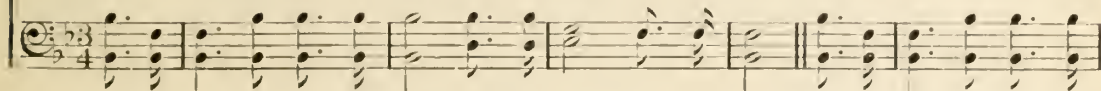
69

J. T. LOYAL
With vigor.

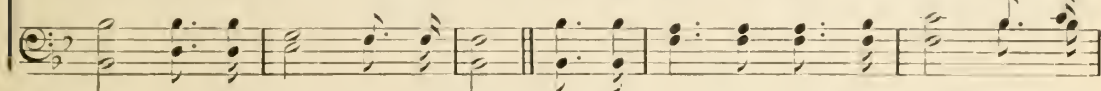
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK



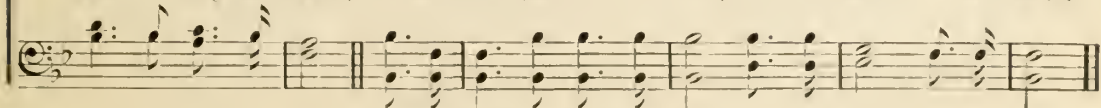
1. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! I am saved! I am saved! By His blood re-deemed I
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! joy - ful sing! I am saved! I am saved! Glo - ry to my Sav-iour,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! tell a - loud! I am saved! I am saved! Love has ban - ished ev - 'ry



am; I am saved! I am saved! Ere I en - tered mer - cy's door, Sa - tan
King; I am saved! I am saved! He from sin my soul has freed, And with
cloud; I am saved! I am saved! Oh, the bliss of light di - vine! This is

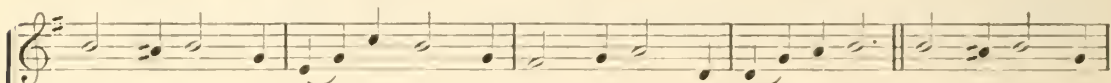


had me all en-slaved; But by grace he came no more, — I am saved! I am saved!
love my heart en-graved; Hap - py thus; I am in - deed; I am saved! I am saved!
what I long have craved; I am Christ's, and He is mine, I am saved! I am saved!

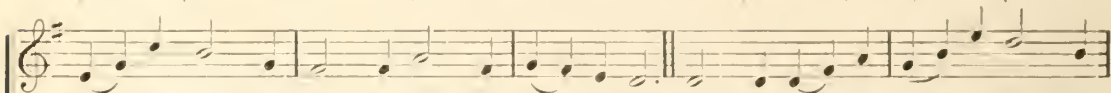


Child, Come Home.

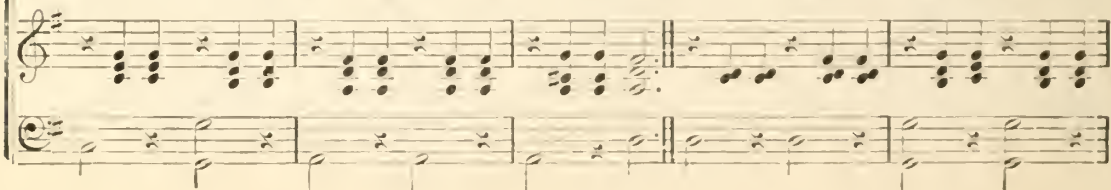
EDWIN MOORE.



1. Man - y are the sad hearts roam - ing 'Long the road of life to - night, And their wea - ry
 2. Ah! see how their footsteps quick - en As they hear that cry of love, How their ea - ger
 3. At the gold - en gate of Heav - en Lo! the bless - ed Fa - ther stands: And the an - gels

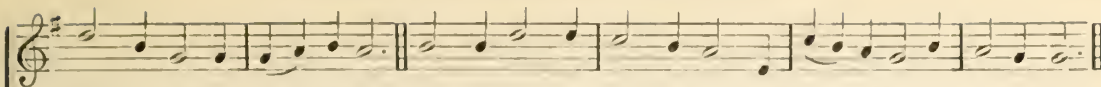


hearts are long - ing For one bless - ed ray of light, Look! a won - drous star is shin - ing
 eyes keep look - ing At the shin - ing star a - bove; In their heart - the sweet cry ech - oes,
 meet the wan - d'ers, Guid - ing them with lov - ing hands: And to each the Fa - ther say - eth,

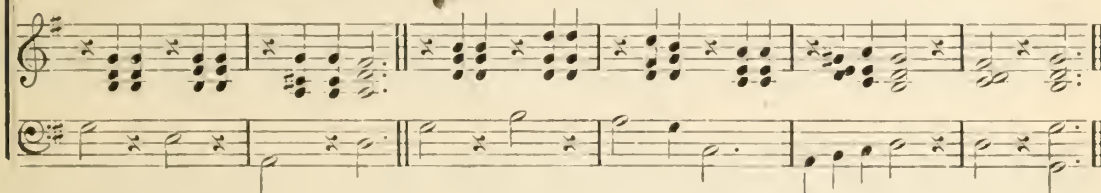


Child, Come Home. (Concluded.)

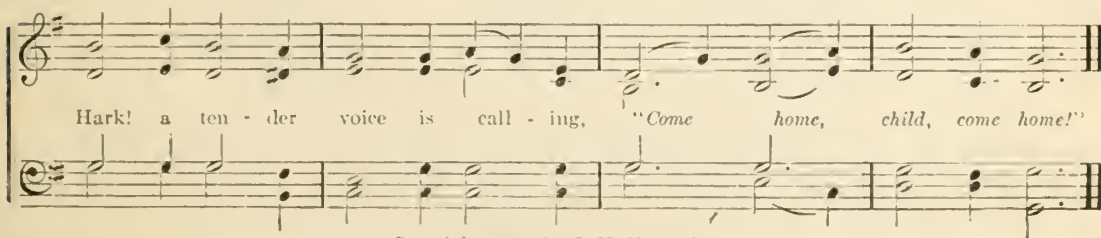
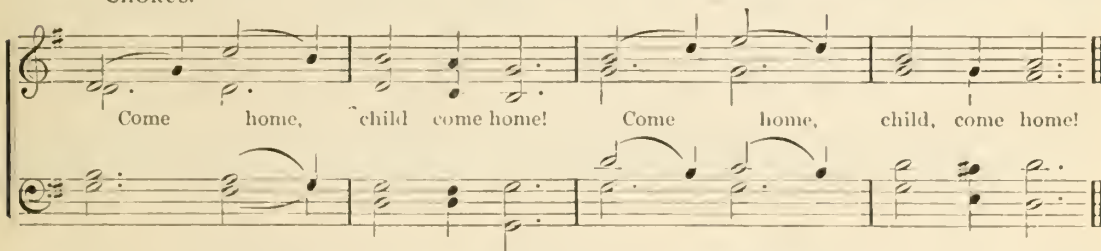
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From the heights of Heaven's dome; And a sweet voice now is call-ing Tenderly, "Come home, come home!"
And though onward still they roam, Now no more the way seems drear-y. Knowing they are al-most home,
"Child, no more you'll have to roam; All your wea-ry days are o-ver, You are safe at last,—at home!"



CHORUS.



Scattering Precious Seed.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way-side, Scatter-ing precious seed by the hill-side;
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scatter-ing precious seed, free-ly sow-ing;
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev-er, Scatter-ing precious seed, trust-ing ev-er;

Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.
 Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield

CHORUS.

Sow-ing in the morn-ing, Sow-ing at the noon-tide;
 sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide, Sowing the precious seed;

By per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

Scattering Precious Seed. (Concluded.)

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Sow - - - ing in the ev - - - 'ning, Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEELE.

HAYDN. ARR. BY W. H. MONK.

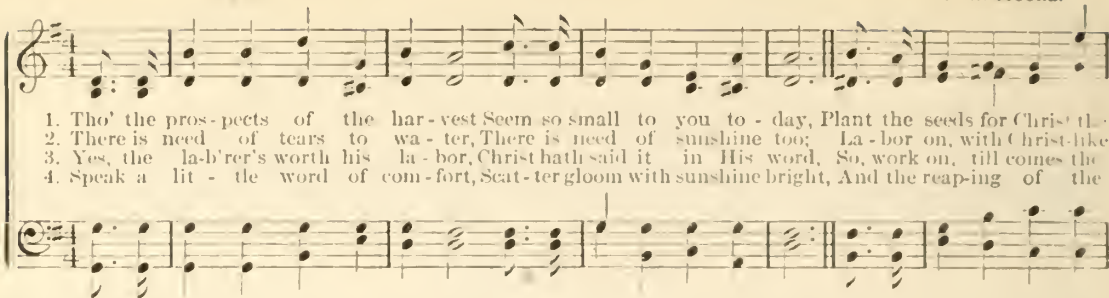
1. Son of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
A - bide with me when death is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.

Oh, the Sowing and the Reaping.

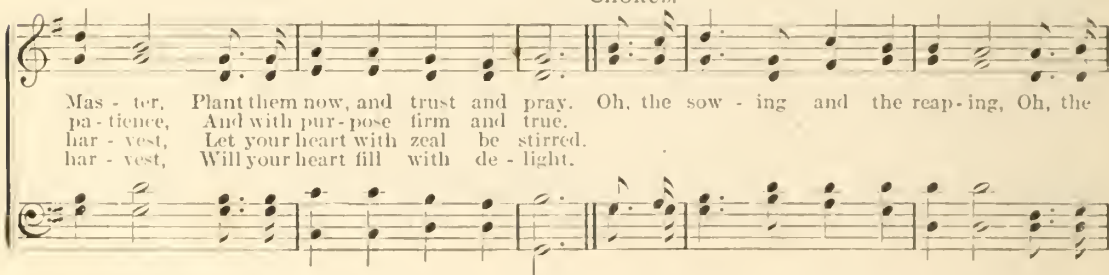
WILLIAM H. GARDNER.

EDWIN MOORE.

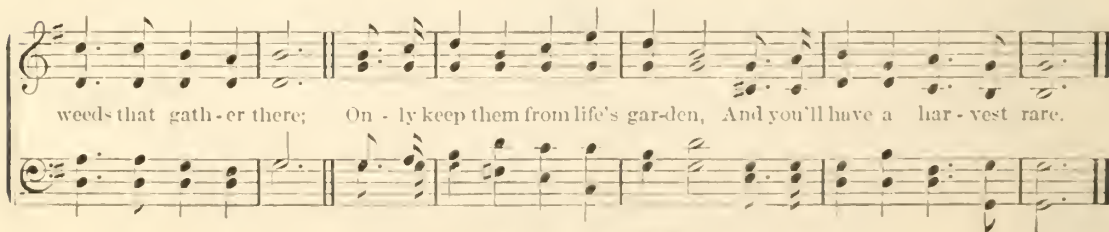


1. Tho' the pros-pects of the har-vest Seem so small to you to-day, Plant the seeds for Christ the
 2. There is need of tears to wa-ter, There is need of sunshine too; La-bor on, with Christ-like
 3. Yes, the la-b'rer's worth his la-bor, Christ hath said it in His word, So, work on, till comes the
 4. Speak a lit-tle word of com-fort, Scat-ter gloom with sunshine bright, And the reap-ing of the

CHORUS.



Mas-ter, Plant them now, and trust and pray. Oh, the sow-ing and the reap-ing, Oh, the
 pa-tience, And with pur-pose firm and true.
 har-vest, Let your heart with zeal be stirred.
 har-vest, Will your heart fill with de-light.



weeds that gath-er there; On-ly keep them from life's gar-den, And you'll have a har-vest rare.

Sunshine in the Soul.

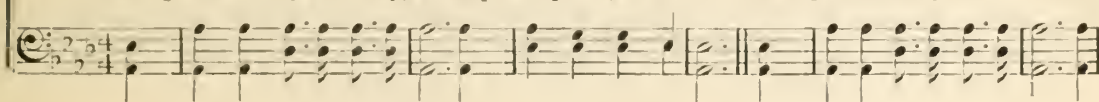
75

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



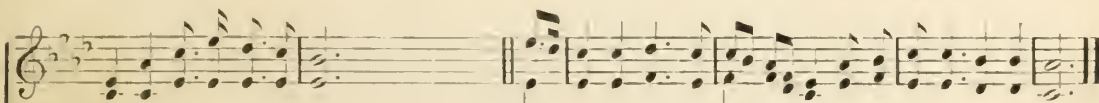
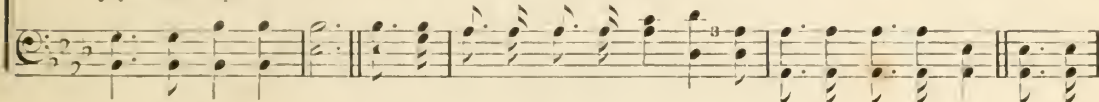
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than grows in a - ny earthly sky. For
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And Je - sus, listening, can hear The
3. There's spring-time in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near The dove of peace sings in my heart, The
4. There's gladness in my soul today, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which He gives me now, For



CHORUS.



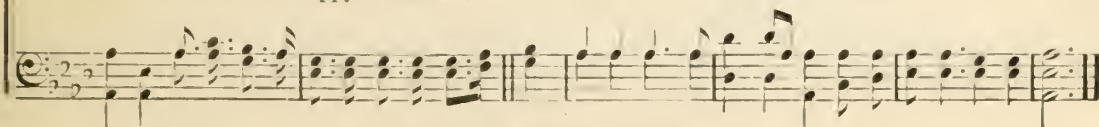
Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Blessed sun - - - shine, While the
song I can not sing. Oh, there's sun-shine in the soul, Blessed sun-shine in the soul,
flow'rs of grace ap - pear,
joys laid up a - bove,

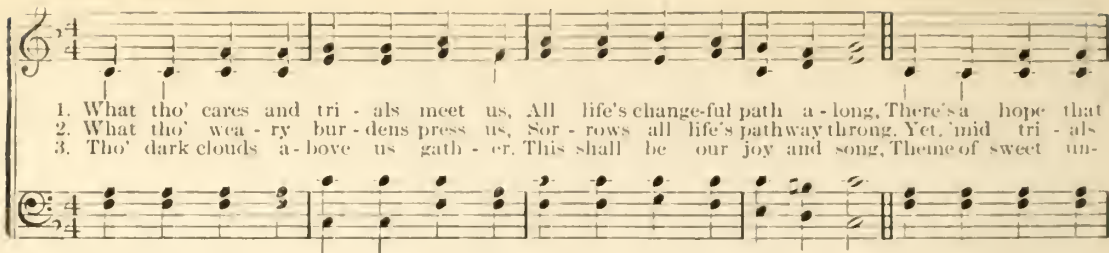


peaceful, happy moments roll;

happy moments roll

When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.



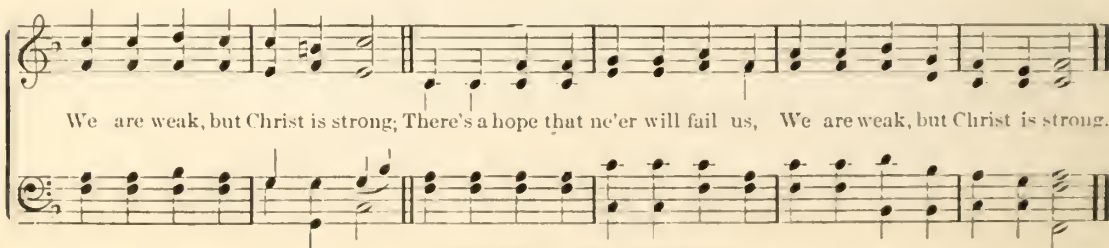


1. What tho' cares and tri - als meet us, All life's change-ful path a - long, There's a hope that
 2. What tho' wea - ry bur - dens press us, Sor - rows all life's pathway throng, Yet, 'mid tri - als
 3. Tho' dark clouds a - bove us gath - er, This shall be our joy and song, Theme of sweet un-

CHORUS.



still will greet us, — We are weak, but Christ is strong. We are weak, but Christ is strong,
 we'll re - mem - ber, We are weak, but Christ is strong.
 fail - ing com - fort; We are weak, but Christ is strong.



We are weak, but Christ is strong; There's a hope that ne'er will fail us, We are weak, but Christ is strong.

A Little Talk with Jesus.

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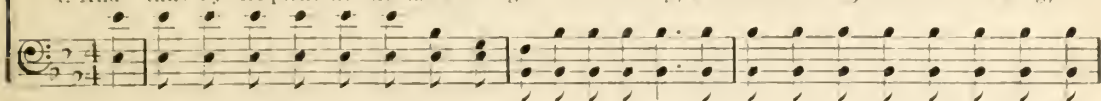
ANON.

♩

ARR. BY J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here, The dev-il tries me hard; He u-ses all his might-y pow'r, My
2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy over head, And tri-als of most ev-'ry kind A-
3. When those who once were dearest friends, Be-gin to per-se-cute, And more who once professed to love, Have
4. And thus by frequent lit-tle talks I gain the vic-to-ry, And march a-long with cheerful song, En-



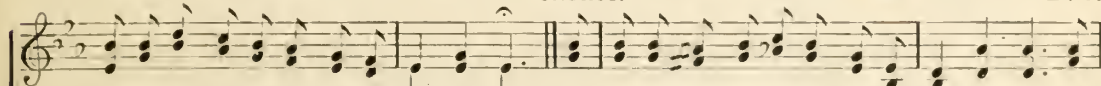
D. S.—lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it



progress to re-tard; He's up to ev-'ry move, And yet through all I prove, A
 cross my path are spread; How soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call; A
 dis-tant grown and mute; I tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief; A
 joy-ing lib-er-ty; With Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A



right, all right; In trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God, I al-ways find, A
CHORUS. *D. S.*



lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right. A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right, A
 lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.
 lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.
 lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.



lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.

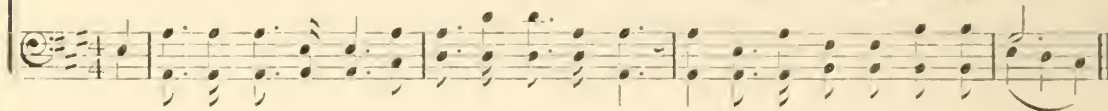
Copyright, 1896, by J. H. Kurzenknabe

ANON.

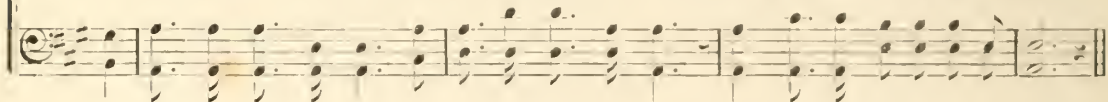
EDWARD E. NICKERSON



1. Rest to the wea-ry soul And ach-ing breast is giv'n, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow;
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These price-less joys were bought, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow;
3. Come with the ransomed train, The Sav-iour's pris-es sing, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow;
4. And soon, be-fore His face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow;



Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with Heav'n, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 Thine is the mer-cy free, That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 Re-joice! the Lamb was slain, A-dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 Tri-um-phant thro' His grace, Made per-fect by His love, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.



CHORUS.

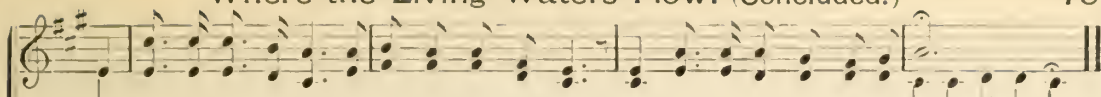


Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow,..... Down where the tree of life doth grow;
 liv-ing wa-ters flow,

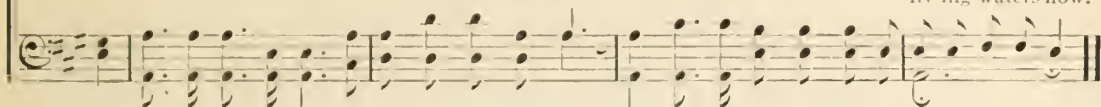


Where the Living Waters Flow. (Concluded.)

79



I'm liv-ing in the light, for Je-sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.....
liv-ing waters flow.



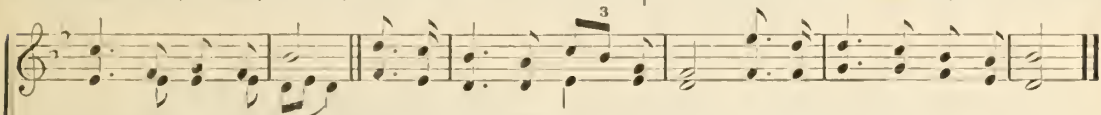
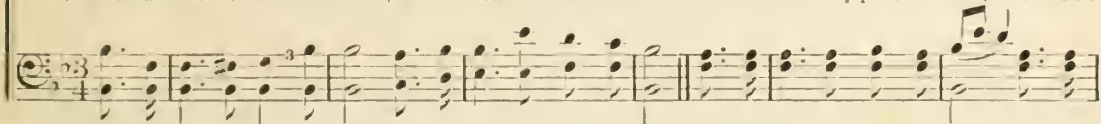
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

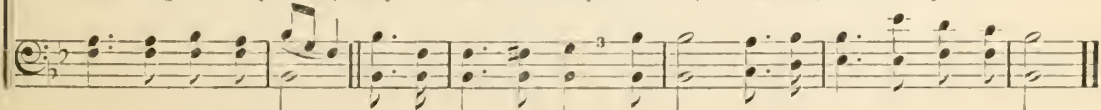
J. E. GOULD.



1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea, Un-known waves around me roll, Hid-ing
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy will, When Thou
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar 'Twixt me and my peaceful rest; Then while



rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
say - est "Peace, be still;" Wond'rous sov'-rein of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
lean-ing on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee."



By permission.

E. C. AVIS.

E. C. AVIS.

1. Go work in the har-vest of the Lord, And let thy sheaves a-bound; Nor stop 'mid the burning
 2. The work is great, the laborers few, Go spread the news a-round; No lon-ger say, there's
 3. When souls are dy-ing all a-round, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb? Go tell them of a
 4. Go work, while the daylight lin-gers, work; Toil on till the crown is won; And in the vine-yard

CHORUS.

hent to rest, But work till the sun goes down. Go work, and watch, go work, and pray, Go
 naught to do, But work till the sun goes down. and watch, and pray,
 Say-iour's love, And work till the sun goes down.
 of the Lord Rest not till the sun goes down.

work till the sun goes down; Go forth and work, and watch, and pray, Go work till the sun goes down.

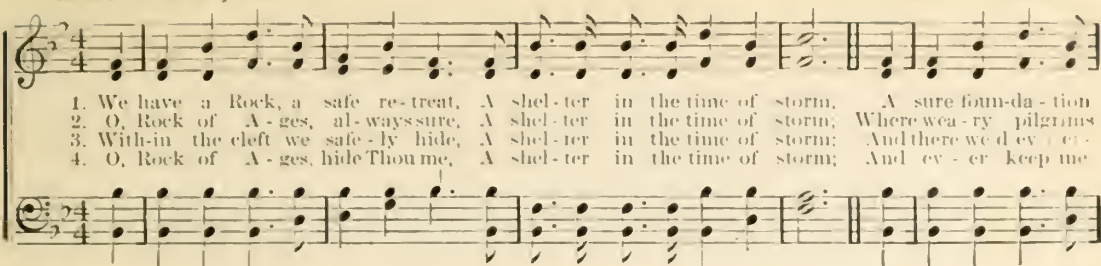
By permission.

A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

81

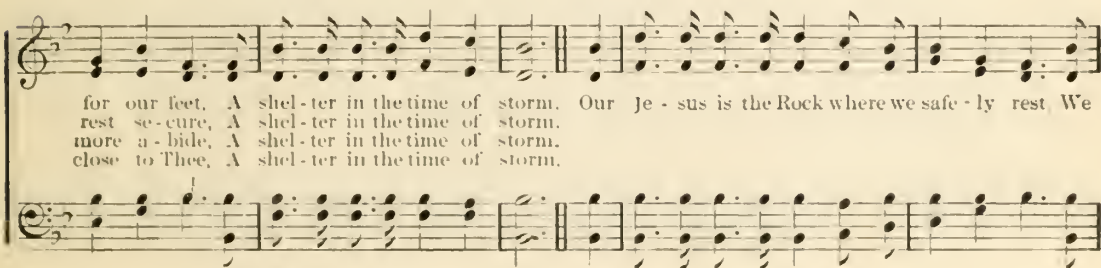
MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. F. ROSCHÉ

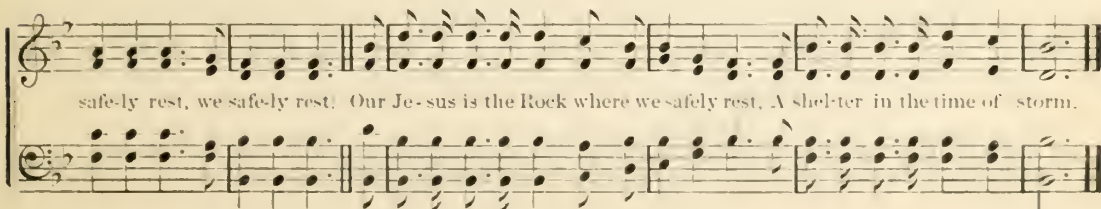


1. We have a Rock, a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm, A sure founda-tion
 2. O, Rock of A-ges, al-ways sure, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Where wea-ry pilgrims
 3. With-in the cleft we safe-ly hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; And there we d ev - er -
 4. O, Rock of A-ges, hide Thou me, A shel-ter in the time of storm; And ev - er keep me

CHORUS.



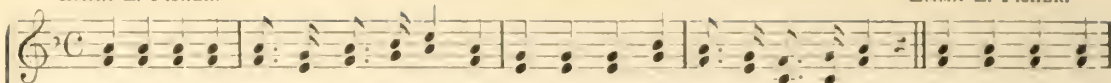
for our feet, A shel-ter in the time of storm. Our Je - sus is the Rock where we safe-ly rest. We
 rest se-cure, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 more a-bide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 close to Thee, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



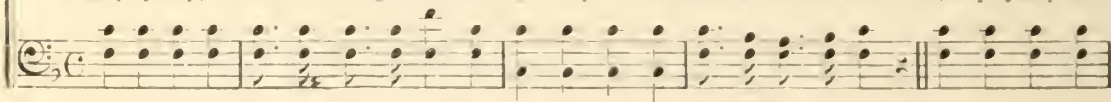
safely rest, we safely rest! Our Je - sus is the Rock where we safely rest, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

EMMA L. FISHER.

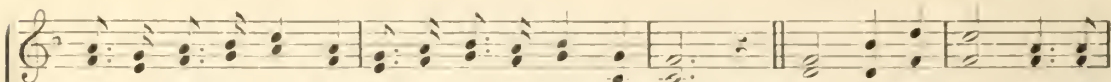
EMMA L. FISHER.



1. Step by step we'll fol-low our Redeem-er, In the path His bless-ed feet hath trod, Step by step in
2. Step by step from Bethl'hem's lowly manger To the cru-el cross of Cal-va-ry, Je-sus Christ, our
3. Step by step, O, we will love and trust Him—Whether at our work or at our play; Dai-ly striving,
4. Step by step, from childhood's golden morning, Into youth with hearts both brave and true; Step by step we'll

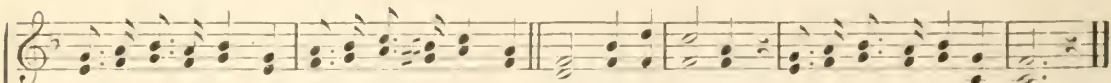


CHORUS.

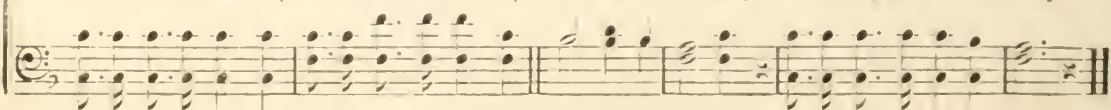


earn-est, fond en-deav-or, We will fol-low on to God.
 bless-ed Lord and sav-iour, Trod the path for you and me.
 in the way of du-ty, His bless'd precepts to o-bey,
 grow in grace and wis-dom, All the way our jour-ney through.

Fol-low, we'll fol-low; In



earnest true endea-vor, Follow our Redeem-er; Fol-low, we'll fol-low, In the straight and narrow way.



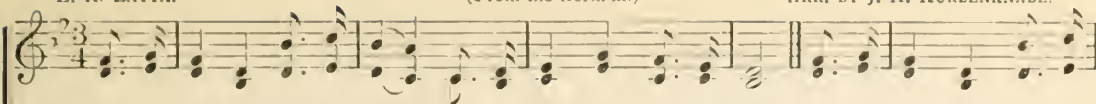
Hymn of Praise.

83

E. R. LATTÄ.

(From the German.)

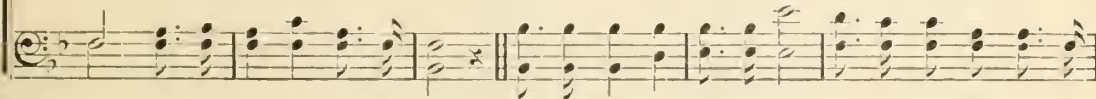
ARR. BY J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Lord, to Thee in faith we come, And Thy bless-ings we im-plore; O - pen, o - pen un - to
2. On - ly Thou the debt hast paid, Debt of sin that sealed our doom; On - ly Thou, in Heav'n a -
3. In the Sav-iour's blessed name, All our hopes and faith u - nite; Un - to us Thy - self re -



us, While we wait at mer-cy's door: If Thou should'st not hear our plea, If Thou should'st not mercy
 above, Hast for sinners saved made room: In the full-ness of Thy love, In the richness of Thy
 zeal, In our weakness, be our might: Hum-bly draw we near to Thee, As Thy peo-ple to Thy

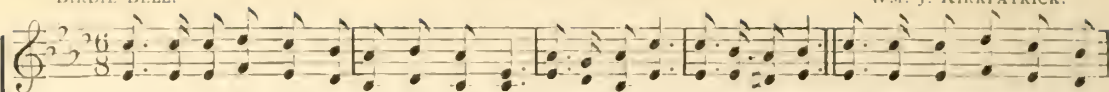


show, Vain would be our ev - 'ry hope; We have no - where else to go.
 grace, Let Thy bless - ings now de - scend, Then have fears and doubt no place.
 shrine; We are trust - ing in Thy love, Make us, keep us, whol - ly Thine.

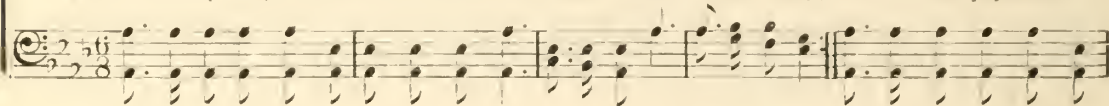


Labor To-day.

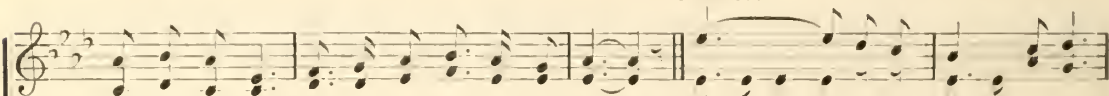
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



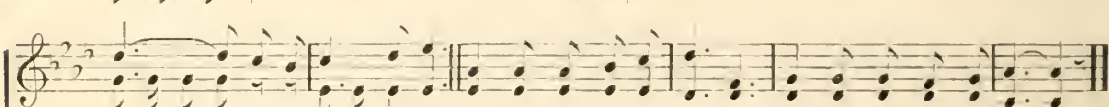
1. Work in my vineyard! the morning is bright, Labor to-day, la-bor to-day; Now while the sun bathes the
2. Work in my vineyard! in noontide's fierce heat, Labor to-day, la-bor to-day; Tho' on thy brow the sun's
3. Work in my vineyard! the shadows grow long, Labor to-day, la-bor to-day; Cheerful - ly go to thy
4. Work in my vineyard! from morn until eve, Labor to-day, la-bor to-day; Boun-ti - ful pay thou wilt



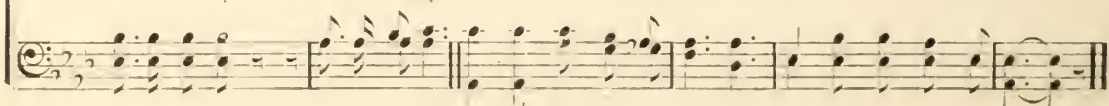
CHORUS.



world in its light, Hast-en my voice to o - bey, La - - - bor to - day, to-day,
 scorching rays beat, Faint not, thy toil I'll re - pay, La - bor to - day, la - bor to-day,
 task with a song, Do not stand i - dle, I - pray,
 sure - ly re - ceive, How canst thou tar - ry a - way?



La - - - bor to-day, to-day, Come and work in my vineyard, Come and work while you may,
 La-lor to-day, la-lor to-day.



I am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

85

REV. F. A. HOFFMAN

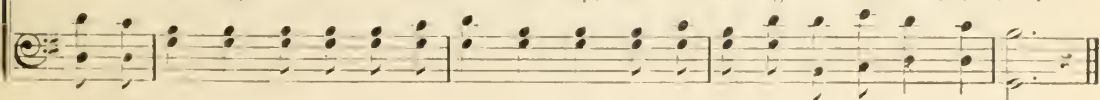
D. E. DORTCH



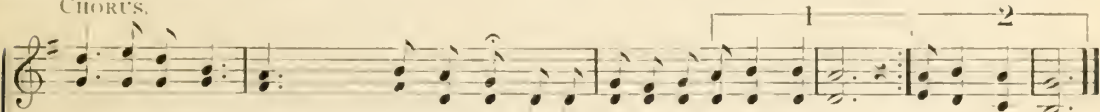
1. Oh! my heart is thrilled with wondrous-joy to-day, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love;
2. At the foun-tain o-pened for the soul un-cleat, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love;
3. All my doubts are van-ished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love;
4. O, the bliss and rap-ture! O, the won-drous peace! I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love;
5. So I live re-joic-ing in His love each day, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love;



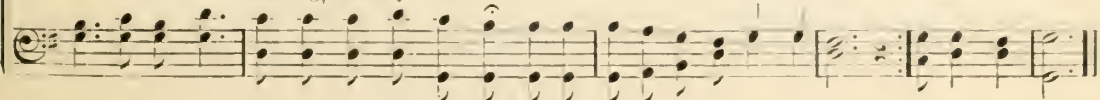
- Christ, the Lord, has ta-ken all my sins a-way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love,
 Trust-ing in His grace I ven-tured free-ly in, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love,
 When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo! the work was done, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love,
 I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love,
 I am walk-ing with Him in the nar-row way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.



CHORUS:



- I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, I am resting in the Sav-iour's love: the Sav-iour's love
 rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing.

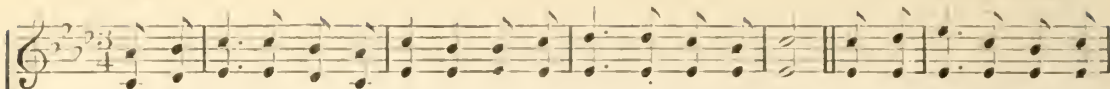


By permission.

Though I Walk Through Death's Dark Valley.

IDA L. REED.

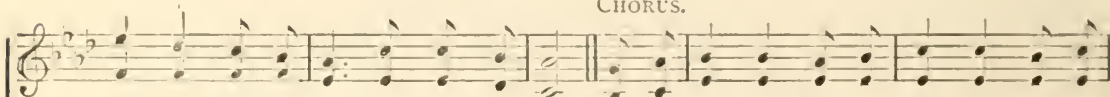
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



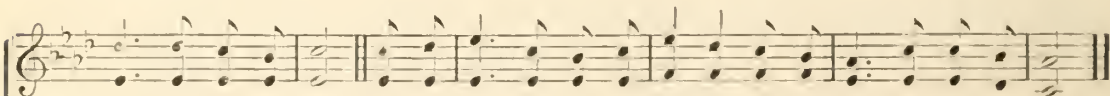
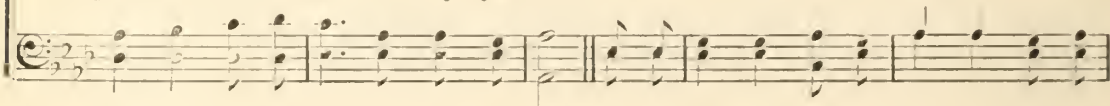
1. Though I walk thro' death's dark valley, I no e - vil thing will fear; For my Sav-iour 'neath the
 2. Though the way is thro' the dark-ness, He shall there my com - fort be; He will guide me thro' the
 3. Though my hope and courage fail me, He my strength will e'er up - hold; And will gent - ly, gent - ly



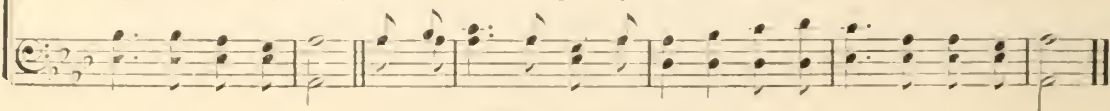
CHORUS.



shad - ow, Walk-eth with me ev - er near. For no e - vil shall be - fall me, With His
 shad - ow, Till the heav'nly light I see.
 guide me, Safe in - to the up - per fold.



strength will He up - hold; He will lead me, gent - ly lead me, Safe in - to the up - per fold.

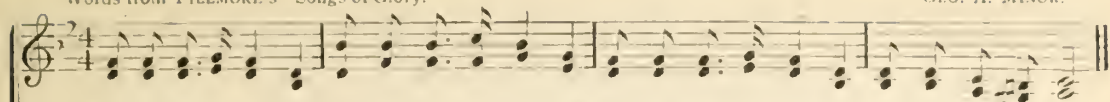


Bringing In the Sheaves.

87

Words from FILLMORE'S "Songs of Glory."

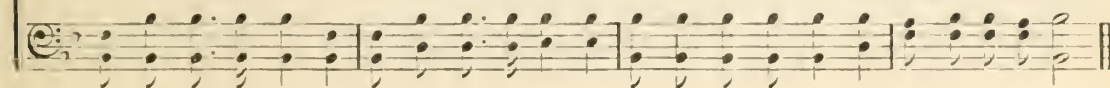
GEO. A. MINOR.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve;
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze;
3. Go, then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd, our spir-it oft-en grieves;



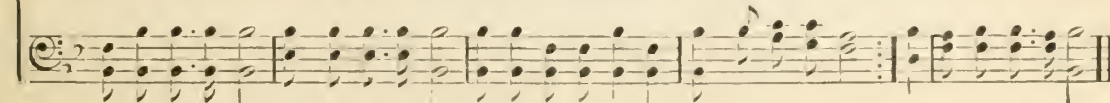
Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.



Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joicing, bringing in the sheaves;
Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joice (Omit.) - - ing, bringing in the sheaves.



From "Gospel Echoes," by permission.

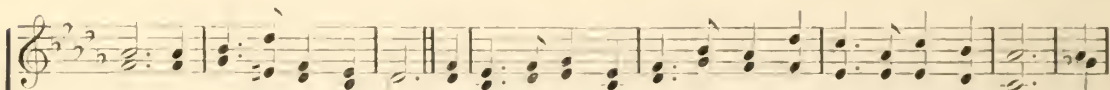
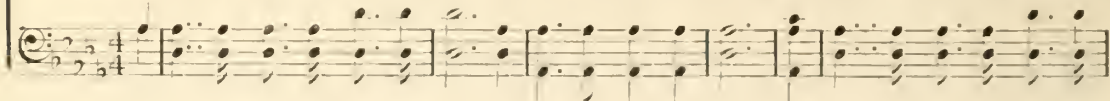
O, City of the Jasper Wall.

SELECTED.

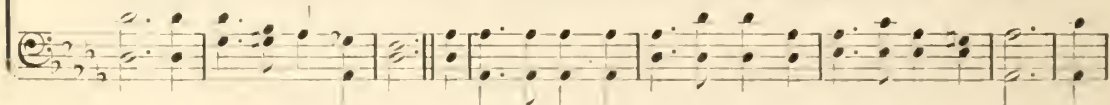
BRUNO SPANGENBERG.



1. O, Cit - y of the Jas - per Wall, And of the pear - ly gate! For thee, a - mid the storms of
2. O, Cit - y, where they need no light Of sun, nor moon, nor star; Could we, with eye of faith, but
3. O, Cit - y, where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin; Well may we yearn a - mid earth's



life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait; We long to walk the streets of gold No mor - tal feet have trod; We see How bright thy man - sions are, How soon our doubts would flee away, How strong our trust would grow, Un - strife Thy ho - ly peace to win! Yet must we meekly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down, Un -



CHORUS.



long to wor - ship at the shrine, The temple of our God. O, home of bliss! O, land of light! where
 til our hearts should lean no more On tri - fles here be - low,
 til our Fa - ther brings us home, And gives the promised crown.



O, City of the Jasper Wall. (Concluded.)

89

falseth neither shade nor blight; Of ev-'ry land the brightest, best,—When shall we there find peace and rest?
Ending for last verse.—Soon shall we there find peace and rest.

Worthy Is the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

BRUNO SPANGENBERG.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne: Ten
 2. Wor - thy the Lamb that died, they ery, To be ex - al - ted thus: Wor -
 3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine; And
 4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Con -

thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, Their joys are one,
 thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For He was slain for us, Was slain for us,
 bless - ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine, For - ev - er Thine,
 spire to lift their glo - ries high, And speak Thine end - less praise, Thine end - less praise.

Pure as the Lilies.

L. A. DREMHELLER.

1. Hap - py and free on this glad children's day, Un - to the Sav - iour we sing; Keep us, dear Je - sus, oh!
 2. Walk - ing with Je - sus, as on - ward we go, We shall be hap - py and sing; For He will keep us for -
 3. "Let who - so - ev - er will, come un - to Me," These are the words of a King; Hap - py with Je - sus in

CHORUS.

keep us al - way Pure as the lil - ies of spring. Un - to Thee..... our lives we
 ey - er, we know, Pure as the lil - ies of spring. Oh, Sav - iour dear,
 glo - ry to be, Pure as the lil - ies of spring.

bring, Keep us as pure..... as the lil - ies of spring;
 our lives we bring, Oh, keep us pure as the lil - ies of spring;

Un- to Thee..... our lives we bring..... Keep us as pure as the lil-ies of spring.
Oh, Saviour dear, our lives we bring.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some triplet markings.

Jesus Saves Me.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHORUS.

1. { I have no mer-it of my own, My on-ly plea is Je-sus! Je - sus saves me,
I'm saved by Him and Him a-lone, My on-ly plea is - - Je-sus! Je-sus saves me ev-'ry day,

2. { He is the Truth, the Life, the Way, My on-ly plea is Je-sus!
It fills my soul with joy to say, My on-ly plea is - - Je-sus!

3. { When in the judgment I shall stand, My on-ly plea is Je-sus!
I shall be safe at God's right hand, My on-ly plea is - - Je-sus!

I am hap-py on my homeward way! Yes, Je - - - sus saves me, Glo-ry to His name!
Je - sus saves me ev-'ry day

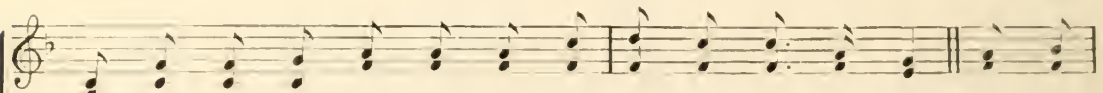
The musical score for 'Jesus Saves Me' is presented in three systems. The first system includes the chorus introduction and the first three verses of the song. Each verse is enclosed in a bracket and numbered. The second system continues the musical accompaniment for the first three verses. The third system contains the final line of the song, 'I am happy on my homeward way! Yes, Jesus saves me, Glory to His name! Jesus saves me every day', with its corresponding musical notation on two staves. The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat.

Jordan's River.

J. H. KURZENKNAPE.



1. When you come to Jor - dan's riv - er, Not the riv - er crossed of old By the
 2. When you come to Jor - dan's riv - er That so man - y saints have crossed, And of
 3. When you come to Jor - dan's riv - er, Can you face the aw - ful frown? Can you,



hap - py He - brew child - ren, But death's Jor - dan, deep and cold; When you
 all the good and faith - ful, Nev - er, nev - er one was lost; When you
 like the dy - ing Chris - tian, To the wa - ters deep, go down? If you



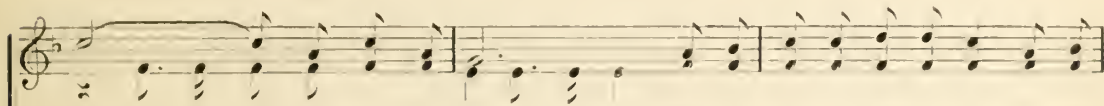
hear the roar of wa - ters, That in an - ger leap and roll; Careless, pray'less, hardened sin - ner, What a
 plunge a - mid the bil - lows, Can you then your fears control? Careless, pray'less, hardened sin - ner, What a -
 will not ask for mer - cy, If you will not be made whole, Careless, pray'less, hardened sin - ner, What a -



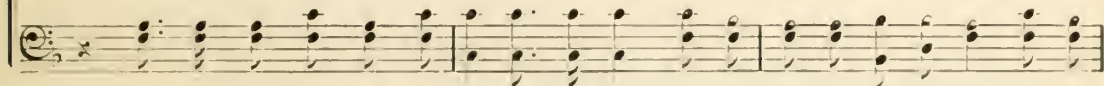
CHORUS.



bout your trem - bling soul? What a - bout your trembling soul, When the
 bout your trem - bling soul? What a - bout your trembling soul,
 bout your trem - bling soul?



aw - When the aw - ful bil - lows roll Can you then your fears con-trol? Sin - ner,
 When the aw - ful bil - lows roll



sin - ner, be made whole; Be made whole, be made whole, Ere the Jor - dan 'round thee roll,



One Day Nearer Home.

1. Earthly pil - grims now are rest - ing, For the dark'ning shades have come; And 'tis sweet to know at
 2. Wea - ry pil - grims, hail with rapture, Tenting grounds while here we roam: For we know when twilight
 3. In the last sad days of marching, When in sight of Heaven's dome; When death's night shall come up-

CHORUS.

e - ven, We are one day near - er home. Near - er home, yes, one day near - er To the
 gath - ers, We are one day near - er home.
 on us, We'll be one day near - er home.

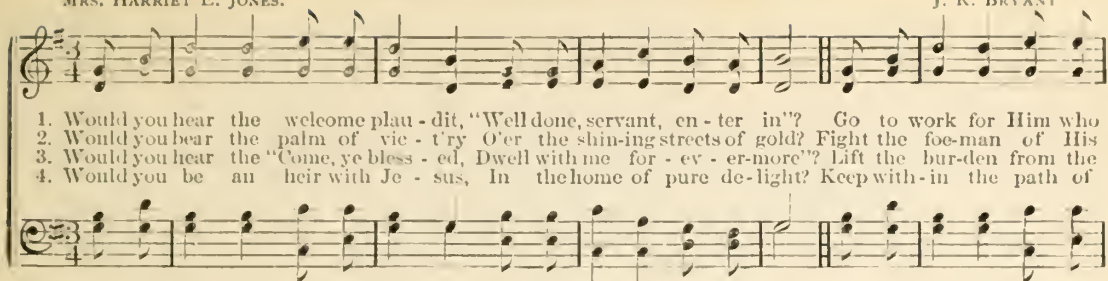
land of light and love; There, with joy, we'll hail the Reign-ing, In the Saviour's homea - bove.

All for Precious Jesus.

95

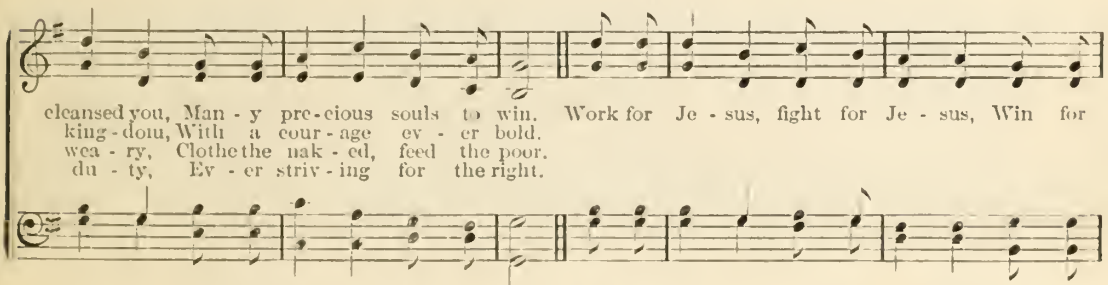
MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. R. BRVANT

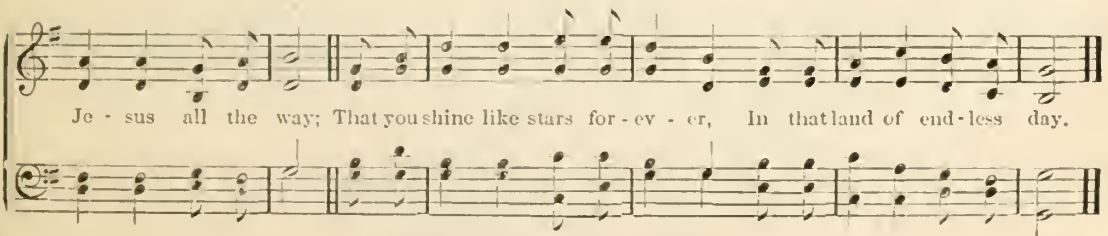


1. Would you hear the welcome plau - dit, "Well done, servant, en - ter in"? Go to work for Him who
 2. Would you bear the palm of vic - t'ry O'er the shin-ing streets of gold? Fight the foe-man of His
 3. Would you hear the "Come, ye bless - ed, Dwell with me for - ev - er-more"? Lift the bur-den from the
 4. Would you be an heir with Je - sus, In the home of pure de-light? Keep with-in the path of

CHORUS.



cleansed you, Man - y pre-cious souls to win. Work for Je - sus, fight for Je - sus, Win for
 king-dom, With a cour-age ev - er bold.
 wea - ry, Clothethe nak - ed, feed the poor.
 du - ty, Ev - er striv-ing for the right.



Je - sus all the way; That you shine like stars for - ev - er, In that land of end-less day.

There's a Beautiful Home.

L. H. PARTHMORE

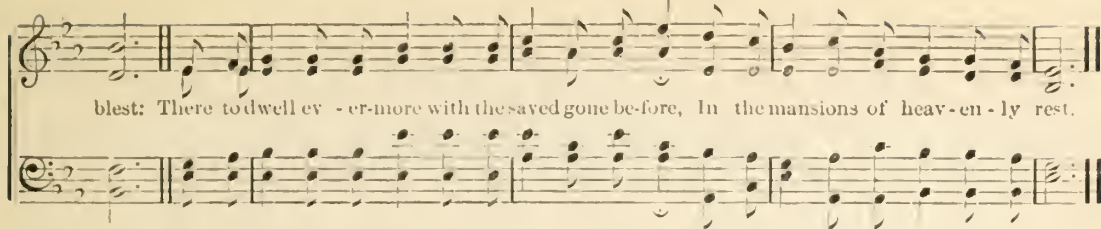
L. H. PARTHMORE

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home in the king - dom a - bove Where sor - row and sin nev - er come,
 2. O, Thou pre - cious Re - dee - mer, so teach us to - day, The ways of the temp - ter to flee,
 3. How we long to be there in that heav - en - ly home, How we long with the ransomed to sing;

And our Sav - iour in - vites us to taste of His love, And dwell in that beau - ti - ful home.
 To be watch - ful and faith - ful and trust Thee al - way, That this beau - ti - ful home we may see.
 Pow'r and bless - ing and hon - or, thankgiv - ing and praise, To Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful home of the pure and the
 heav - en - ly home,

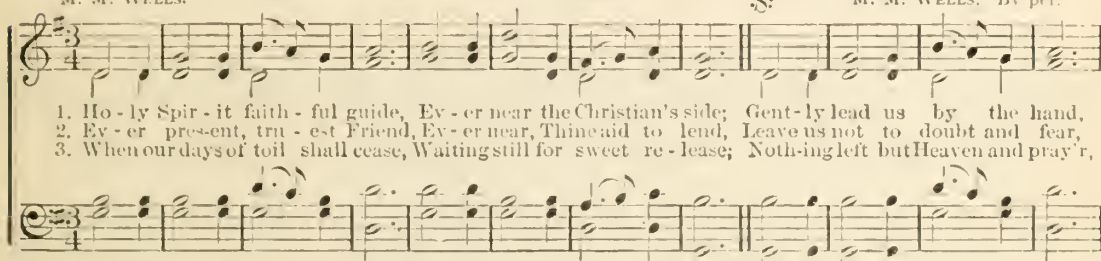


blest: There to dwell ev - er-more with the saved gone be-fore, In the mansions of heav-en-ly rest.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

M. M. WELLS. By per.

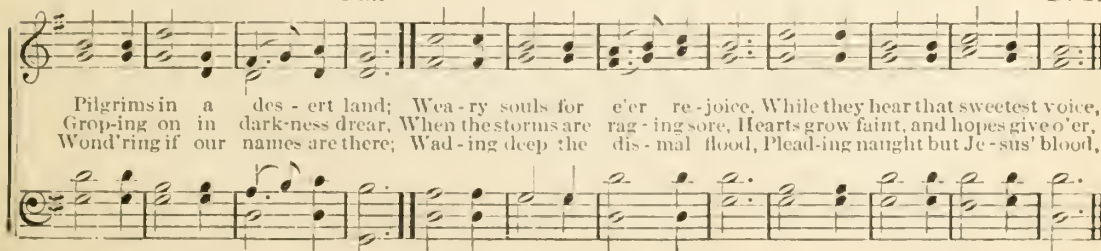


1. Ho-ly Spir-it faith-ful guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side; Gent-ly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near, Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease; Noth-ing left but Heaven and pray'r,

D. S.—Whis-per soft-ly, "Wander-er, come!

Fine

D. S.



Pilgrims in a dark-ert land; Wea-ry souls for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear, When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wond'ring if our names are there; Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je-sus' blood,

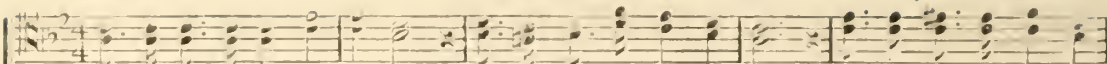
Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home".

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.


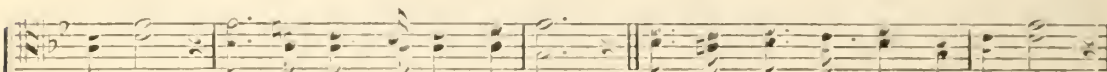
UNKNOWN.

MALE QUARTETT.


J. L. MOORE.




1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O, what words I hear Him say; Hap - py place! so near, so
 2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest! There I lay my sins and
 3. Bless me, O, my saviour, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet, Oh, look down in love up -

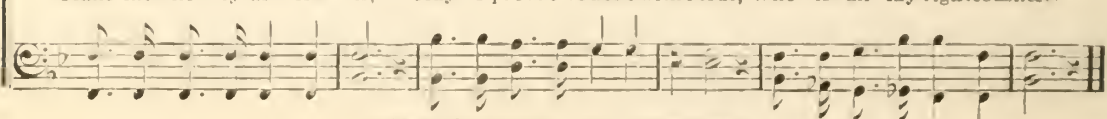
pre-cious, May it find me there each day: Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus,
 sor-rows, And, when wea - ry, find sweet rest: Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus,
 on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet: Give me but the mind of Je - sus,



rit.



I would look up-on the past; For His love has been so precious, It has won my heart at last.
 Where I love to weep and pray; While I, from His fullness, gather Grace and comfort day by day.
 Make me ho - ly as He is; May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.



There's Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

99

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR.

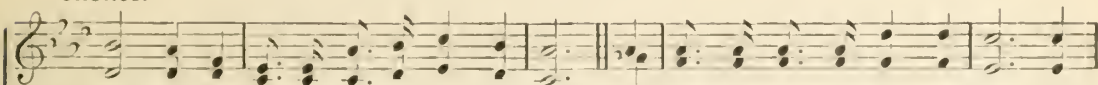
JAMES M. BLACK.



1. Oh! hasten now to Calv'ry's mountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood; And plunge into the flowing
2. Come now, to-ge-th-er, let us reason, There's cleansing in the precious blood; Al-tho' your sins be red like
3. Your heart is full of sin and sad-ness, There's cleansing in the precious blood; In Je-sus there is joy and
4. At morning, noon and night I'm singing, There's cleansing in the precious blood; Oh, let us keep the anthem



CHORUS.



foun-tain, There's cleansing in the pre-cious blood. There's cleans-ing in the pre-cious blood; Plunge
crimson, There's cleansing in the pre-cious blood.
glad-ness, There's cleansing in the pre-cious blood.
ring-ing, There's cleansing in the pre-cious blood.

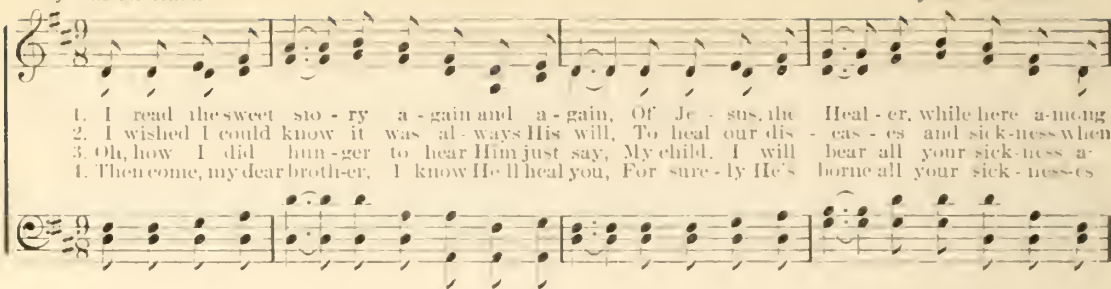


now beneath the crimson flood, Con-fessing all your sins to Jesus; There's cleansing in the precious blood.

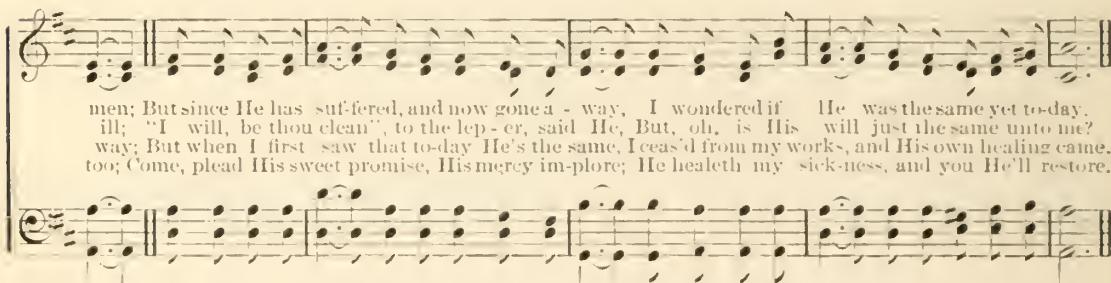


JAMES M. KIRK.

JAMES M. KIRK.

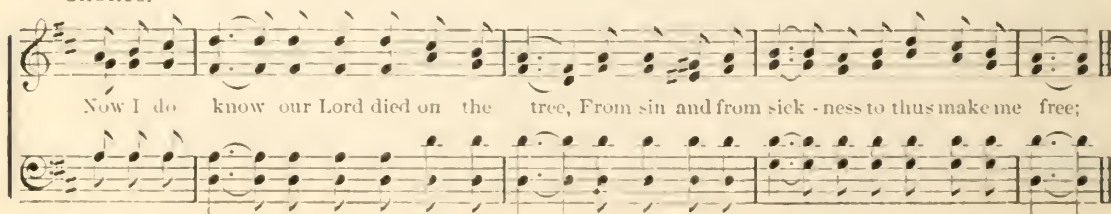


1. I read the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Of Je - sus, the Heal - er, while here a - mong
 2. I wished I could know it was al - ways His will, To heal our dis - eas - es and sick - ness when
 3. Oh, how I did hun - ger to hear Him just say, My child, I will bear all your sick - ness a -
 4. Then come, my dear brother, I know He'll heal you, For sure - ly He's borne all your sick - ness - es



men; But since He has suf - fer - ed, and now gone a - way, I wonder - ed if He was the same yet to - day.
 ill; "I will, be thou clean", to the lep - er, said He, But, oh, is His will just the same unto me?
 way; But when I first saw that to - day He's the same, I ceas'd from my works, and His own healing came.
 too; Come, plead His sweet promise, His mercy im - plore; He hea - leth my sick - ness, and you He'll restore.

CHORUS.



Now I do know our Lord died on the tree, From sin and from sick - ness to thus make me free;

On Him all my cares and my burdens I roll, I trust for my bod - y as well as my soul.

Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love.

SELECTED.

POPULAR MELODY.

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, Thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove; All my hopes in Thee a-bide,
 2. Once a-gain be-side the cross, All my gain I count but loss; Earth-ly pleasures fade a-way,
 3. Bless-ed Sav-iour, Thine am I, Thine to live and Thine to die; Height or depth or crea-ture-pow'r,

Thou my hope and naught be-side; Ev-er shall my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly Thee.
 Clouds they are that hide my day; Ev-er shall my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly Thee.
 Ne'er shall hide my Sav-iour more; Ev-er shall my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly Thee.

SAMUEL B. JOHNSON.

J. H. KURZENKUEBE

1. Just for to-day, so let me live, To-mor-row's needs not know; A cleanly heart to me now
 2. Just for to-day, Lord, guard and guide Thy child in all its needs; Thy will be mine, Thy law I
 3. Just for to-day, Thy sav-ing grace And keep-ing pow'r ap-ply; Un-to my heart, Thy dwelling

give, While at Thy feet I bow; A heart that feels no stain of sin, A temple for the Lord within.
 bide, In words and thoughts and deeds; A heart, so prompt, The to-day, Be my de-sire just for to-day.
 place, That Thou may'st there draw nigh; And make it Thine e-ter-nal stay, That thus I live, just for to-day.

D. S.— Just for to-day so let me live.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Just for to-day, Just for to-day, Tomorrow's needs I do not pray; Just for to-day Thy strength but give,

I Love Thee.

103

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE



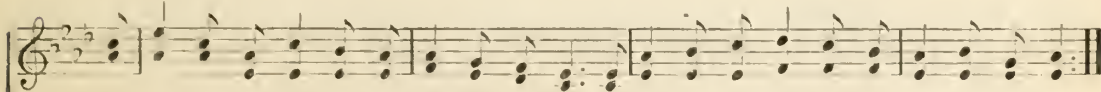
1. I love Thee, my Sav-our, Thy name I a-dore; Thy kind lov-ing fa-vor I ev-er implore;
 2. I love Thee, my Sav-our, and Thy pre-cious love Assures me of par-don and peace from a-bove;
 3. I love Thee, my Sav-our, Thy love is di-vine; In love Thou wilt keep me, for-ev-er-more thine;



My weak hands without Thee no good work can do, I pray Thee then, ev-er their strength to re-new.
 My sins Thou for-giv-est, Thy mer-cy is free To all that be-lieve and will come un-to Thee.
 No e-vil shall harm me, for Thou art my guide, Thy hand now shall turn ev-ry per-il a-side.



CHORUS



I love Thee! I love Thee! Thy name is so sweet; And Thy love no mor-tal nor tongue can re-peat.



Will You Come Just Now?

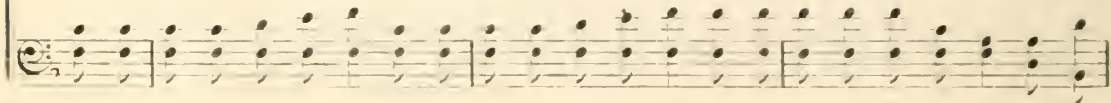
J. H. KURZENKNAKE.



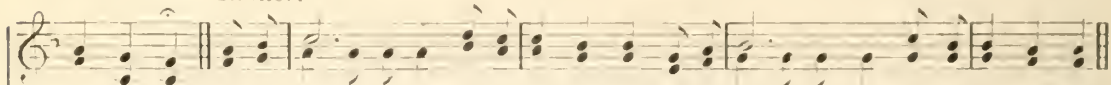
1. Hear the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion Will you come just now? To the foun-tain of sal - va - tion, Will you come just now?
2. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Will you come just now? On your ear sweet ac - cents fall - ing, Will you come just now?
3. 'Tis the Holy Spir - it woo - ing, Will you come just now? Come ye to the foun-tain flow - ing, Will you come just now?



Heal - ing streams are flow - ing still, That will cleanse from ev - 'ry ill, And your heart with rapture thrill; Will you
Has - ten sin - ner to the fold, Let your sto - ry there be told, Ere the night grows dark and cold; Will you
If you let the Spir - it in, He will free thy soul from sin, Come and wash and be made clean; Will you



CHORUS.



come just now? Will you come. Will you come just now? Will you come. Will you come just now?
come just now? Will you come. Will you come. Will you come.
come just now?



Will You Come Just Now? (Concluded.)

105

Life is of-fered un-to thee, 'Tis a pardon full and free, If to Him you'll on-ly flee; Will you come just now?

Pass It On.

IDA. L. REED.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Does the light of love shine o'er you? Pass it on, pass it on; All a - long life's way be - fore you, Pass it on,
 2. God hath bless'd you; then my brother, Pass it on, pass it on; You've been aid-ed; help a - noth - er; Pass it on,
 3. Life for you is bright and cheer-y, Pass it on, pass it on; Oth - er lives are dark and drear-y, Pass it on,

Pass it on: There are pathways it will brighten, There are burdens it will lighten; Pass it on, pass it on.
 Pass it on: This will take a - way your sadness, Fill your heart a - new with gladness; Pass it on, pass it on.
 Pass it on: Joy and gladness shall be given, Heav'n on earth, and earth a Heaven; Pass it on, pass it on.

GEO. TAYLOR.

J. H. KURZENYNAEE.

1. Like ships that are sail - ing the boi - ter - ous sea, We sail on the o - cean of time;
 2. Two Pi - lots are wait - ing, and we must de - cide Which one of the two we shall take;
 3. The sea may be calm and the sky may be clear, The wind in our fa - vor may blow;
 4. The wind may be blow - ing a hur - ri - cane strong, Like moun - tains the waves may a - rise,

So let us in - quire,—the great ques - tion should be, Are we bound for the hap - pi - er clime?
 The car - go is pre - cious, and treach'rous the tide, But the Christ will not leave nor for - sake;
 The tide may be friend - ly, no rocks may ap - pear, And right mer - ri - ly on we may go;
 And cloud af - ter cloud may come roll - ing a - long, Hang - ing dark like a pall o'er the skies:

Two ports are be - fore us, and one we must reach, The bright or the dark it must be;
 While Sa - tan is false and a pi - rate at sea,—En - trust not your soul to his care;
 But let us be cau - tious, a storm may be near, And clouds may soon dark - en the sky;
 With Christ as our cap - tain, O, be not dismayed; He once made the voy - age a - lone;



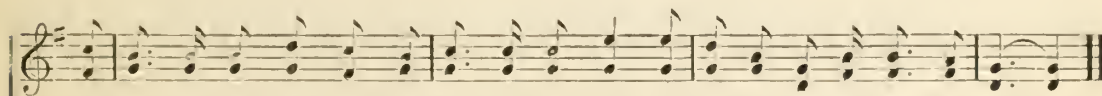
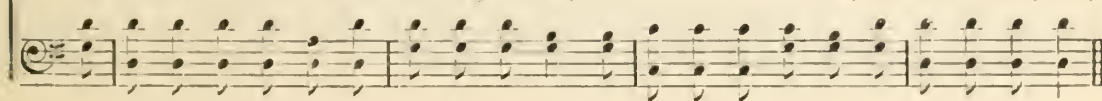
Ex - am - ine the chart, — 'tis im - por - tant to each, We are bound for e - ter - ni - ty.
He'll try to al - lure you, and cun - ning is his, He would land you in deep de - spair.
When leas't we ex - pect it, a rock may ap - pear, And there help - less and wrecked we lie.
He knows where the rocks and the quicksands are laid, He shall ev - er land safe - ty His own.



CHORUS



If Christ..... is our Pi - - - lot The bil - - - lows may roar;.....
If Christ is our Pi - lot we have naught to fear, How - ev - er the bil - lows, the bil - lows may roar;



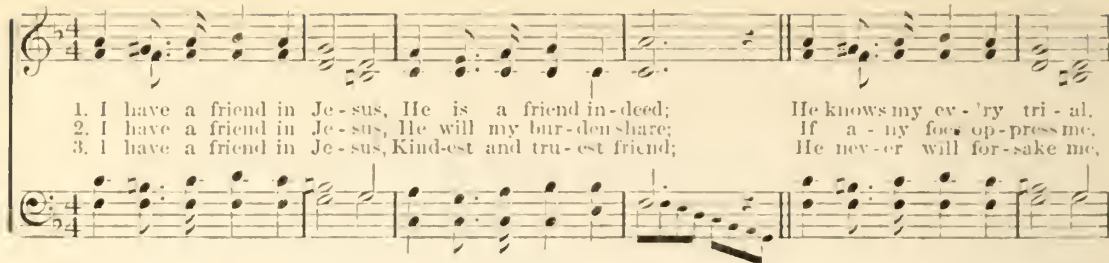
The ship will go right if the Sav - iour is near, And soon we shall reach the bright shore.



I Have a Friend in Jesus.

J. H. KURZENKNAEL

HARRY J. KURZENKNAEL



1. I have a friend in Je-sus, He is a friend in-deed;
 2. I have a friend in Je-sus, He will my bur-den share;
 3. I have a friend in Je-sus, Kind-est and tru-est friend;

He knows my ev-'ry tri-al,
 If a-my foe op-press me,
 He nev-er will for-sake me,



And just the help I may need: Watching in love be-side me, Shel-ter-ing wings to
 To Him I'll take it in pray'r: When sin and doubts as-sail me, Then shall His strength a-
 Faith-ful and true to the end. Then in the star-bright Heav-en, Where the re-ward is



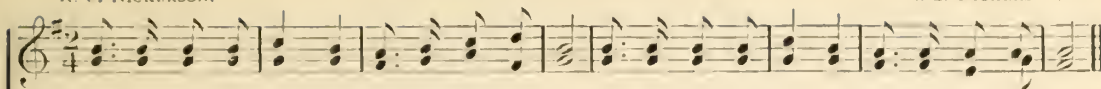
hide me, What-ev-er may be-tide me, Noth-ing can harm me there.
 vail me, Nev-er His mer-cies fail me, When by the cross I stay.
 giv-en; There I shall rest at e-ven; In my Re-deem-er's care.

Raise Your Hand.

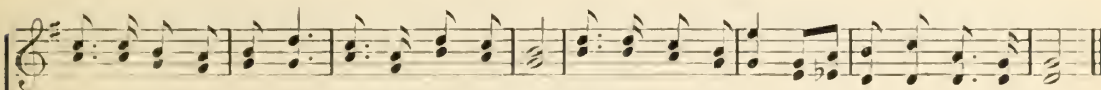
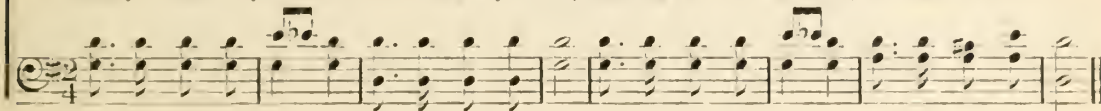
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R. S. NICKERSON.

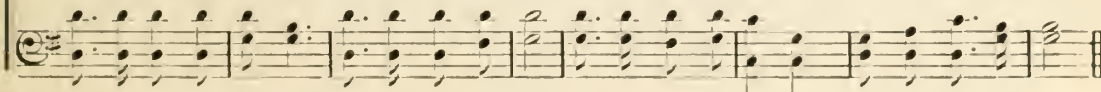
R. S. NICKERSON.



1. Raise your hand, my brother, While for thee we pray; Raise your hand to Je - sus, Heed His call to - day:
2. Raise your hand, my brother; There are calls of love That were made by dear ones Ere they passed a - boye:
3. Raise your hand, my brother, Je - sus calls you still; Hear His in - vi - ta - tion; Who - so - ev - er will -



He will raise the fall-en, Give them strength and pow'r; And will lead them gently Thro' each try - ing hour.
And you promised, brother, When they went to rest, That you'd meet them yonder With the saved and blest
Lift your hand to Je - sus, While in prayer we bow; Broth-er, do not tar - ry, He will save you now.



CHORUS.



Raise your hand, my brother, Je - sus calls to - day; For He is the bless - ed, true, and On - ly liv - ing Way.



1. How I love to sing all the glad, glad songs, Which the new-born soul on - ly knows,
 2. How I love to pray in the still, still hour, And to feel my bur - den de - part,
 3. Soon we'll join the praise, of the bright, bright throng, Who are sing - ing His love for aye;

And the heart is pure, and to Je - sus Christ be - longs, While the blood for its cleansing flows.
 What a bless - ed joy, 'tis the Chris - tians ho - ly dower, How it fills all my trust - ing heart.
 Where the sun ne'er sets, all that hap - py day a - long, Where our tears shall be wiped a - way.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, Hap - py day, hap - py day; Je - sus, Je - sus all the way; all the way;

Jesus All the Way. (Concluded.)

111

Happy day, happy day, happy day, happy day, I have Je - sus all the way.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

ANON.

A. J. GORDON.

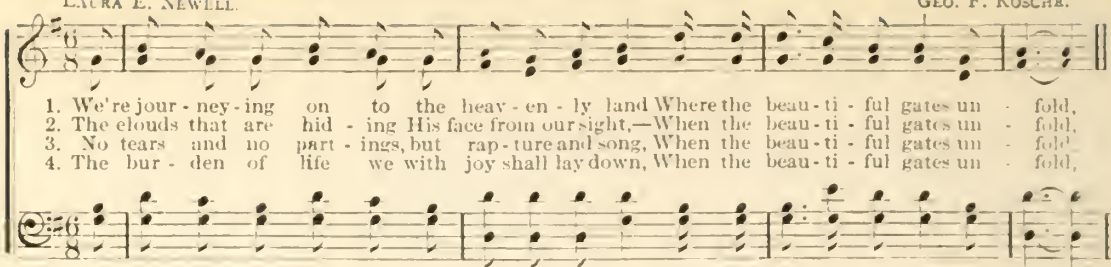
1 My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
 4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in Heav - en so bright;

My gracious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Sav - iour, 'tis now.
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Sav - iour, 'tis now.
 And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Sav - iour, 'tis now.
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Sav - iour, 'tis now.

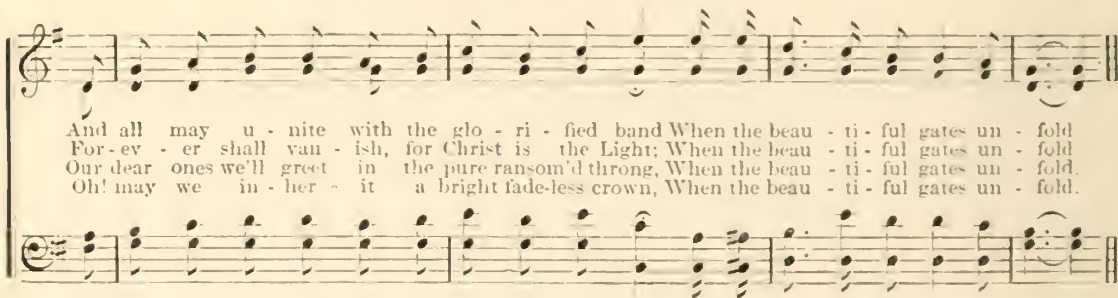
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LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

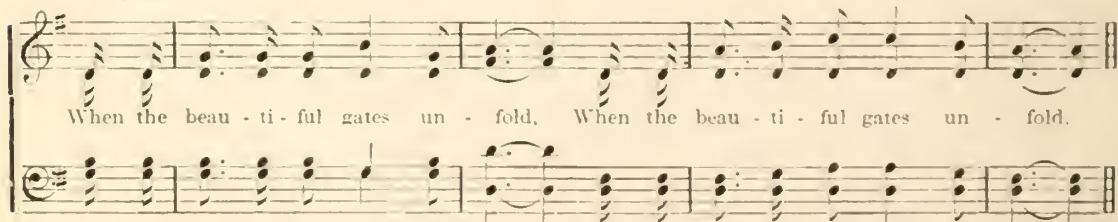


1. We're jour - ney - ing on to the heav - en - ly land Where the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold,
 2. The clouds that are hid - ing His face from our sight, — When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold,
 3. No tears and no part - ings, but rap - ture and song, When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold,
 4. The bur - den of life we with joy shall lay down, When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold,



And all may u - nite with the glo - ri - fied band When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold
 For - ev - er shall van - ish, for Christ is the Light; When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold
 Our dear ones we'll greet in the pure ransom'd throng, When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold.
 Oh! may we in - her - it a bright fade-less crown, When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold.

CHORUS.



When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold, When the beau - ti - ful gates un - fold.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

We'll wor-ship our King with our sins wash'd a - way, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold.

Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS GEO. NAEGLI.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fath - er's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mutual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part It gives us in - ward pain,

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

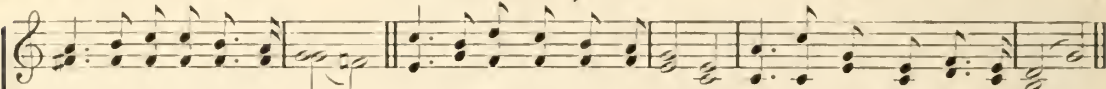
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove,
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares,
 And of ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear,
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

E. S. UFFORD.

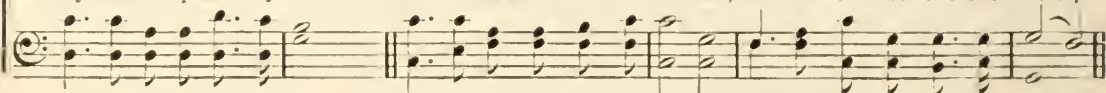


1. O, the precious words of Je - sus, "Let the children come to me;" Do not hin - der nor for - bid them,
2. O, the precious words of Je - sus, "Lo! I am the liv - ing way;" All who walk there - in are bless - ed;
3. O, the precious words of Je - sus, "Come, ye wea - ry and op - press'd; Take my yoke up - on you;" Hear Him!
4. G, the precious words of Je - sus, "All the world I o - ver - came;" What a com - fort to His chil - dren,



They the Father's face shall see;
They shall live to end - less day;
"Come, and I will give you rest;"
"They shall conquer in my name:"

And He took them to His bos - om, Lov'd and blest them, ev - 'ry one;
O'er the sheep of His own pas - ture He will watch and vig - il keep,
He is still the same dear Je - sus, Speaking from the heav'nly height;
In that last and fi - nal con - flict, When the cares of life are o'er,



CHORUS.



O, how sweet the wondrous sto - ry, What the Sav - iour said and done.
The good Shepherd, true and faith - ful, Paid the ran - som for His sheep.
You will find His yoke is eas - y, And His bur - den, it is light.
He will crown us with re - joic - ing, Kings and vic - tors ev - er - more.

O, the pre - cious words of Je - sus,



Sweetest ac-cents ev-er heard; Sin-ner, has-ten to the Sav-iour, Learn of Him the sav-ing word.

Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; } From vic-t'ry un-to
 { Lift high His roy-al ban-ner, It must - - - not suf-fer loss: }

2. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trumpet call o-bey; } "Ye that are men, now
 { Forth to the mighty con-flict, In this - - - His glo-rious day: }

3. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; } Put on the gos-pel
 { The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare - - - not trust your own; }

vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
 serve Him," A-against un-numbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
 ar-mor, Each piece put on with prayer; Where du-ty calls or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.

1. There are precious souls a-bout us where we min-gle ev-'ry day, Waiting to be led to the Sav-our,
 They are wishing they were saved, they are near the nar-row way,
 2. We for-got we have a bless-ing as these wand'ers pass a-long, Waiting to be led to the sav-our,
 Have we been to E-lim's fountain, can we feed the dy-ing throng,
 3. Soon they'll vanish from our presence ere we point them to the sky, Waiting to be led to the Sav-our,
 Are we mindful of our du-ty as the days are go-ing by,

CHORUS.
 Wait-ing to be led to the Sav-our, Show them the way, Show them to-day, Wait-ing to be led to the
 Wait-ing to be led to the Sav-our?
 Wait-ing to be led to the Sav-our?

Sav-our; Don't let them stray Far from the way, Wait-ing to be led to the Sav-our.

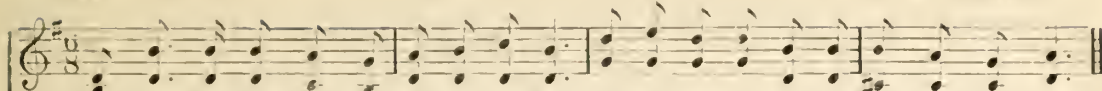
Throw out the Life-line.

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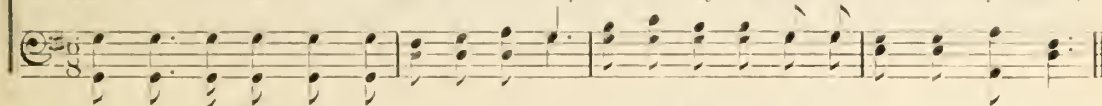
MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.

REV. F. S. UFFORD.

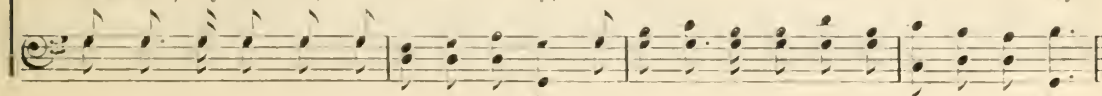
REV. F. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS



1. Throw out the life - line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save;
2. Throw out the life - line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why ling - er so long?
3. Throw out the life - line to dan - ger - fraught men, Sinking in an - guish where you've nev - er been;
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore,



Some - bod - y's broth - er; oh, who then, will dare To throw out the life-line, his per - il to share?
 See! he is sink - ing; oh, has - ten to - day, And, out with the life-boat! a - way, then, a - way!
 Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 Haste then, my broth - er, no time for de - lay, But throw out the life - line and save them to - day.



CHORUS.



Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift - ing a - way;
 Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! - - - - - Some one is sink - ing to - day.



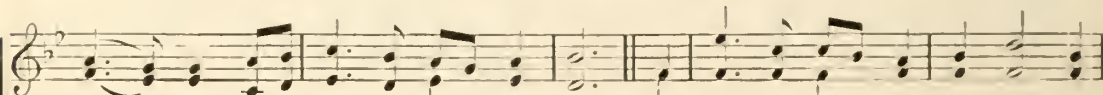
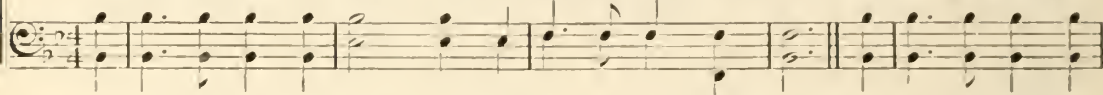
I Love to Hear the Story.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

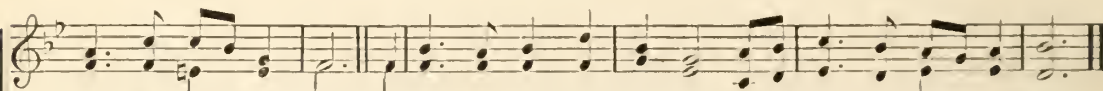
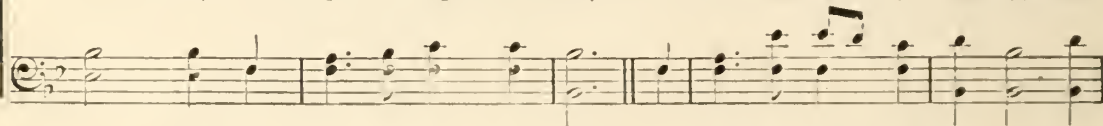
REV. F. S. UFFORD.



1. I love to hear the sto - ry From souls just saved from sin, Whose fa - ces wear the
 2. I love to hear the sto - ry From lips that know 'tis true, Where joy and peace are
 3. I love to hear the sto - ry, The sweet - est ev - er told; And it will grow still



glo - ry Of Je - sus throned with - in; Their joy is like the morn - ing, That
 reign - ing With - in a heart made new; I love to hear the sto - ry From
 sweet - er, As age to age un - fold; And in the heav - en - ly Cit - y, In



hails a glad new day, And sins of dark fore - bod - ing, Roll like the clouds a - way.
 eyes that beam new light; They see the shin - ing day - star, And gone is all their night.
 man - sions wond'rous fair, I'll join th'e - ter - nal prais - es, And sing the sto - ry there.

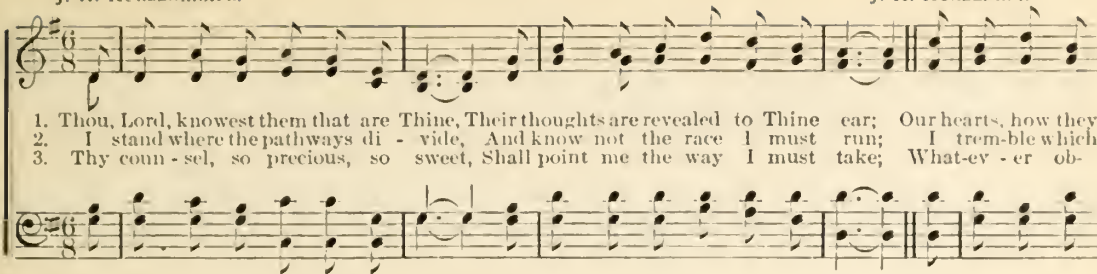


Thou Knowest.

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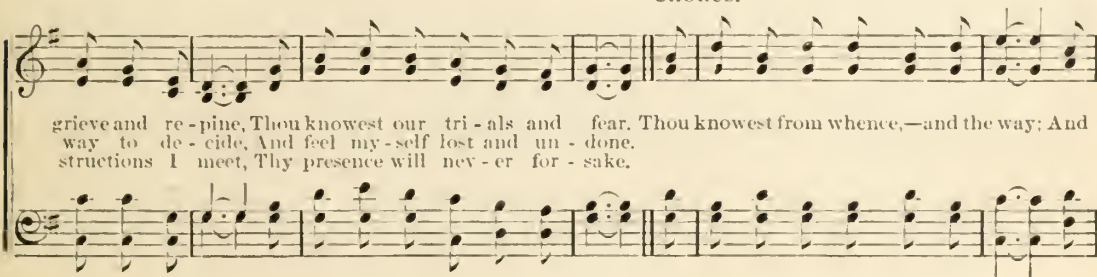
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

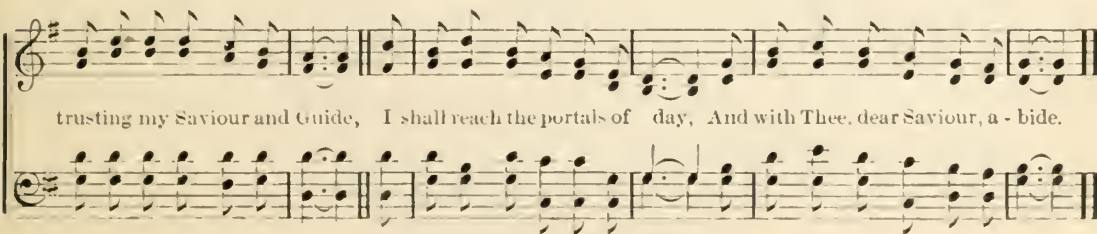


1. Thou, Lord, knowest them that are Thine, Their thoughts are revealed to Thine ear; Our hearts, how they
 2. I stand where the pathways di - vide, And know not the race I must run; I trem-ble which
 3. Thy coun - sel, so precious, so sweet, Shall point me the way I must take; What-ev - er ob-

CHORUS.



grieve and re - pine, Thou knowest our tri - als and fear. Thou knowest from whence,—and the way; And
 way to de - cide, And feel my self lost and un - done.
 structions I meet, Thy presence will nev - er for - sake.



trusting my Saviour and Guide, I shall reach the portals of day, And with Thee, dear Saviour, a - bide.

Go Gather the Golden Grain?

D. E. DORRIS.

1. Go la - bor with might in the har - vest so white, Go gath - er the gold - en grain;
 2. Go forth with a will now your mis - sion to fill, Go gath - er the gold - en grain;
 3. Go work in the field, there are sick - les to wield, Go gath - er the gold - en grain;
 4. Go gath - er them in from the hed - ges of sin, Go gath - er the gold - en grain;

There is so much to do, and the work - ers are few, Go gath - er the gold - en grain
 For the poor must be fed, and the wayward be led, Go gath - er the gold - en grain
 There is clear - ing of roots, and the gath ring of fruits, Go gath - er the gold - en grain.
 There are sin - ners to save, and the fall - en to raise, Go gath - er the gold - en grain.

D. S.—work for us all, for the great and the small, Go gath - er the gold - en grain.
 CHORUS.

Go gath - er the gold - en grain,..... Go gath - er the gold - en grain. There is
 Go gath - er the gold - en, the gold - en grain, Go gath - er the golden, the gold - en grain.

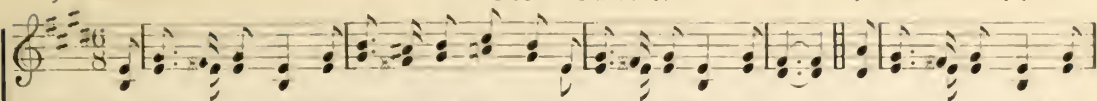
Wandering Child, Come Home.

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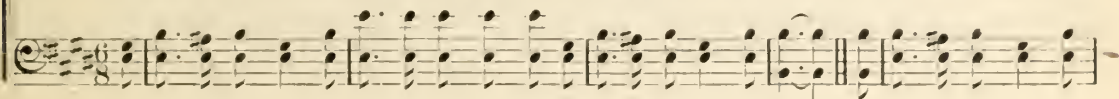
J. L. MOORE.

MAY BE USED AS A SOLO.

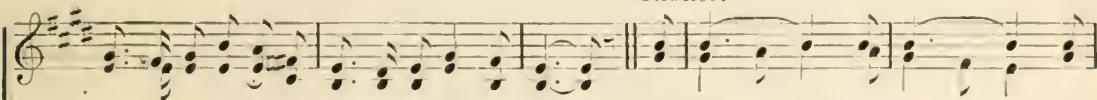
J. L. MOORE. By per.



1. Hark! hear the sweet words your Father is saying, Oh, wandering child, come home; There's room in my house for
2. You've gone far a-way in darkness and danger, Oh, wandering child, come home; Oh, come back today, you'll
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now ready, Oh, wandering child, come home; Why feed on the husks? your

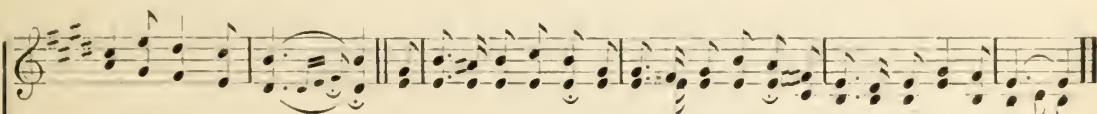
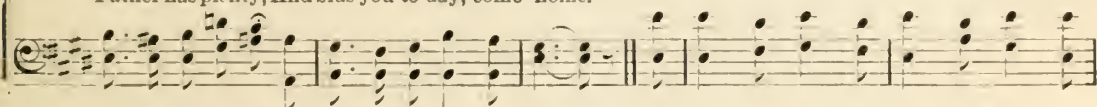


CHORUS.

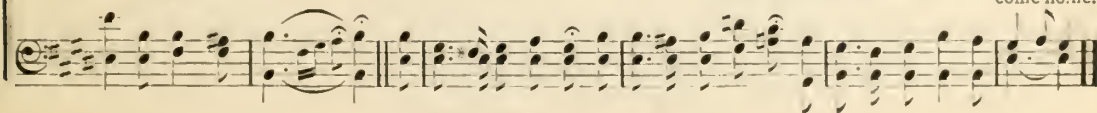


all of the straving, Oh, wandering child, come home.
soon die of hunger, Oh, wandering child, come home.
Father has plenty, And bids you to-day, come home.

Come home,..... come home,..... Oh,
Come home, my child, come home, come home,



wand'ring child, come home. . . . Your Father is waiting, yes, anxious-ly waiting, Oh, wandering child, come home.
come home.



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J. H. KURZENKNABE.

REV. C. H. BLOUGH.

1. In the ear - ly morn - ing we will sow the pre - cious seed, In the fragrant meadows where the
 2. In the glow - ing noonday's scorching heat we'll la - bor on, Sow - ing by all waters which God's
 3. Faithful be our ser - vice, sow - ing, reap - ing in the field; And the fruit - age of the har - vest

wind - ing streamlets lead; In the bar - ren pla - ces we will not withhold our hand, For the Lord can
 eye can rest up - on; When the com - ing shad - ows gath - er si - lent o'er the hill, He will pay the
 let us glad - ly yield; Then the gra - cious summons we shall hear when la - bor's past, Welcome faith - ful

D. S.—By and by the har - vest and the hap - py reap - ers' song; Then the hal - le - *D. S.*

Fine. CHORUS.

make them bloom just like the fruitful land, Sowing seeds of kindness, sowing seeds of truth,
 wa - ges and His blessed word fulfill. In the hearts of chil - - - - - dren, in the hearts of youth;
 ser - vant, come in - to my rest at last.

lu - jahs from the sainted heav'nly throng.

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Come Unto Me.

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REV. H. G. JACKSON.

DUET.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Come un - to me, O wea - ry one, By sin or care oppressed, Come, take my yoke and learn of
 2. Eas - y my yoke, my bur - den light, Low - ly my heart, and kind; Come un - to me, with all your
 3. How gra - cious is Thy service, Lord, Where love, not fear, controls; And all who, heav - y lad - en

p CHORUS.

me, And I will give you rest. Rest, bless - ed rest, from care and sin, From foes with -
 care, And peace and com - fort find.
 come, Find rest un - to their souls!

out, and fears with - in; O, heav - y lad - en, sin-oppressed, Come un - to me, I'll give you rest.

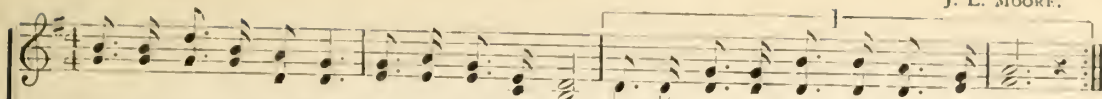
1. Je - sus is my Rock and Ref - uge, In His love I am se - cure; Naught can e'er mo - lest or
 2. In the hour of sor - est tri - al I can to my Ref - uge flee; And in lov - ing tones He
 3. In this Rock and Ref - uge ev - er, I shall all my life a - bide; And when from these scenes I

harm me, For His prom - is - es are sure; He's my shield in time of dan - ger, Saves me
 whis - pers, "Cast thy bur - den all on me"; Yes, He bore my griefs and sor - rows When He
 sev - er, In His pres - ence I will hide; He shall bear me through the por - tals in - to

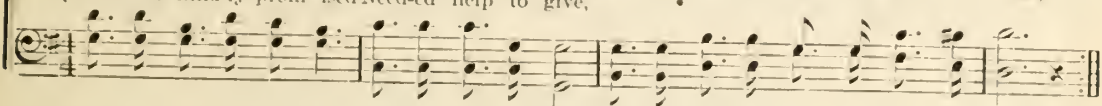
from the tempter's darts; And in bound - less love and mer - cy, Strength and comfort He im - parts,
 wan - dered here be - low; And He gave His life to save me, All because He loved me so.
 yon - der Cit - y fair; Where, in man - sions built e - ter - nal, I shall rest for - ev - er there.

Go and Bear a Message.

J. L. MOORE.



1. { Go and bear a mes-sage To the sons of men, Tell-ing of a Sav-iour's wondrous love;
How He came from Heaven; Bless-ed be His name;
2. { Tell them how He suf-fered, On Mount Cal-var-y, That poor sin-ners might be saved from sin;
Tell them of His prom-ise Of a par-don free;
3. { Go and bear a mes-sage, Tho' you may not know How or when your la-bors may be blest;
God has kind-ly prom-ised Need-ed help to give,



CHORUS.



That we all might live with Him a-bove,
If they on-ly seek and trust in Him,
Trust in Je-sus, He will do the rest.

Go, and bear a sweet mes-sage, How-ev-er small it may

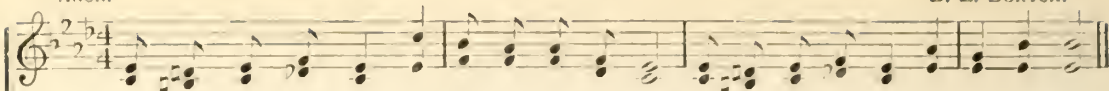


be; 'Twill give you peace while here on earth, And glad-ness in e-ter-ni-ty.

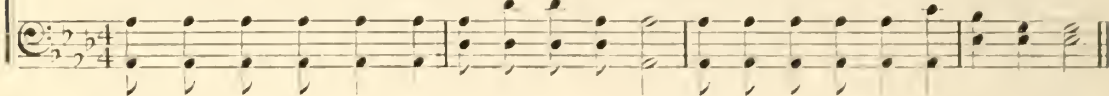


ANON.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. We are in the ar - my fight-ing for the King, And we know our sins are all for-giv'n.
2. In the name of Je - sus on-ward we will go, And of free sal - va-tion we will sing.
3. Tho' our foes be might - y and the fight se - vere, Trusting in the King we'll march a - long;
4. Cour - age, then, my com - rades, Je - sus is our friend, He will lead us, guide us in the fight;



With our hap - py com - rades we can shout and sing; We are on the roy - al road to Heav'n.
 Clad in gos - pel ar - mor, we will face the foe, And the world to Je - sus we will bring.
 Je - sus is our lead - er, we will nev - er fear, He can make the weak - est sol - dier strong.
 He will sure - ly keep us to the journey's end, And we'll reach the ha - ven fair and bright.



D. S.—Trusting in the Sav - iour, we are bound to win; Thro' His blood we're sure to con - quer sin.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sing, soldiers, sing, and let the peo - ple hear, Shout, soldiers, shout, and nev - er, nev - er fear;

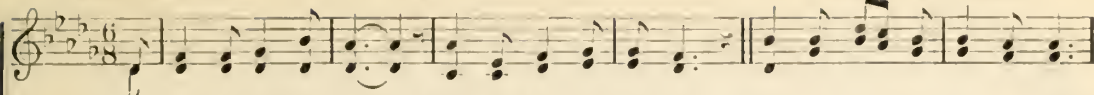


If Jesus Came To-day.

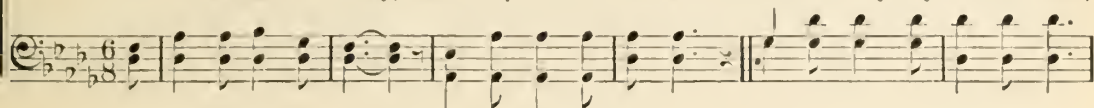
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J. H. KURZENKNABE.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.



1. If Je - sus came to - day, Would He find me watching, Lamps all trimmed and burning bright?
2. If Je - sus came to - day, Would I run to meet Him; Ask Him home, my waiting Lord,
3. If Je - sus came to - day, Would my soul re-ceive Him? How I'd lay my burdens down,



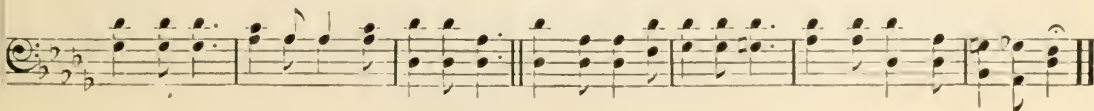
CHORUS.



How I'd greet Him with delight, Love and serve my Lord aright, If Je - sus came to - day! Blessed Saviour,
Show my love in look and word, Press Him to my waiting heart, If Je - sus came to - day?
Pride and self would all be gone, He should fill my heart alone, If Je - sus came to - day!



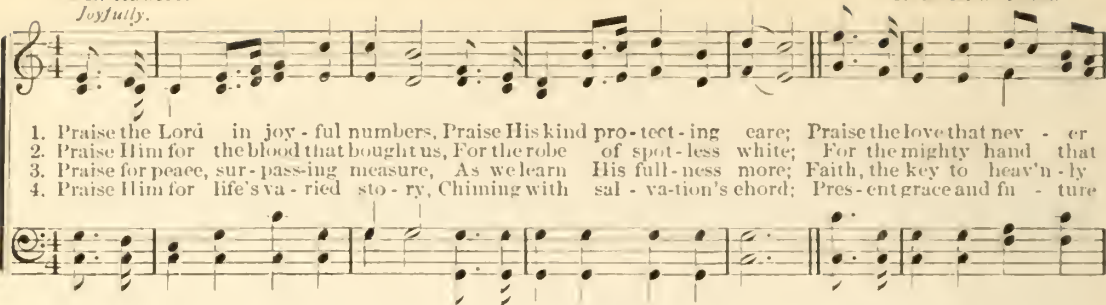
come to me, That I may sal - vation see; Pay my vows and honors meet, Lay rich trophies at Thy feet.



E. L. HEWITT.

Joyfully.

CHOR. EDW. FRIER



1. Praise the Lord in joy - ful num - bers, Praise His kind pro - tect - ing care; Praise the love that nev - er
 2. Praise Him for the blood that bought us, For the robe of spot - less white; For the mighty hand that
 3. Praise for peace, sur - pass - ing measure, As we learn His full - ness more; Faith, the key to heav'n - ly
 4. Praise Him for life's va - ried sto - ry, Chiming with sal - va - tion's chord; Pres - ent grace and fu - ture

CHORUS.



slum - bers, Love that hears and an - swers prayer. Praise the Lord! O, sweet - ly praise Him, Heart and
 brought us Out of dark - ness in - to light.
 treas - ure, O - pens ev - 'ry prom - ise door.
 glo - ry, O, 'tis good to praise the Lord.

voice in full ac - cord; Hap - py hal - le - lu - jahs raise Him, O, 'tis good to praise the Lord.

in full ac - cord;

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Ye are My Witnesses.

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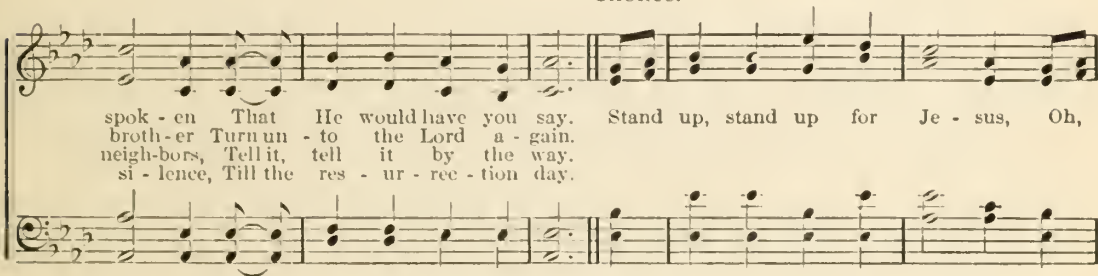
M. L. L.

CHARLIE TILLMAN. By per.

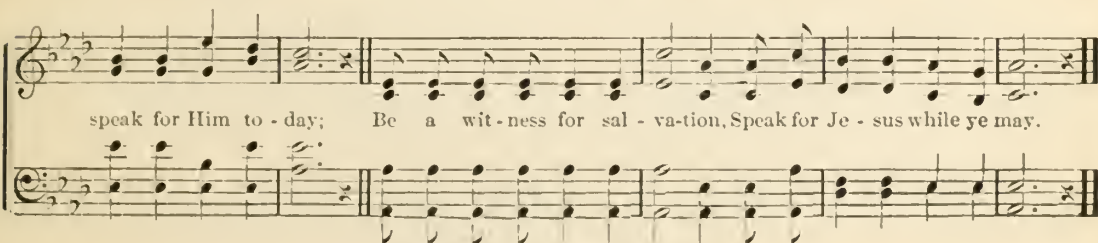


1. Have you a - ny words for Je - sus? Oh, speak them day by day: Nev - er leave a word un -
 2. Have you a - ny songs for Je - sus? Sing them out in glad re - frain: They may help an err - ing
 3. Does the Mas - ter reign tri - um - phant In your soul from day to day? Tell it out un - to your
 4. Wit - ness - es of His sal - va - tion, Speak for Je - sus while ye may; Soon will come the long, long

CHORUS.



spok - en That He would have you say. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Oh,
 broth - er Turn un - to the Lord a - gain.
 neigh - bors, Tell it, tell it by the way.
 si - lence, Till the res - ur - rec - tion day.

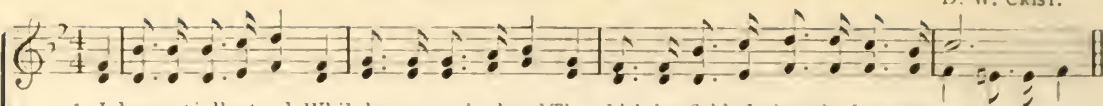


speak for Him to - day; Be a wit - ness for sal - va - tion, Speak for Je - sus while ye may.

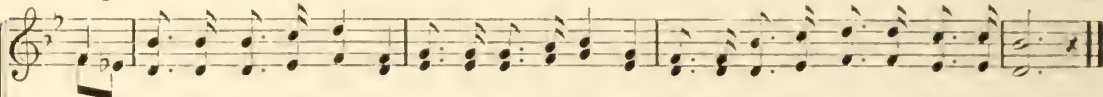
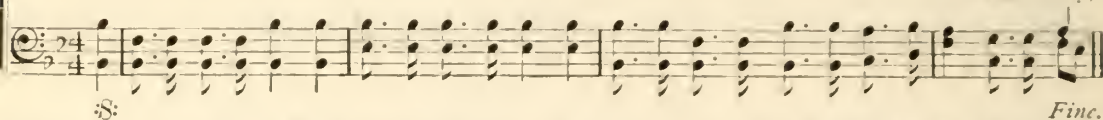
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I Dare Not Idle Stand.

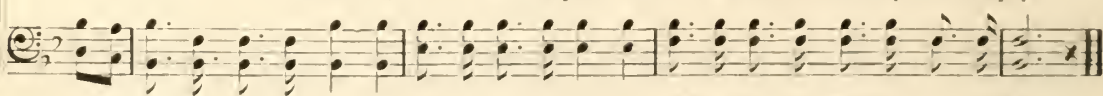
D. W. CRIST.



1. I dare not i-dle stand, While here on ev-'ry hand The whit'ning fields declare the harvest near;
 2. I dare not i-dle stand, While o-ver all the land Poor wand'ring souls need humble help like mine;
 3. I dare not i-dle stand, But at my Lord's command, For Him I'll labor on thro' life's short day;



A glean-er I would be, And gath-er, Lord, for Thee, Lest I with emp-ty hands at last appear.
 Far bright-er than the gem In monarch's di-a-dem, Each soul a star in Je-sus' crown may shine.
 The eve will come at last, Day's la-bor-noon is past, E-ter-nal rest will then my toil re-pay.



D. S.—A glean-er I would be, And gath-er, Lord, for Thee, Yes, gather for Thy gar-ner in the sky.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Work - - - ing for the Mas - - - ter. For..... the home on high;
 Working for the Mas - - - ter, working for the Lord, Working for a home, a home that is on high;



The Shepherd's Voice.

131

LAURA E. NEWELL.

MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO OR CHORUS.

D. W. CRIST.



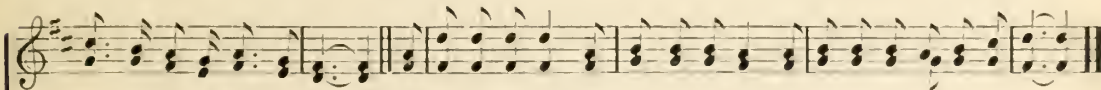
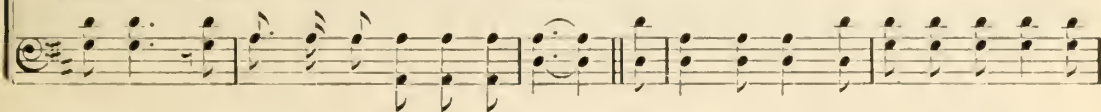
1. Long, long from the fold had I wandered, So wayward and erring I strayed; Tho' gently the Shepherd was
2. And yet did He fol-low His lost one, O'er mountains so rugged and wild; And still would His loving voice
3. Till weary and heartsick and burdened, I journeyed a - far from my home, No friend with sweet counsel to
4. "I'll nev-er forsake thee, nor leave thee, I'll be with thee always," He said; Then, then I in - pen - i - tence



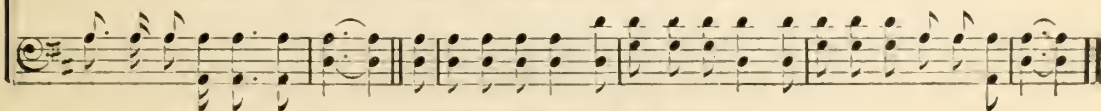
CHORUS.



call-ing, The One I had sad-ly be-tray'd. Come home..... come home..... No
 call me, "Come home, come to me, oh! my child." Come home, come home, O, seek ye that home,
 cheer me, When lo, His sweet voice whisper'd "Come."
 sought Him, Con-tent by His hand to be led.



more from the Saviour to stray; O, seek ye that land, that beautiful land, The land that is fairer than day.



Copyright, 1891, by D. W. Crist.

W. G. COOPER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Whit - er than the snow, dear Je - sus, make me, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Je - sus died for me on Cal-v'ry's moun-tain, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb;
 3. Form with - in me, Lord, a new cre - a - tion, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb;

Fine.

In a clos - er un - ion, Sav - iour, take me, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.
 There He o - pened wide a cleans - ing foun - tain, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.
 Let me know Thy great and full sal - va - tion, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.

D. S.—Glo - ry to His name, He saves com - plete - ly, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Oh, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleans - es, Whit - er than the snow, yes, whit - er than the snow;

Quoted and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

Ripe for the Harvest.

133

E. R. LATTI.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Ripe is the grain for the reap - er In the Mas - ter's har - vest - field; Lest it may fail to be
 2. Ripe is the grain for the reap - er But the la - bor - ers are few; We must be there late and
 3. Ripe is the grain for the reap - er, Shall the reap - er fail to come? How shall the i - dler make

CHORUS

gar - nered, The Re - deem - er's sick - le wile. Ripe is the grain for the reap - ers, And the
 ear - ly, We must toil the whole day through. reap - ers to gath - er,
 an - swer In the heav'nly har - vest - home.

har - vest will not wait; What you will do, do it quick - ly, Or be ev - er - more too late.
 now do it quick - ly,

Endeavor Benediction Song.

IDA A. HIGGIE.

REV. D. E. DORTCH.

1. { O'er us, friends, His watch-care keep - ing, Ten - der - ly the Fa - ther bends; but His love He sends.
 2. { Near us still a - wake or sleep - ing, Noth - ing - - - - -
 3. { O, the bless - ed, bless - ed watch - care, Which in love He gives so free; glad e - ter ni - ty.
 4. { Keeps us safe un - til the morn - ing, Of the - - - - -
 5. { Then, O joy, the bless - ed meet - ing, On that gold - en, glad - some shore; part for - ev - er - more.
 6. { Saviour, friends and lov'd ones greet - ing, Ne'er to - - - - -

CHORUS.

Guard - ing close - ly, guid - ing safely, All the way our feet shall tread, As we travel on our path - way to the sky;

Thus He keeps us all the way, As we press to end - less day, Where we nev - er - more shall say good - by.

By permission D. E. Dortch.

Walking With Jesus.

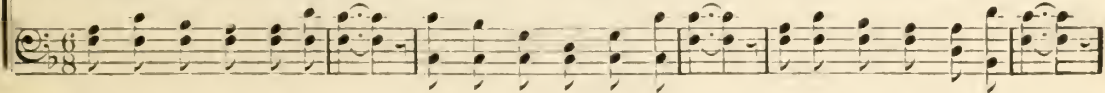
135

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

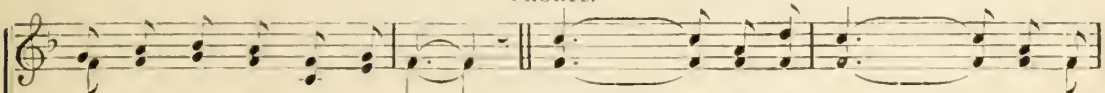
G. TABOR THOMPSON



1. Walk-ing with Je-sus a-lone, This is my joy and my pride; Till I shall stand by His throne.
2. Learning each day in the strife How I may live with-out sin; Rising in newness of life,
3. Striv-ing for rich-es un-told, Seek-ing for souls gone a-stray, Leading them back to the fold;
4. Af-ter the toil I shall rest, Rest with the lov'd gone be-fore, Safe in the home of the blest;

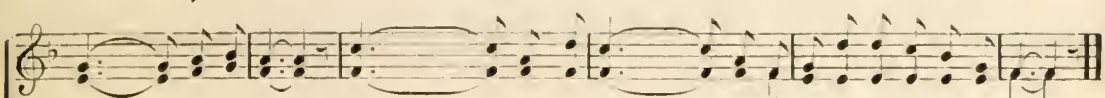
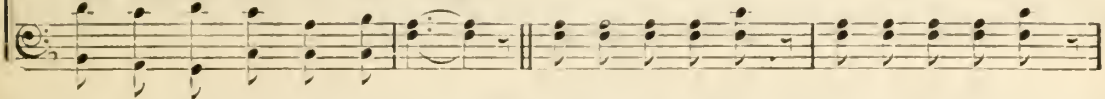


CHORUS.



With Him in Heav'n to a-bide.
Je-sus a-bid-ing with-in.
This is my work day by day,
Rest with the Lord ev-er more.

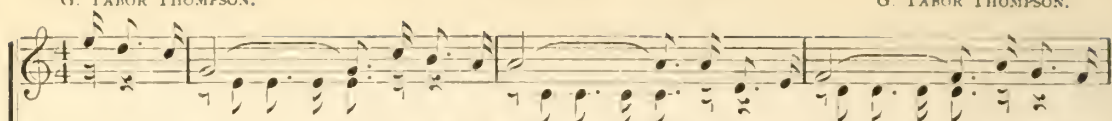
Walk - - - ing with Je - - - sus, My
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus,



heart..... all a-glow; Walk - - - ing with Je - - - sus, He's with me wherever I go.
My heart all a-glow; Walking with Jesus Talking with Jesus, He's with me wherever I go.



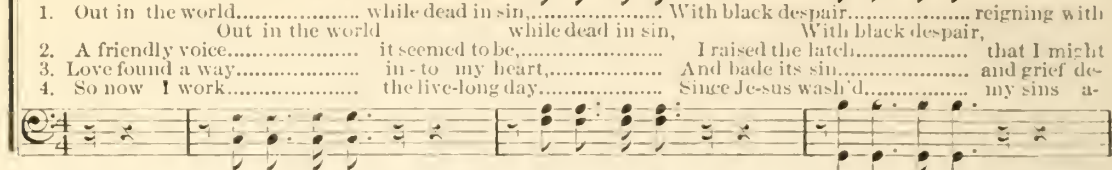

Love Found a Way.



1. Out in the world..... while dead in sin..... With black despair..... reigning with
 Out in the world while dead in sin, With black despair,

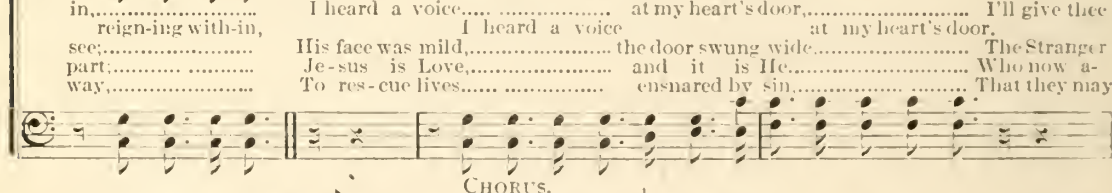
2. A friendly voice..... it seemed to be..... I raised the latch..... that I might
 Love found a way..... in-to my heart..... And bade its sin..... and grief de-

4. So now I work..... the live-long day..... Since Je-sus wash'd..... my sins a-

in..... I heard a voice..... at my heart's door..... I'll give thee
 reign-ing with-in, I heard a voice at my heart's door,

see; His face was mild..... the door swung wide..... The Stranger
 part..... Je-sus is Love..... and it is He..... Who now a-
 way..... To res-cue lives..... ensnared by sin..... That they may



CHORUS.



life..... for - ev - er - more. }
 I'll give thee life,
 en - - - - - tered at my side. } O! Saviour mine, Thy love divine, Has reach'd this sin-ful heart of
 bides..... each day with me,
 have..... this Friend within. }



mine: Hence-forth I'll live a - lone for Thee, So oth - ers may Thy beau - ty see.....
Thy beau - ty see.

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Onward Speed.

SELECTED.

HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.


1. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel! onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the shades recede;
2. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel! onward speed; Long has been the reign of night, Let the light succeed;
3. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel! onward speed; Morning bursts up-on our sight, Lo! the time decreed:

Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heathen fanes destroy; Spread the gospel's love and trust, Spread the gospel's joy.
Un-to thee earth's suff'ers lift Their im-plor-ing wail, Bear them Heaven's ho - ly gift Ere their courage fail.
Now the Lord His kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall, Now the joy-ous song awakes, "God is all in all."

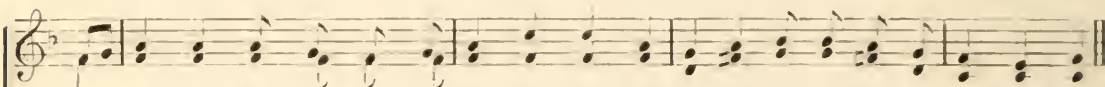
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MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

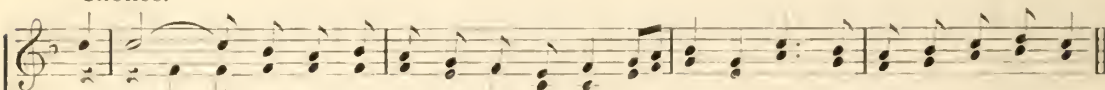


1. A-bide with me, O Lord, a-bide with me; I faint and fall when far a-way from Thee;
 2. A-bide with me, the shad-owsgath-er near, A-bide with me, my wea-ry heart to cheer;
 3. A-bide with me, a nev-er fail-ing friend, On Thee a-lone, O Lord, do I de-pend;



But if Thou lead me I shall walk a-right, For O, a lamp Thou art of pur-est light.
 A-bide with me, to com-fort and up-hold, 'Till all my work is done, and years are told.
 A-bide with me un-til death's vale is passed, And, oh! let me a-bide with Thee at last.

CHORUS.



A-bide..... with me, O Lord, a-bide with me; I feel each day and hour my need of Thee;
 A-bide

Oh! keep..... me, keep me near Thy bleeding side; O, ev - 'ry moment, Lord, with me a - bide.
O, keep me, keep me

Abide With me.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens,—Lord, with me abide! When other
2. Swift to its close ebb'd out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and de-
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-
4. Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning


help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bide with me!
eay in all a-round I see; O, Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT



1. "All this world for Je - sus!" We'll shout o'er land and sea, Till all the wea - ry na - tions Re -
 2. "All this world for Je - sus!" Shall be our watch - word now; We'll press the fight with vig - or Till
 3. "All this world for Je - sus!" Shall be our joy - ful song; And all the might - y arm - ies, Shall



spond re - joic - ing - ly; And join the might - y triumph, That soon the earth shall sway, When
 all to Him shall bow; Go for - ward to the conquest, Nor let your zeal de - cline, Till
 ech - o it a - long; With voic - es all tri - umphant, And ban - ner raised on high. We'll

CHORUS.



Je - sus Christ has conquered, And dawns Re - demp - tion's day. "All this world for Je - sus!" This
 all His foes are vanquished By power and grace di - vine.
 hail in ad - or - a - tion, The Vic - tor in the sky.

shall our watch-word be: We'll take this world for Je - sus; He'll reign tri-umphant - ly.

He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me; When on the cross He bled and died, He
 2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise His name, I know it well, He
 3. With gen-tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And trust-ing Him I fear no ill, He
 4. To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To Him my heart looks up and sings, He

CHORUS.

came to save me. I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came. And grace is free,
 came to save me. I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came, He - - - came to save me.
 came to save me.
 came to save me.

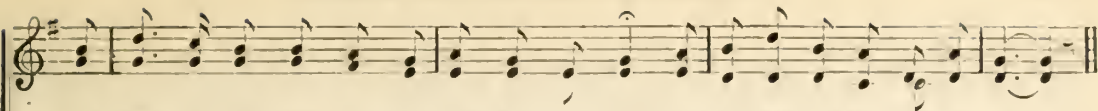
1. The Heav-en - ly Shep-herd is call - ing to - day, Dear sin-ner, 'tis you He would save;
 2. Tho' skies are o'er-cloud - ed, and thun-ders may roll, And storms find thee out on the way;
 3. The Mas - ter is call - ing, is call - ing to - day, Ac-cept, and thy soul, it shall live;

To heed Him and fol - low Him is to o - bey The Shepherd, so watchful and brave;
 And great are the dan - gers that threat-en the soul, If caught without shel-ter to - day;
 Can you yet re - ject Him and drive Him a - way? Dear sin-ner, what an-swer you give?

His pas-tures are bloom-ing, and wa-ters we're told, In riv-ers of pleas-ure o'er - flow;
 But sweet words of com-fort,—what need of a - larm,—The Mas - ter the tem-pest can stay;
 The Sav-iour is wait - ing and plead-ing; hast thou Now but a spare moment thine own?

Come to the Fold. (Concluded.)

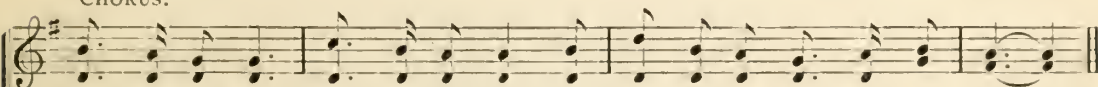
143



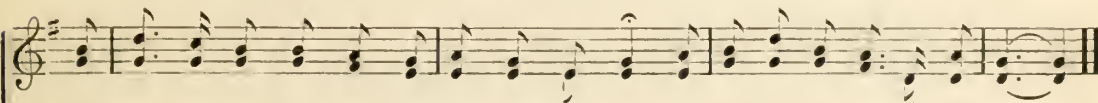
The dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, our Shepherd, be - hold! To none else the sin - ner can go.
And safe in His love there can meet thee no harm, For bil - lows and storms must o - bey.
With lov - ing o - be - dience con - fess Him just now; And par - don and life shall be won.



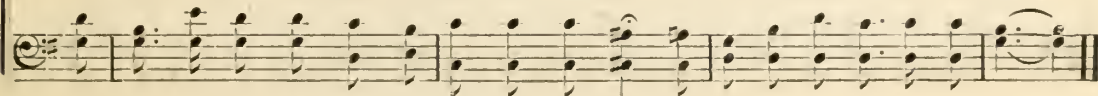
CHORUS.



Come to the fold, come to the fold, O, come to the pas - tures so fair;




The Shep - herd is bid - ding the bars to un - fold, To shel - ter and care for you there.



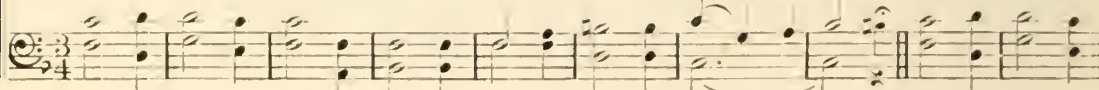
Lord! We Seek Thy Blessing.

R. P. ORR.

C. L. DANCY



1. Lord, we come to seek Thy blessing In Thy courts to - day;..... While we come, our
 2. May we feel Thy gra-cious pres-ence, Quell-ing all our fears;..... Thy courts to - day; Chas-ing from us
 3. More like Je - sus, bless - ed Mas - ter, Dai - ly would we be;..... all our fears; Meek - ly bear - ing
 would we be;



CHORUS.



sins con - fess - ing, Take our guilt a - way. Oh! re - vive us, oh! re - vive us; Bless Thy
 doubt and sad - ness, Dry - ing sor - row's tears.
 ev - 'ry tri - al, Serv - ing faith - ful - ly.



'Word of Truth' we pray; While we come, our sins con - fess - ing, Take our guilt a - way.

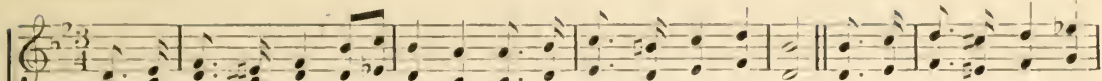


When I Bade the Saviour In

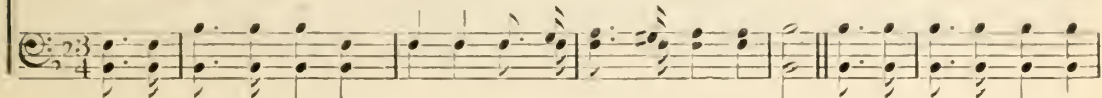
145

E. R. LATTA.

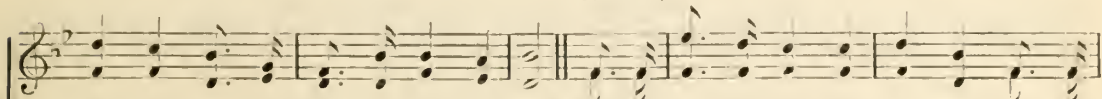
JNO. K. BRYANT.



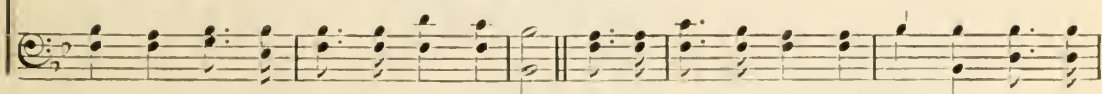

1. Oh, how pa-tient-ly He wait-ed, Peace and glad-ness to in-part; While I still re-fused to
 2. How could I so ill en-treat Him, When my state was so for-lorn, And I knew what He had
 3. Well could He have done with-out me; It was for my sake a-lone, That, so long, He sought ad-
 4. Still with-in my heart a-bid-ing, Is the blest Im-man-u-el; And I feel, that while He's



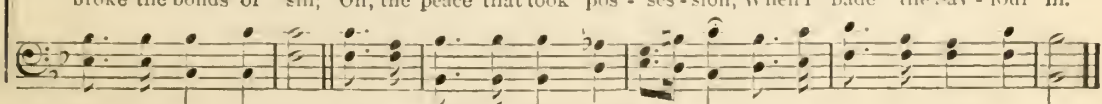
CHORUS.



o-pen, And ad-mit Him to my heart. Wondrous bliss that none could ut-ter, When He
 suf-fered, And the sor-rows He had borne?
 mis-sion, Call-ing in such gent-le tone.
 pres-ent, With my spir-it all is well.

broke the bonds of sin; Oh, the peace that took pos-ses-sion, When I bade the Sav-iour in.



ELIZABETH J. THOMPSON.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Ev - 'ry hour I need Thy bless-ing, Ev - 'ry mo - ment need Thy care; Lord, to Thee I come, con-
 2. E - 'ry hour I need Thy bless-ing, Dai - ly need Thy wondrous love, Love so ten - der, so pro-
 3. Ev - 'ry hour I need Thy bless-ing, Ev - 'ry mo - ment need Thy care; Un - til Thou my soul pos-

fess-ing All the sins that me en-snare: Bless the thoughts that come each mo-moment, Make them
 tect-ing, Com-ing from Thy throne a - bove: For Thy lov - ing care and bless - ing, Make me
 sess-ing, Shall re - flect Thine im - age there: Then to Christ, the King of Glo - ry, He who

true, and pure and fair; Like to Thine our great a - tonement, Beauti - ful be - yond compare.
 thank - ful day by day, By my walk and dai - ly liv - ing, Praising Christ, the Liv-ing Way.
 bought me with great price, I shall sing the old, old sto - ry, Christ, my Lord, my sac - ri - fice.

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing. (Concluded.)

147

CHORUS.

Come, O come, Thou lov - ing Sav - iour, Take me in Thy ten - der care; Watch and
Come, O come, Thou lov - ing Sav - iour, come, Take me in Thy ten - der care;

guide me ev - 'ry mo - - ment, And my soul for Thee pre - pare.
Watch and guide me ev - 'ry mo - ment, come, And my soul for Thee pre - pare.

Rock of Ages.

Fine.

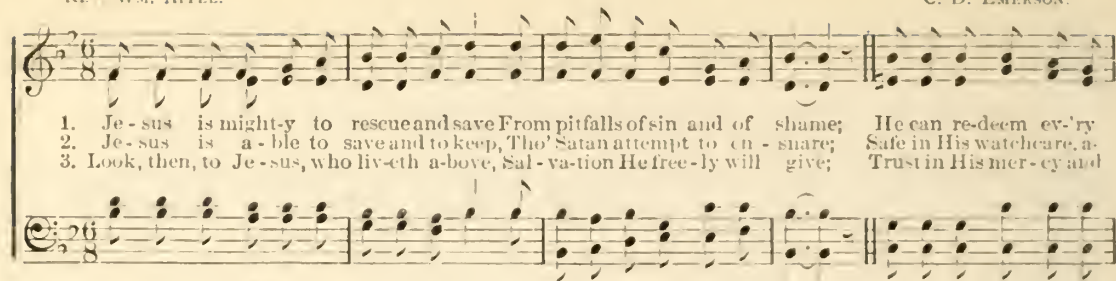
D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. S.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flowed,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, { These for sin could not a - tone;
D. S.—In my hands no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling. { Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death; { When I rise to worlds unknown,
D. S.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. { And be - hold Thee on Thy throne;

Mighty to Rescue and Save.

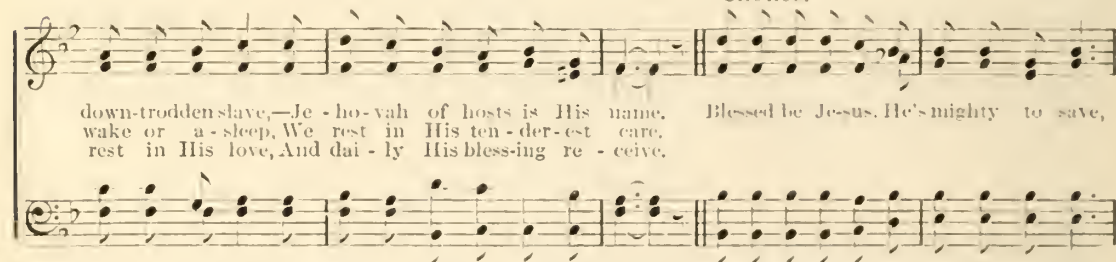
REV. WM. APPEL.

C. D. EMERSON.

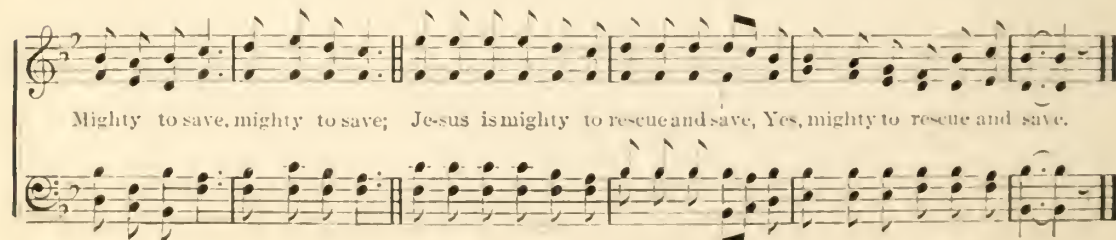


1. Je-sus is might-y to rescue and save From pitfalls of sin and of shame; He can re-deem ev'-ry
 2. Je-sus is a-ble to save and to keep, Tho' Satan attempt to en-snare; Safe in His watchcare, a-
 3. Look, then, to Je-sus, who liv-eth a-bove, Sal-va-tion He free-ly will give; Trust in His mer-cy and

CHORUS.



down-trodden slave,—Je-ho-vah of hosts is His name. Blessed be Je-sus. He's mighty to save,
 wake or a-sleep, We rest in His ten-der-est care,
 rest in His love, And dai-ly His bless-ing re-ceive.



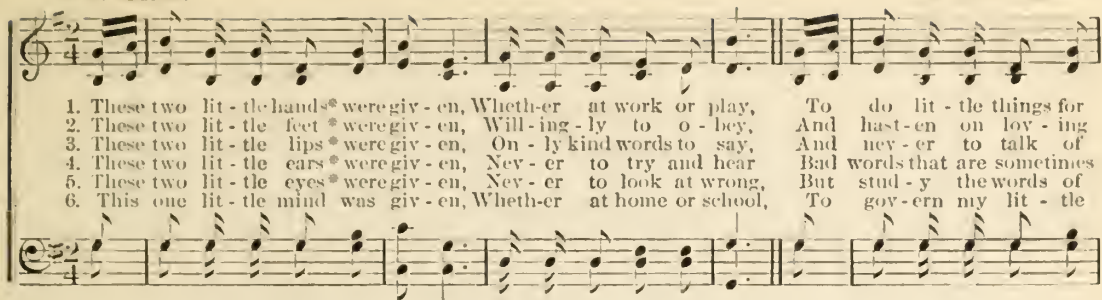
Mighty to save, mighty to save; Je-sus is mighty to rescue and save, Yes, mighty to rescue and save.

I Belong to Him.

149

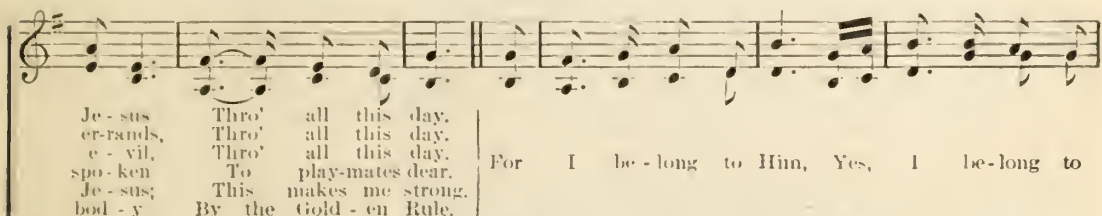
F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. BELDEN.



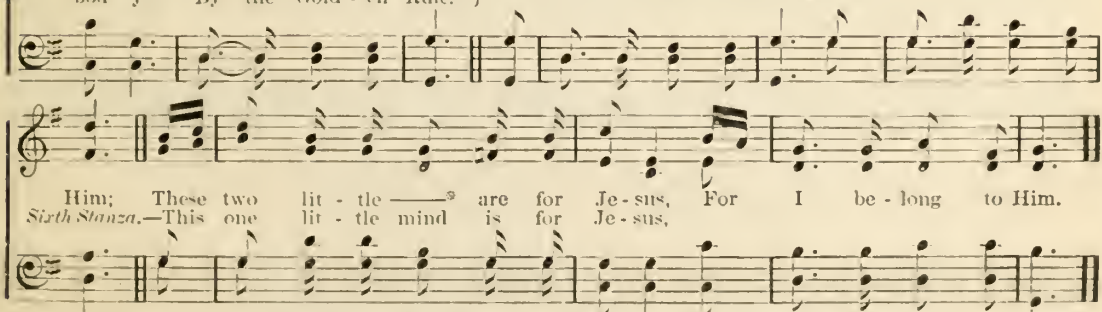
1. These two lit - tle hands* were giv - en, Wheth - er at work or play, To do lit - tle things for
 2. These two lit - tle feet* were giv - en, Will - ing - ly to o - bey, And hast - en on lov - ing
 3. These two lit - tle lips* were giv - en, On - ly kind words to say, And nev - er to talk of
 4. These two lit - tle ears* were giv - en, Nev - er to try and hear, Bad words that are sometimes
 5. These two lit - tle eyes* were giv - en, Nev - er to look at wrong, But stud - y the words of
 6. This one lit - tle mind was giv - en, Wheth - er at home or school, To gov - ern my lit - tle

CHORUS.



Je - sus Thro' all this day,
 er-rands, Thro' all this day,
 e - vil, Thro' all this day,
 spo - ken To play-mates dear.
 Je - sus; This makes me strong.
 bod - y By the Gold - en Rule.

For I be - long to Him, Yes, I be - long to



Him; These two lit - tle —* are for Je - sus, For I be - long to Him.
Sixth Stanza.—This one lit - tle mind is for Je - sus,

* Children may be taught to present hands, look at feet, touch lips, ears, eyes, and head, as each is referred to in the song. For chorus, use in succession the words marked* Copyright, 1904, by F. E. Belden.

I've Been Down to the Cross.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

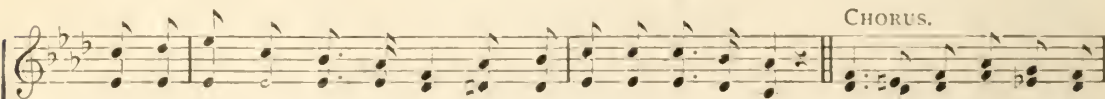
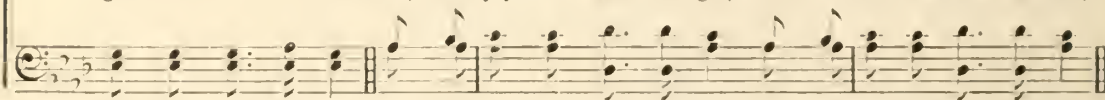
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. I've been down to the cross, Where my Saviour bled and died; To a - tone for my sins, He was
 2. I've been down to the cross, I've em-braced the pre - cious Lord; All my par-don complete, I am
 3. I've been down to the cross, I've ob-tained His pre - cious love; And I cher-ish the hope, Of a



scourged and cru - ci - fied: There, with thorns His head was crown'd, All the world on Him had frown'd,
 trust - ing in His word: Hal - le - lu - jah to His name, I am free from guilt and shame;
 glo - rious crown a-love: Oh, the joy I can't for-get, Which in Je - sus' love is met,



CHORUS.

But for me the balm was found, With His pre-cious blood ap-plied. Glo - ry! glo - ry! I am
 And I'll tell a - broad His fame, Be His pre-cious name a-dored.
 I am lean - ing on Him yet, And in Him I live and move.



I've Been Down to the Cross. (Concluded.)

151

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

sing - ing all the day; He is mine, and I am His, And I'll trust Him all the way.

In His Name.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

NORMAN B. KURZENKNABE.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. If you'd my dis - ci - ple be, "Take my cross and fol - low me;" Fol - low where the Master calls,
 2. To the world the mes - sage sent, Tell - ing of this Heav'nly Friend; Seek the wand'ers gone a - stray,
 3. In His name the hun - gry feed, Min - is - ter to those in need; Go with o - pen hand to bless,
 4. Tho' the world may treat you ill, In His name press on - ward still, Those who bear the cross shall be,
D. S.—Come and taste His love divine,

Fine. CHORUS.

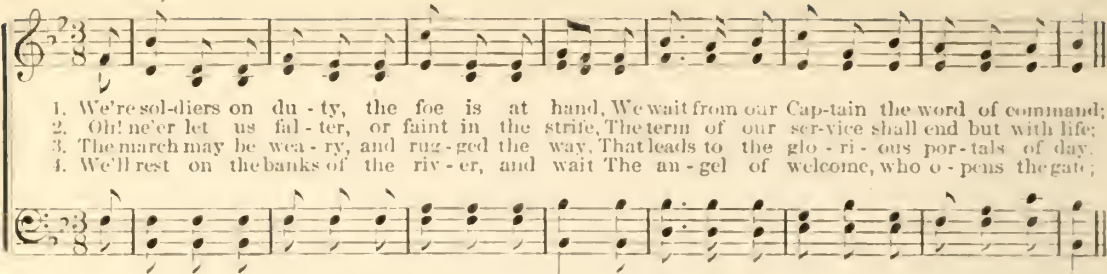
D. S.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

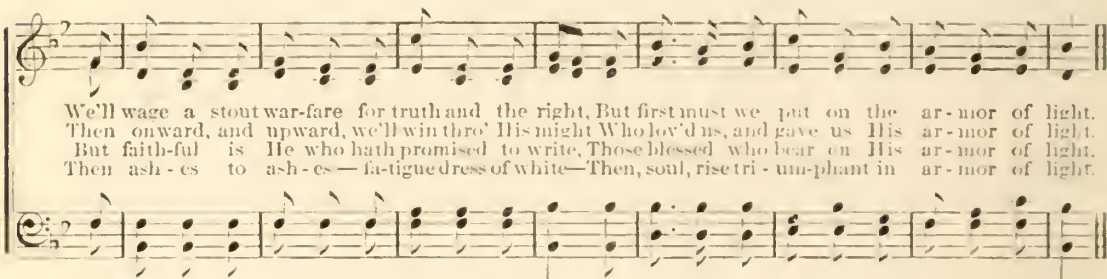
Where the line of du - ty falls. "Ye have done it un - to me," Shall the Saviour's wel - come be;
 Point them to the Liv - ing way.
 All who are in deep dis - tress
 Crowned with palms of vic - tor - y.
 Peace and blessings shall be thine.

PAULINA.

GEO. T. ROOT.

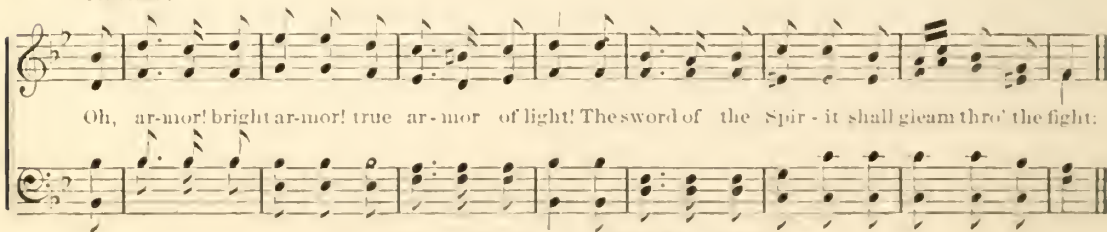
Firmly.


1. We're sol-diers on du-ty, the foe is at hand, We wait from our Cap-tain the word of command;
 2. Oh! ne'er let us fal-ter, or faint in the strife, The term of our ser-vice shall end but with life;
 3. The march may be wea-ry, and rug-ged the way, That leads to the glo-ri-ous por-tals of day;
 4. We'll rest on the banks of the riv-er, and wait The an-gel of welcome, who o-pens the gate;



We'll wage a stout war-fare for truth and the right, But first must we put on the ar-mor of light.
 Then onward, and upward, we'll win thro' His might Who lov'd us, and gave us His ar-mor of light.
 But faith-ful is He who hath promised to write, Those blessed who bear on His ar-mor of light.
 Then ash-es to ash-es—fa-tigue dress of white—Then, soul, rise tri-um-phant in ar-mor of light.

CHORUS.



Oh, ar-mor! bright ar-mor! true ar-mor of light! The sword of the Spir-it shall gleam thro' the fight!

The Armor of Light. (Concluded.)

153

Sal - vation's own hel-met, the shield of our faith, Oh! shout for the tri-umph o'er sin and o'er death.

Going to Live with Jesus.

REV. J. W. HOWE.

J. H. HALL.

1. I want to be with Je - sus, To live with Him a - bove, With Jesus, my dear Sav-iour, To share His heav'nly
 2. I want to go to Je - sus, This world is full of woe; Blest Jesus, then will lead me, Where liv-ing waters
 3. I want to live with Je - sus, A - bove the star-ry sky, Where I shall see His glory, In His bright home on
 4. I want to see my Sav-iour, And friends who've gone before, To live with them forever, On that bright, golden

CHORUS.

love, To live,..... to live,..... To live, to live with Je - sus,
 flow, Live with Jesus. live with Jesus, To live with Him in Heav'n.
 high.
 shore.

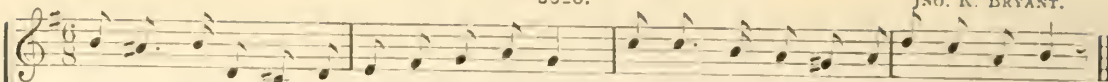
By per. J. H. Hall, owner of the copyright.

Drifting Away From His Love.

W. H. GARDNER.

SOLO.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



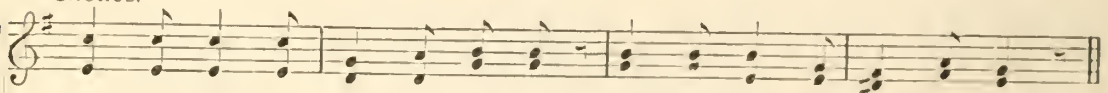
1. Out on the o - cean the storm-clouds are gath'ring, Dark-ness has cov-ered the Heavens a - bove;
 2. Where is your compass, and why stand ye i - dle, Hear ye no sound of the breakers a - head?
 3. Hark! in the dis-tance the wa-ters mad rush-ing, See! on the deck falls a broken-winged dove;



Throw out your an-chor, the tem-pest is com-ing! Why are you drifting a - way from His love?
 Furl ev - ry sail ere the storm bursts up - on you, Soul, lash thy wheel quick, and sound with the lead.
 Quick! for your lives! there's a sin - gle chance left you; Change your course now to this ha - ven of love.



CHORUS.



Rocks and reefs are 'round a - bout you, Thun - ders roll in skies a - bove;



Look ye now, and heed your dan - ger, Drift no fur - ther from His love.

Endless Praise.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

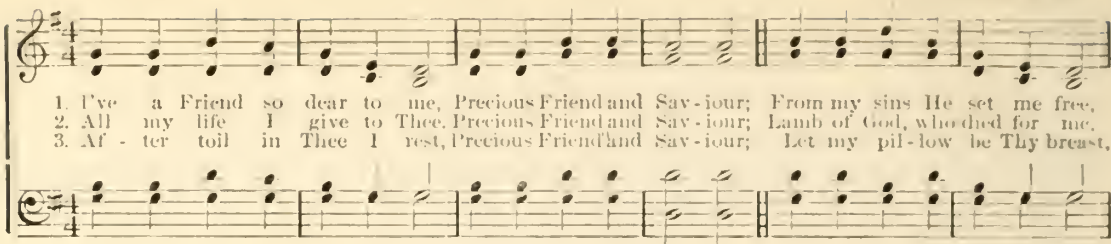
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. God of ev' - ning, God of morn - ing, God of ev - er - last - ing days;
 2. All our hopes to Thee con - fid - ing, God of mer - cy, God of love;
 3. All Thy won - drous works ad - mir - ing, God, our Sav - iour, Lord of all;
 4. Thee we praise in cease - less meas - ure, To Thy throne lift up our songs;

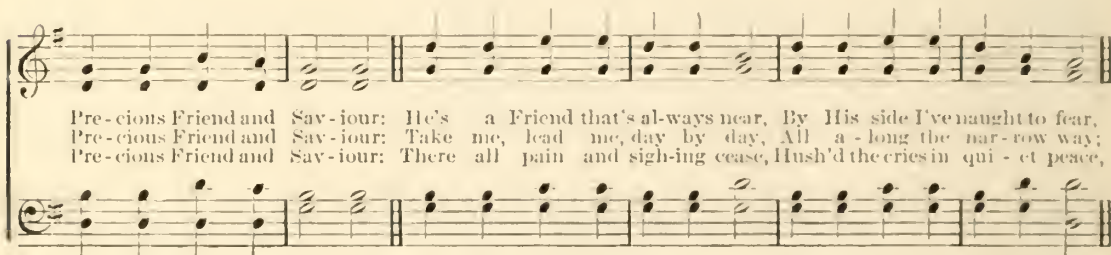
God, whose glo - ry, earth a - dorn - ing, Calls for end - less songs of praise,
 In Thy prom - is - es a - bid - ing, Now we lift oar eyes a - bove,
 Au - ther of the soul as - pir - ing, Hear us when on Thee we call,
 Thou who art our high - est treas - ure, Un - to Whom our praise be - longs.

L. E. JONES.

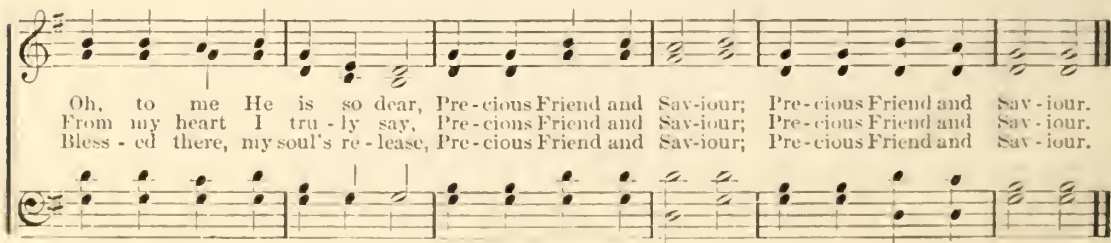
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. I've a Friend so dear to me, Precious Friend and Sav-iour; From my sins He set me free,
 2. All my life I give to Thee, Precious Friend and Sav-iour; Lamb of God, who died for me,
 3. Af - ter toil in Thee I rest, Precious Friend and Sav-iour; Let my pil-low be Thy breast,



Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour: He's a Friend that's al-ways near, By His side I've naught to fear,
 Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour: Take me, lead me, day by day, All a - long the nar-row way;
 Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour: There all pain and sigh-ing cease, Hush'd the cries in qui - et peace,



Oh, to me He is so dear, Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour; Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour.
 From my heart I tru-ly say, Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour; Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour.
 Bless-ed there, my soul's re-lease, Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour; Pre-cious Friend and Sav-iour.

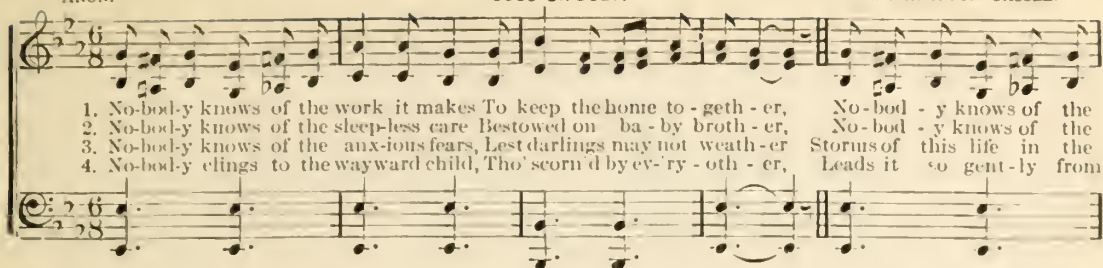
Mother Knows.

157

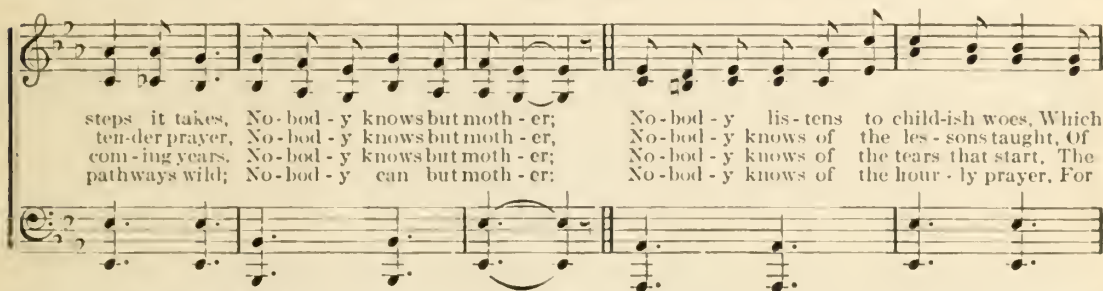
ANON.

SOLO OR DUET.

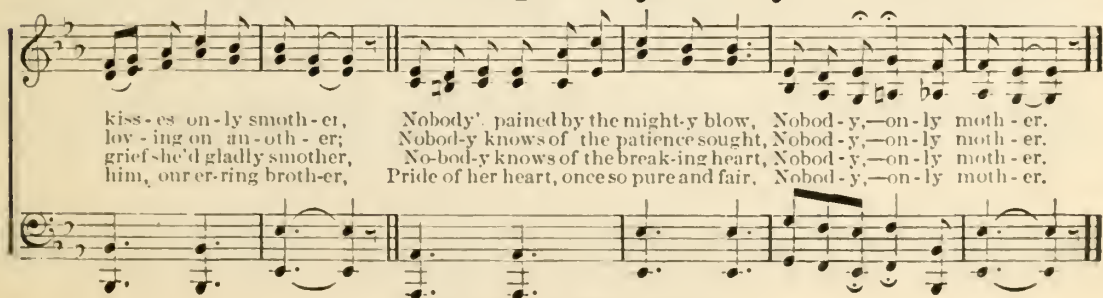
FLORA HAMILTON CASSEL.



1. No-bod-y knows of the work it makes To keep the home to- geth - er, No-bod - y knows of the
 2. No-bod-y knows of the sleep-less care Bestowed on ba - by broth - er, No-bod - y knows of the
 3. No-bod-y knows of the anx-i-ous fears, Lest darlings may not weath-er Storms of this life in the
 4. No-bod-y elings to the wayward child, Tho' scorn'd by ev-ry - oth - er, Leads it so gent - ly from



steps it takes, No-bod - y knows but moth - er; No-bod - y lis - tens to child-ish woes, Which
 ten-der prayer, No-bod - y knows but moth - er, No-bod - y knows of the les - sons taught, Of
 com-ing years, No-bod - y knows but moth - er, No-bod - y knows of the tears that start, The
 pathways wild; No-bod - y can but moth - er; No-bod - y knows of the hour - ly prayer, For

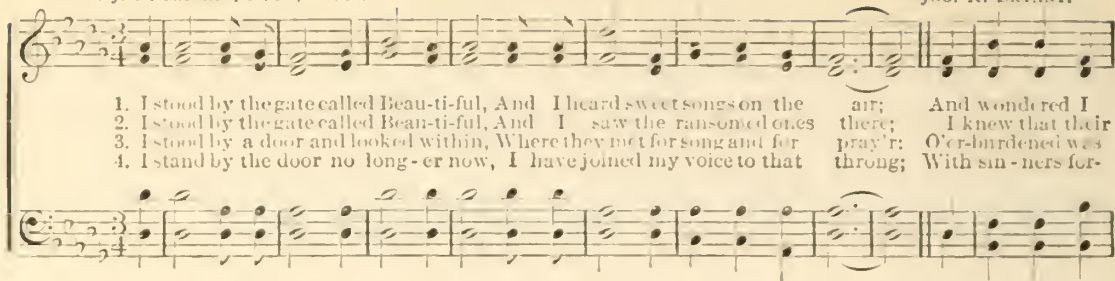


kiss-es on - ly smoth - er, Nobody' pained by the night-y blow, Nobod - y, - on - ly moth - er.
 lov - ing on an - oth - er, Nobod-y knows of the patience sought, Nobod - y, - on - ly moth - er.
 grief - she'd gladly smother, No-bod-y knows of the break-ing heart, Nobod - y, - on - ly moth - er.
 him, our er-ring broth-er, Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, Nobod - y, - on - ly moth - er.

I Stood by the Gate.

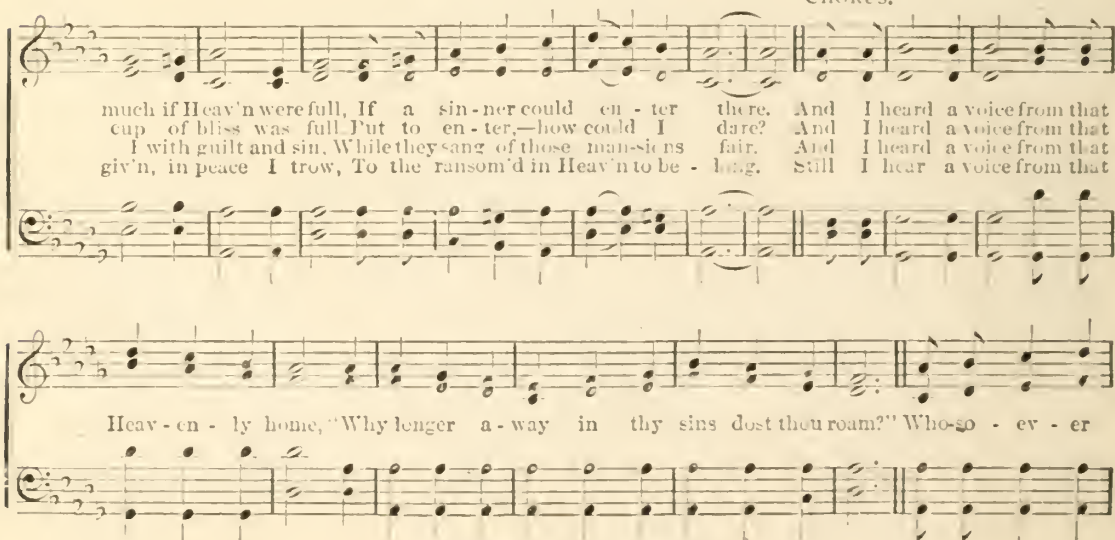
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. I stood by the gate called Beau-ti-ful, And I heard sweet songs on the air; And wondered I
 2. I stood by the gate called Beau-ti-ful, And I saw the ransomed ones there; I knew that their
 3. I stood by a door and looked within, Where they met for song and for pray'r; O'er-burdened was
 4. I stand by the door no long-er now, I have joined my voice to that throng; With sin-ners for-

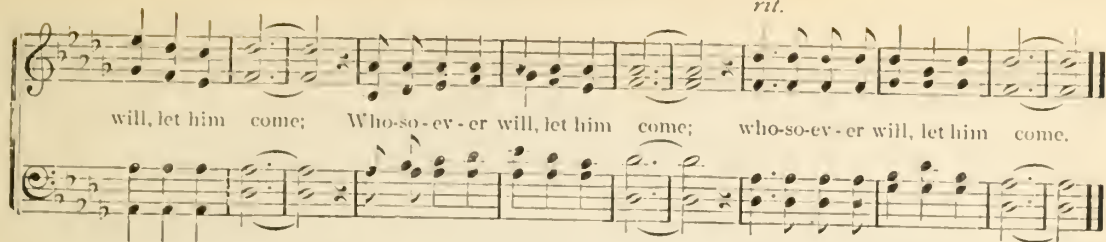
CHORUS.



much if Heav'n were full, If a sin-ner could en-ter there, And I heard a voice from that
 cup of bliss was full 'Put to en-ter,—how could I dare? And I heard a voice from that
 I with guilt and sin, While they sang of those man-sions fair, And I heard a voice from that
 giv'n, in peace I trow, To the ransom'd in Heav'n to be-long. Still I hear a voice from that

Heav-en-ly home, "Why longer a-way in thy sins dost thou roam?" Who-so-ev-er

rit.

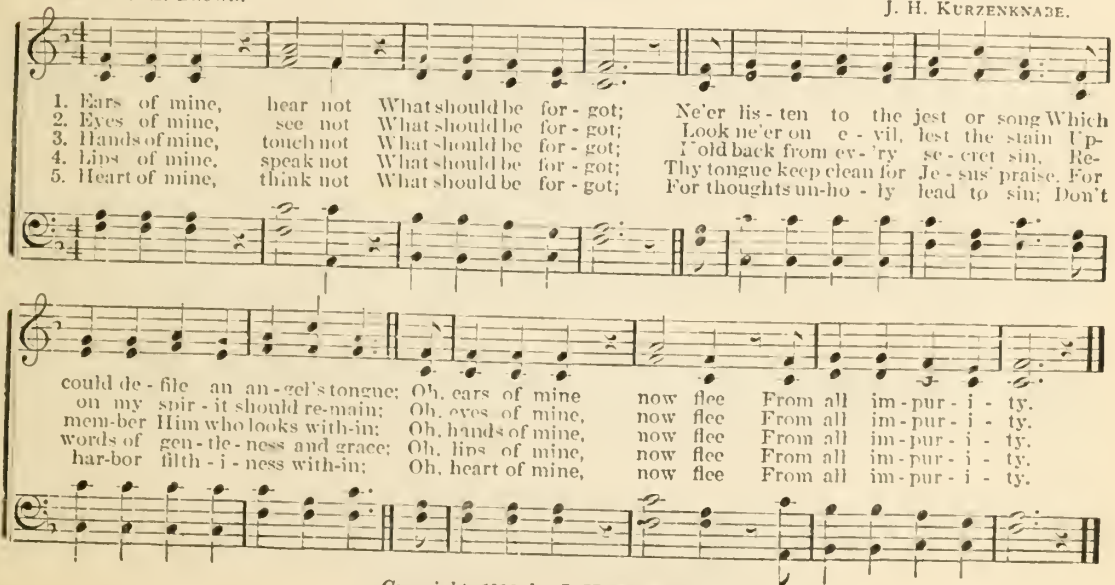


will, let him come; Who-so-ev-er will, let him come; who-so-ev-er will, let him come.

Keep Thyself Pure.

MRS. H. E. BROWN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Ears of mine, hear not What should be for-got; Ne'er lis-ten to the jest or song Which
 2. Eyes of mine, see not What should be for-got; Look ne'er on e-vil, lest the stain Up-
 3. Hands of mine, touch not What should be for-got; I'old back from ev-ry se-cret sin, Re-
 4. Lips of mine, speak not What should be for-got; Thy tongue keep clean for Je-sus' praise, For
 5. Heart of mine, think not What should be for-got; For thoughts un-ho-ly lead to sin; Don't

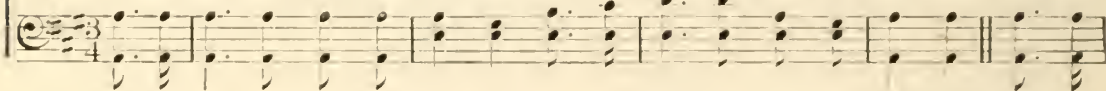
could de-file an an-gel's tongue; Oh, ears of mine now flee From all im-pur-i-ty.
 on my snir-it should re-main; Oh, eyes of mine, now flee From all im-pur-i-ty.
 men-ber Him who looks with-in; Oh, hands of mine, now flee From all im-pur-i-ty.
 words of gen-tle-ness and grace; Oh, lips of mine, now flee From all im-pur-i-ty.
 har-bor filth-i-ness with-in; Oh, heart of mine, now flee From all im-pur-i-ty.

MRS. R. E. SUTTON.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. God is love! the soft winds whis - per; Morn - ing song and ev - 'ning ves - per, Rip - pling
 2. God is love! all na - ture ring - ing, Heav'n and earth their prais - es bring - ing; God is
 3. God is love, ye mor - tals tell it; God is love! in an - thems swell it; God is
 4. God is love! ah, nev - er wea - ry; Keep your heart still bright and cheer - y; Tri - als



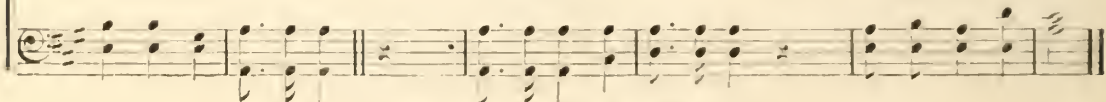
CHORUS.



rills and flow - ers fair, Each His wondrous love de - clare, God is love God is love! Let us
 love! no sweet - er word, Mor - tal ears have ev - er heard, God is love! God is love!
 mer - cy! God is love! Ech - oes from the courts a - bove,
 here are but to prove, Sweetest com - for - God is love!



tell it that God is love: God is love! e - ter - nal love! God is mer - cy! God is love!
 God is love, Tell it, — God is love!

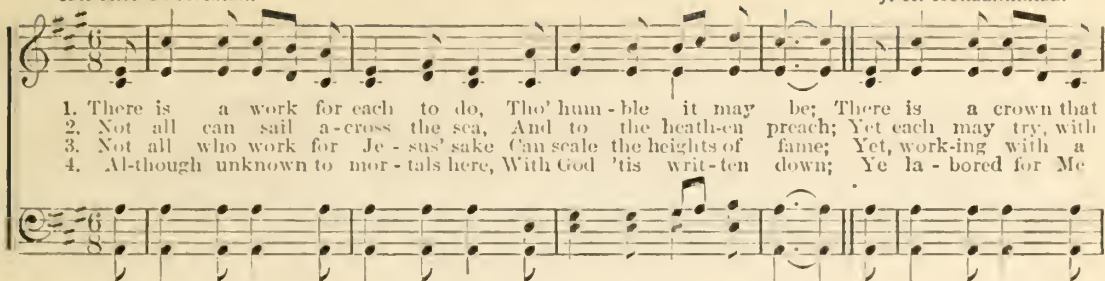


Lowly Workers.

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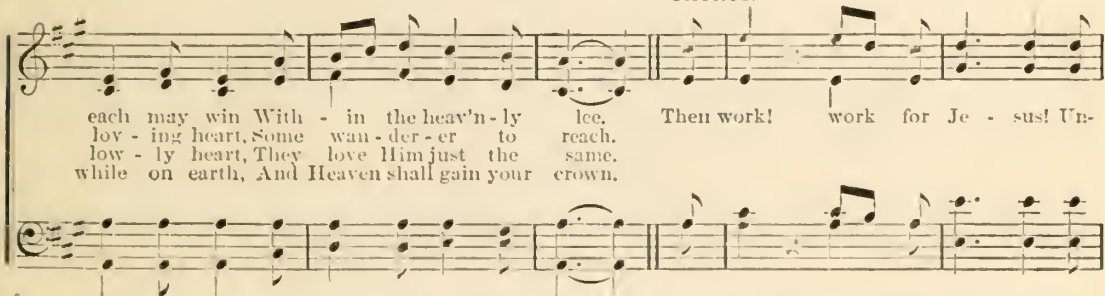
IDA MAY GOTTSALK.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

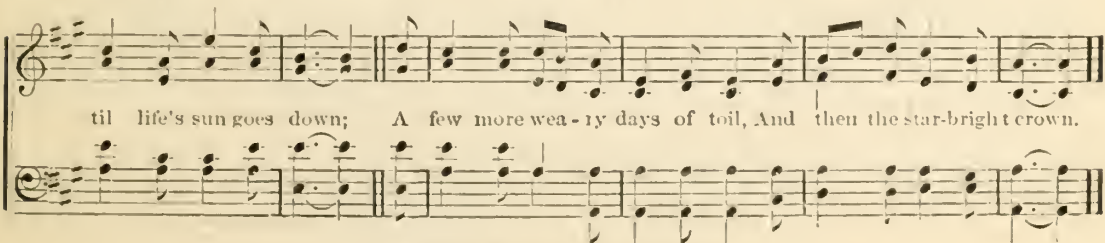


1. There is a work for each to do, Tho' hum-ble it may be; There is a crown that
 2. Not all can sail a-cross the sea, And to the heath-en preach; Yet each may try, with
 3. Not all who work for Je-sus' sake Can scale the heights of fame; Yet, work-ing with a
 4. Al-though unknown to mor-tals here, With God 'tis writ-ten down; Ye la-bored for Me

CHORUS.



each may win With - in the heav'n-ly lee, Then work! work for Je - sus! Un-
 joy - ing heart, Some wan-der-er to reach.
 low - ly heart, They love Him just the same.
 while on earth, And Heaven shall gain your crown.

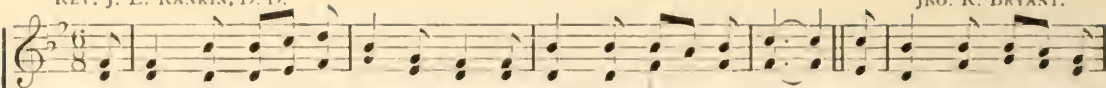


til life's sun goes down; A few more wea-ry days of toil, And then the star-bright crown.

Hast Thou No Gift?

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

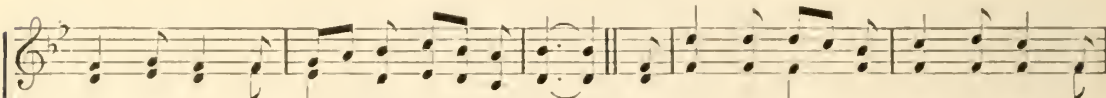
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. She stole be - hind, no word she spoke, With tears and kiss - es sweet; The al - a - bas - ter
 2. The Lord did not dis - dain her touch, Nor draw His feet a - side; He knew, ah, why she
 3. He marked her well in gra - cious love, He spoke her soul for - giv'n; Per - haps He prized her
 4. To them He said; you see the deed Where e'er the truth shall go, On wings of light it



CHORUS.



box she broke, A - noint-ing Je - sus' feet. Hast thou, my soul, no gift to bring. Like
 loved so much; What her hot tears im - plicd.
 praise a - bove The an - gels' praise in Heav'n.
 too shall speed, Till all the world shall know.



hers who kissed Him there? No hom-age for thy Sav-iour, King; No word of praise or pray'r?

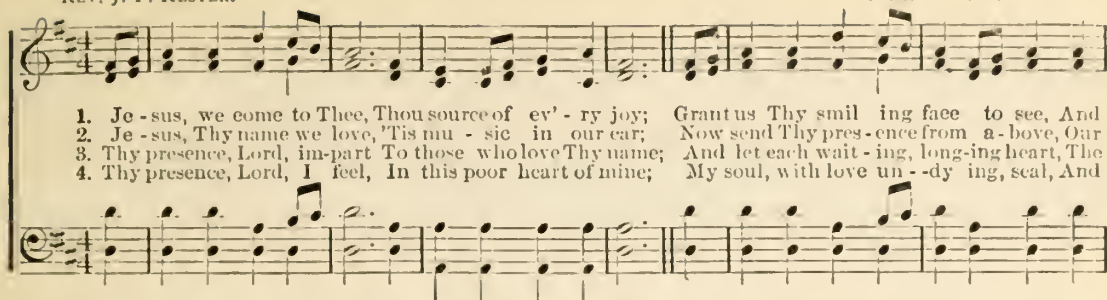


We Come to Thee.

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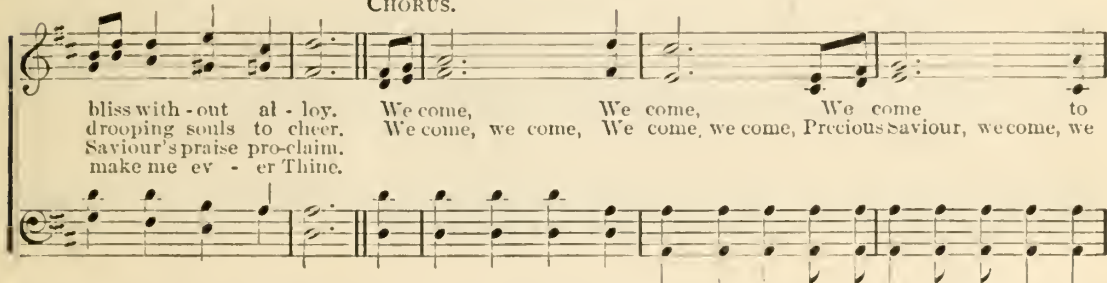
REV. J. P. KESTER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Thou source of ev' - ry joy; Grant us Thy smil - ing face to see, And
 2. Je - sus, Thy name we love, 'Tis mu - sic in our ear; Now send Thy pres - ence from a - bove, Oar
 3. Thy presence, Lord, im - part To those who love Thy name; And let each wait - ing, long - ing heart, The
 4. Thy presence, Lord, I feel, In this poor heart of mine; My soul, with love un - dy - ing, seal, And

CHORUS.



bliss with - out al - lay. We come, We come, We come to
 drooping souls to cheer. We come, we come, We come, we come, Precious Saviour, we come, we
 Saviour's praise pro - claim.
 make me ev - er Thine.



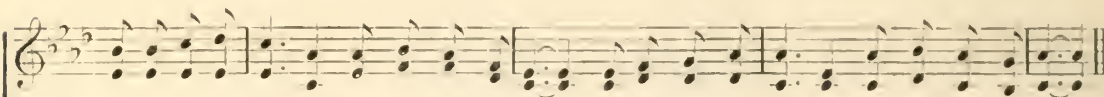
Thee;
 come to Thee; We come, We come, We come to Thee.
 come to Thee; We come, we come, We come, we come, Dear Lord, we come to Thee.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRANT.



1. Com-mit-ted to Je-sus, my-self and my all, To do at His bid-ding, and go at His call;
2. Com-mit-ted to Je-sus, my ev-ry day life; Well knowing it means for me con-flict and strife,
3. Com-mit-ted to Je-sus, my in-nermost will, My in-nermost purpose, His wish to ful-fill;



A worker in ear-nest, both faith-ful and true, With-hold-ing no serv-ice my weak hand can do,
To faith-ful-ly do all the will of the Lord, And fol-low Him ful-ly, o-bey-ing His word.
With ar-dor, His serv-ice, I'll ev-er pur-sue, And do what-so-ev-er He bids me to do.



CHORUS.



Com-mit-ted to Je-sus, my bod-y and soul; My gifts and pos-ses-sions, I give Him the whole;



Oh, praise the dear Sav-iour, who spoke me for-giv'n, An heir of sal-va-tion, a pil-grim for Heav'n.

O, Worship the King.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. O, wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love;
 2. O, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space;
 3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
 His char-iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
 Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-dec-mer, and Friend.

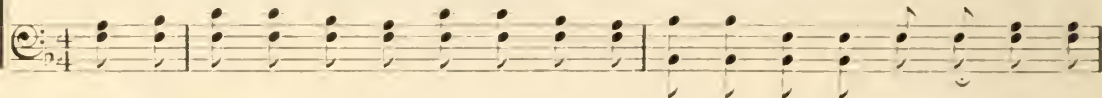
What Shall God's Harvest Be?

NAOMI McPHELPS.

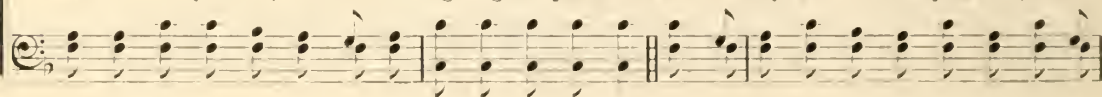
J. H. KURZENKNABI



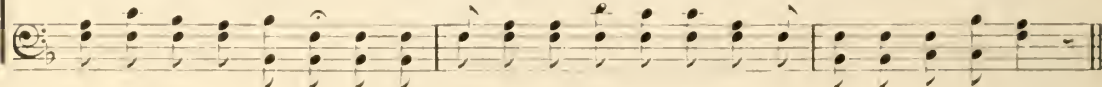
1. In the low-lands some are weep-ing, some are sow-ing, some are reap-ing Gold-en
2. Wild and loud the storms are wak-ing, fierce the bil-lows, tem-pest-shak-en, O'er the
3. God's to-mor-row, and the sun-beams, and the smiles that light-en sor-row, As the
4. What tho' mad the waves sweep o'er the deep and yet the Pi-lot's sleep-ing; He will



sheaves, at whose fair seed-time oth-ers toiled in sun or shade; In the low vales for-ev-er, man-y
bulwarks sweep the waves; and oh, what hand will stay their might: Thro' the darkness of the tem-pest, see a
sweet re-fresh-ing sunshine glancing thro' the fall-ing rain, Bends the cir-cling bow of prom-ise, with fair
wak-en when you call, and bid the rag-ing tem-pest cease: And the day-star of His pres-ence, as a



wea-ry sow-ers sleep-ing, While the shadows of life's au-tumn on their plac-id brows are laid.
sil-ver radiance breaking, And the Helmsman steers the storm-toss'd bark to-ward the bea-con light.
tints from tears to borrow, Gleaming deep-er lines of beau-ty from the years of care and pain.
bea-con light, is keep-ing Your true course a-right o'er storm-y seas to-ward a port of peace.



What Shall God's Harvest Be? (Concluded.)

167

Some smile, some weep, some sow, some reap; The days shall be merged with the
 In hope, in fear, some row, some steer, The bil - lows sweep ov - er the
 Now dark as night, now day - light bright, If sow - ing or reap - ing, a -
 Thro' storm - y blast, Life's voy - age past, Your soul shall cast an - chor: and

years to be: Sun-shine and rain, and joy, and pain; Oh! what shall God's har - vest be?
 sound-ing sea; With foam and spray, by night and day, Oh! what shall God's har - vest be?
 wake, a - sleep; Sown but in dust, by faith and trust, Oh! what shall God's har - vest be?
 when you see The ha - ven of the bound-less love, Oh! what shall God's har - vest be?

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with - out end. A - men.

There's a Home That Waits for Me.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. J. KURZENKAPF.

1. There's a home that waits for me, Be - yond life's flow - ing tide; All its grandeur I shall
 2. Now this sweet hope lights my way. It shines, a bea - con light, For to cheer me ev - ry
 3. Oh, my prom - ised heav - n - ly home, I love to think of thee; To thy mansions I shall

see, And in its halls a - bide: Yes, my Lord, He tar - ries still A - mong its gar - dens
 day, And guide my soul a - right: And I know 'twill not be long, If to my trust I'm
 come When Je - sus calls for me: Earth - ly cares and long - ings o'er, A - mong the saved and

fair, And my task I must ful - fill Ere I can en - - - ter there.
 true; I shall swell the tri - umph song Be - yond the skies..... so blue.
 blest; On that love-crowned hap - py shore, I'll find my sweet - - - est rest.

CHORUS.

rit

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There with Jesus, thy dear Sav - iour, I shall dwell and rest at home.

Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling. All Thy faithful mercies crown:
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit, In - to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast!
 Let us all in Thee in- her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest:
 3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
 Sud-den - ly re-turn, and never, Never more Thy tem-ples leave:

D. S.—En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

D. S.—Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

D. S.—Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.

D. S.

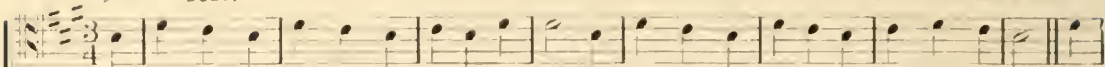
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbound-ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal-va-tion,
 Take a-way our bent to sin-nig, Al - pha and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning,
 Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove; Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceasing.

The Lord is My Guide. (Duet and Quartette.)

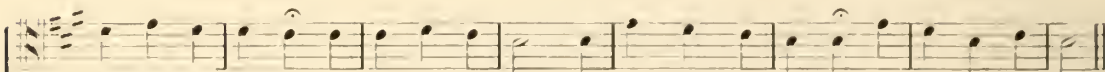
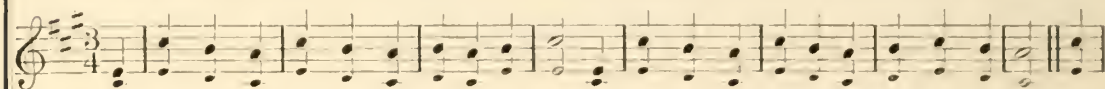
[Omit small notes in Alto when good Tenor can be had in duet.]

L. E. JONES. DUET.

J. H. KURTZENKNABE



1. Thro' shad-ow or darkness, thro' sickness or woe, When tempted to wander as on-ward I go; 1
2. When sor-rows like bil-lows shall cov-er me o'er, When tempests are raging, and distant the shore, There's
3. Blest Saviour and Friend, Thou art ev-er so near, And sheltered by Thee I have nothing to fear; And



have the as-surance, what-ev-er be-tide, In sun-shine or shad-ow, the Lord is my guide.
 one that is Lord of the winds and the tide; He'll pi-lot me safe-ly, my Sav-iour, my guide.
 walk-ing in safe-ty so near to Thy side, I trust in Thee ful-ly, my Sav-iour, my guide.



The Lord is My Guide. Concluded.)

171

QUARTETTE.

The Lord is my guide, The Lord is my guide; Oh, bless-ed as-sur-ance, The Lord is my guide.

All Glory to His Name.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

ARR. BY G. F. ROSCHIE.

1. I sing be-cause I love Him so, All glo-ry to His name! And well He loves me,—this I know, All
 2. I pray be-cause He hears my plea, All glo-ry to His name! Be-cause He hears and an-swers me, All
 3. I live for Him with will-ing heart, All glo-ry to His name! For dai-ly grace He doth im-part, All
 4. I'll praise Him here for all His love,—All glo-ry to His name! Then, face to face, I'll sing a-bove, All

D. S.

glo-ry to His name! Sing, sing, sing! Let cheer-ful hal-le-lu-jahs ring; Sing, sing, sing! All
 glo-ry to His name! Pray, pray, pray! Be-liev-ing, come, O, come to-day; Pray, pray, pray!—All
 glo-ry to His name! Live, live, live! E-ter-nal joys He'll dai-ly give; Live, live, live!—All
 glo-ry to His name! Praise, praise, praise! His glory shines thro' endless days; Praise, praise, praise!—All

D. S.—glo-ry to His name!

J. H. KURZENNADE

J. H. KURZENNADE

1. So sweetly saved, — with joy I'll sing; And all my heart shall trib-ute
 2. So sweetly saved, — with joy I'll sing; And all my heart shall trib-ute
 3. So sweetly saved, with blessings filled, With-in my life His love — in-
 by grace di-vine, What wondrous joy and peace is

bring, To laud my Lord, my sav-iour, King, And waft His praise
 shall tribute bring, To laud my Lord, my sav-iour, King, And waft His praise
 stilled, My heart is fixed, my soul is thrilled, And Heav'n, my home,
 mine! His lov-ing arms around me twine, And cause all harm

up to the sky: The Lord has cleansed my guilt - y soul, And with His
 up to the sky: The Lord has cleansed my guilty soul,
 seems ver - y nigh: My hours of dread He turned to joy, I've Je - sus'
 to pass me by: His precious blood hath made me clean, And washed my

So Sweetly Saved. (Concluded.)

173

blood hath made me whole; And now, by love, He keeps control; So sweetly
 And with His blood hath made me whole; And now, by love, He keeps control;
 love without al - loy, And naught of doubt can me an - noy, So sweetly
 soul from guilt and sin, The Spirit reigns supreme with - in; So sweetly

rit. CHORUS.
 saved, by grace, am I. So sweetly saved,— and all is well; My Saviour in
 So sweetly saved, by grace, am I. So sweetly saved,—and all is well; My Saviour in
 saved, by grace, am I. *rit.*

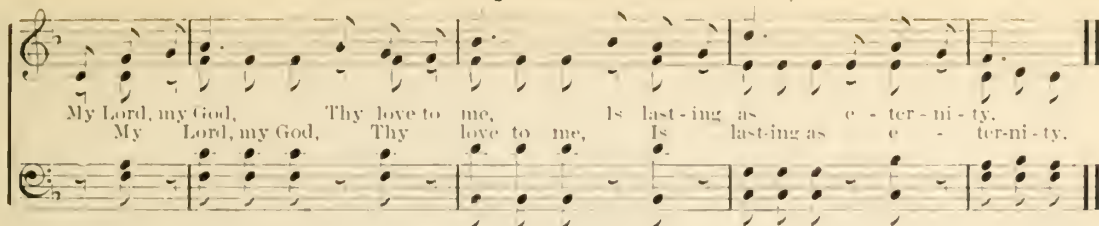
rit.
 my heart doth dwell: His precious love I gladly tell, So sweetly saved, by grace, am I.
 my heart doth dwell: His precious love I gladly tell, So sweetly saved, by grace, am I, am I.
rit.

1. Safe in Thy love, my precious Friend, safe in Thy grace, my soul's content;
 Safe in Thy love, my precious Friend, safe in Thy grace, my soul's content;
 2. My heart enslaved, by Sa-tan bound, By Thy rich grace hath pardon found;
 3. No pow'r of sin can me en-snare, I'm un-der Thy pro-tection care;
 4. Fast trav'ling through these tem-pests wild, Oft tossed and wrecked, Thy faint-ing child

My ev'-ry want shall be supplied, And my de-sires be sat-is-fied.
 My ev'-ry want shall be supplied, And my de-sires be sat-is-fied.
 And now Thy love, supreme with-in, Take charge; and keep me pure and clean.
 Nor tempting bait, nor prom-ise vain, Can draw me to the paths of sin.
 Calls, "Saviour! take my trembling hand, And lead me to the bet-ter land."

CHORUS.

Safe in Thy love, my precious Friend, Safe in Thy grace that will de-fend;
 Safe in Thy love, my precious Friend, Safe in Thy grace that will de-fend;



My Lord, my God, Thy love to me, Is last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty.
 My Lord, my God, Thy love to me, Is last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty.

It Always Holds.

JENNIE ARNOLD.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

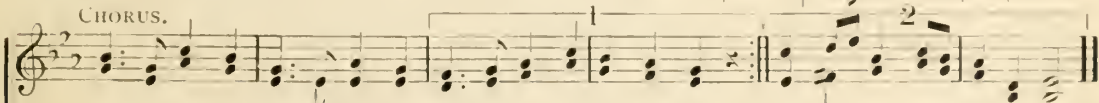


1. When the storms of life are beating, And their billows o'er me roll;
 Then, oh, then I need an an-chor,
2. When the fog of doubt is drifting, Spreading darkness o'er my way;
 Then, this an-chor al-ways holds me
3. Soon the ills of time will van-ish, Soon we'll furl the storm-rent sail;
 Then we'll cast faith's trust-y an-chor

That will keep my fainting soul,
 Till the dawn of faith's clear day,
 In the calm and peaceful vale.

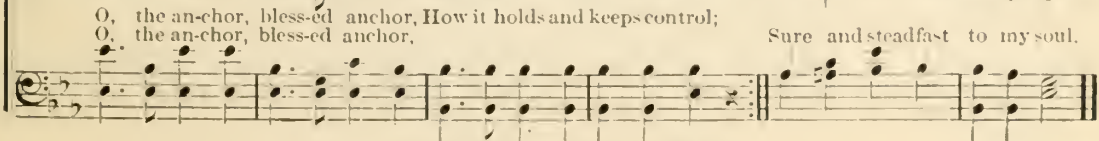


CHORUS.



O, the an-chor, bless-ed anchor, How it holds and keeps control;
 O, the an-chor, bless-ed anchor,

Sure and steadfast to my soul.



1. A crown of thorns the Sav-iour wears, A crown the mocking throng prepares; On Him the word of
 2. They little knew,—that mocking throng, That God brings blessing out of wrong, Or that in love, He
 3. A low-ly birth, an hum-ble name, A crown of thorns, a cross of shame, For Him who liv'd, who

CHORUS.

scorn de-scends, Be-neath the cross He meek-ly bends, No more the platt-ed crown of
 free-ly gave His on-ly Son, the world to save, No more the
 died, who lives, And hope of life e-ter-nal gives.

thorns
 platt-ed crown of thorns The Sav-iour's pa-tient brow a-dorns, Now
 The Sav-iour's pa-tient brow a-dorns, Now

The Crown of Thorns. (Concluded.)

177

lov - ing hearts their trib-ute bring,
 lov - ing hearts their trib-ute bring
 To crown and hail Him Prince and King
 hail Him Prince and King.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Go Work.

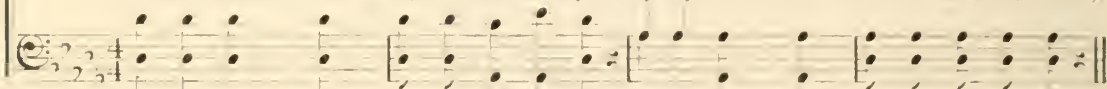
HENRY A. BOMBERGER

1. Work, for time is flying, Work with hearts sin-cere; Work, for souls are dy - ing, Work for night is near;
 2. In this glorious calling, Work till day is o'er; Work, till ev - 'ning fall - ing, You can work no more;
 3. There where saints adore Him, Where the ransom'd meet; Lay thy sheaves be-fore Him, Lay them at His feet:

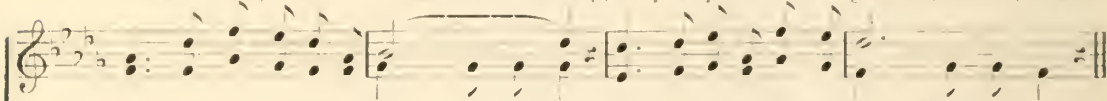
In the Master's vine-yard, Go and work to - day; Be no use-less slug-gard, Standing in the way.
 Then your la-bor bring-ing To the King of Kings, Borne, with joy and singing, Home on angels' wings.
 Hear thy Master say - ing, From His heav'nly throne, When thy wa-ges pay-ing, "Laborer well done!"



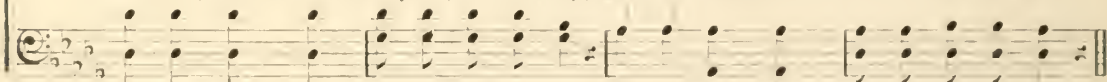
1. Walk-ing, Sav-iour, close to Thee, (close to Thee), Trust-ing in Thy love and grace, (love and grace),
 2. Light the way our feet should go, (feet should go), With the sun-shine of Thy love, (of Thy love);
 3. Till shall close life's lat-est day, (lat-est day), Keep us pure, oh, Sav-iour, Friend (Sav-iour, Friend)!



1. Walk-ing, Sav - iour, Sav-iour, close to Thee, Trusting, trust - ing in Thy love and grace,
 2. Light the way, the way our feet should go, With the bless - ed sun-shine of Thy love;
 3. Till shall close, shall close life's lat - est day, Keep us pure and good, oh, Sav-iour, Friend!



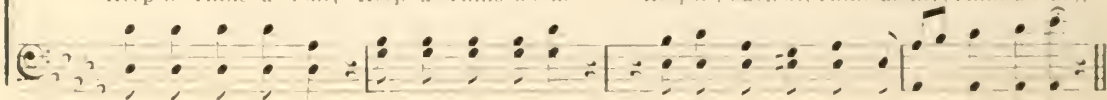
- Guide, oh, guide us ten-der-ly, (ten-der-ly), Till we see Thee face to face, (face to face).
 Gild life's pathway here below, (here be-low), Lead us to Thy courts a-bove, (courts a - bove).
 Nev - er, nev - er let us stray, (nev - er stray), Own and bless us to the end, (to the end).



- Guide, oh, guide us ev - er ten-der-ly, Till we see and know Thee face to face,
 Gild, oh, gild life's pathway here be-low, Lead us, Sav - iour, to Thy courts a - bove,
 Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er let us stray, Own and bless us, keep us to the end.

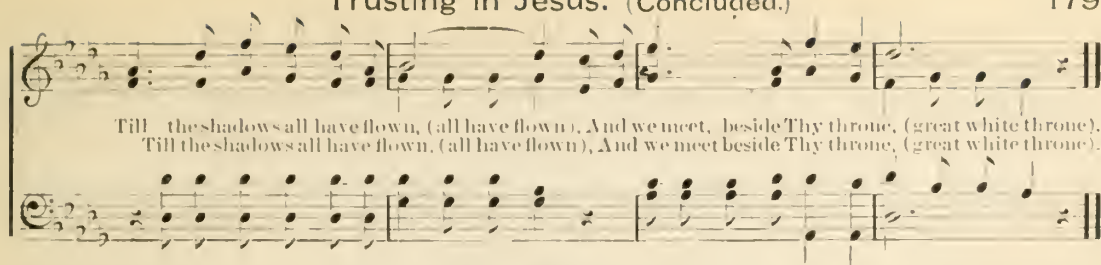


- Sav - - - iour, Sav - - - iour Keep us, Sav-iour, Thine alone, (Thine a-lone);
 Keep us Thine a - lone, Keep us Thine a-lone Keep us, Sav-iour, Thine alone, (Thine a-lone);



Trusting in Jesus. (Concluded.)

179



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Saviour, to Thee I Pray.

REV. J. S. BITLER.

I. N. McHose

Musical score for 'Saviour, to Thee I Pray.' The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. The melody is in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: '1. Sav-iour, to Thee I pray, Cause Thou my tears to stay; Turn darkness in - to day, To Thee I cry: 2. Hear Thou my earnest plea, There is no help but Thee; Speak, Lord, and lift Thou me Out of despair: 3. What if my sins are great, I must not hes - i - tate, Now to make known my state, Sav - iour, to Thee: 4. Here while Thy cross appears, I ban - ish all my fears, For 'neath these burning tears, Peace comes to me.' The score ends with a double bar line.

My heart's great grief I pour At Thy feet, o'er and o'er; Hear me my sin de-plore, Save, or I die.
Thou bless-ed Son of God, With Thy most precious blood, Thou hast a ran-som bought For me to share.
Tru - ly the Lord hath said, Sins, tho' like scar-let red, Whit - er than wool are made, On Cal - va - ry.
Now joy - ful songs I'll raise In grateful notes of praise; Saved by Thy pard'ning grace, I live for Thee

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One More Blessing.

Duet for Soprano and Alto or Tenor and Alto. Tenor singing Soprano part.

MR. R. N. TURNER

BRUNO SPANGENBERG

1 Tho' Thy mer-cies on me fall, still, my Fath-er, I im-plore, In Thy good-ness
 2 Not enough for me to have An a-ton-ing Lord a-bove, Not enough for
 3 Life and hope and bless-ings mine, But in-crease my Spir-it's need For a hum-ble
 4 One more blessing, grant Thy child One more gift, and grace di-vine; While I rich-ly

CHORUS.

and Thy love Grant to me one bless-ing more.
 me to share In His great a-bound-ing love
 con-true heart, Hear me, Say - four, while I plead
 all things share, Make me wor-thy to be Thine Give me, Lord, a lov-ing heart,

One More Blessing, (Concluded.)

[81]

Look-ing ev-er un-to Thee: All Thy goodness to dis-arm, All Thy love di-vine to see

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY,

S. B. MASON

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the bil-lows near me roll,
 2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone,
 3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—Grace to par-don all my sin; Let the healing streams abound,

D. S.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D. S.—Cov-er my defence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D. S.—Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

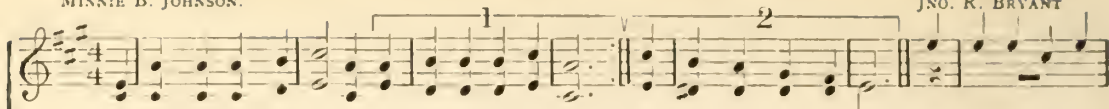
D. C.

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 Still support and comfort me; All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Make and keep me pure with-in; Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee:

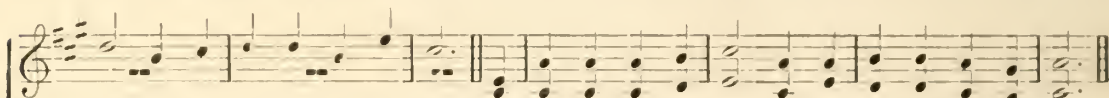
'Tis Sweet to Talk with Jesus.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

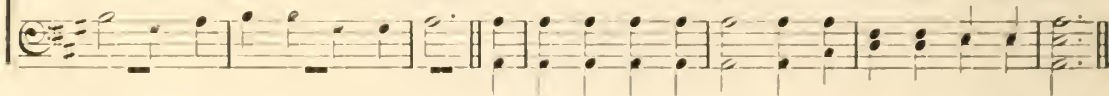
JNO. R. BRYANT



1. { 'Tis sweet to talk with Je-sus, A - long life's rugged road;
It helps the Christian onward, When fainting 'neath His load: When fie-ry tri-als
2. { 'Tis sweet to talk with Je-sus, When evil thoughts invade;
Assured that He will lis-ten, And ren - der timely aid: Who else would share our
3. { 'Tis sweet to talk with Je-sus, And know 'twill not be long,
Till we shall in His kingdom, Join in 'the sweet new song:' There with the shining



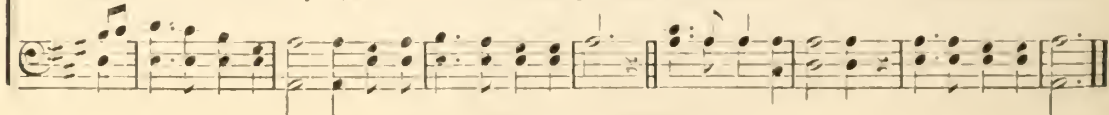
press him, And trou-bles here be - low, Oh, then, for help and bless - ing, To Je - sus he may go.
sorrows, Who else our bur-dens bear? Who else but this Re-deem - er, Will al-ways heed our prayer?
an - gels, And saints of a - ges past, We'll talk with Him in glo - ry, While endless a - ges last.



CHORUS.



Yes, Jesus waits to hear you; At His throne of blessing kneel; Sweetly He will comfort, And His love re-veal

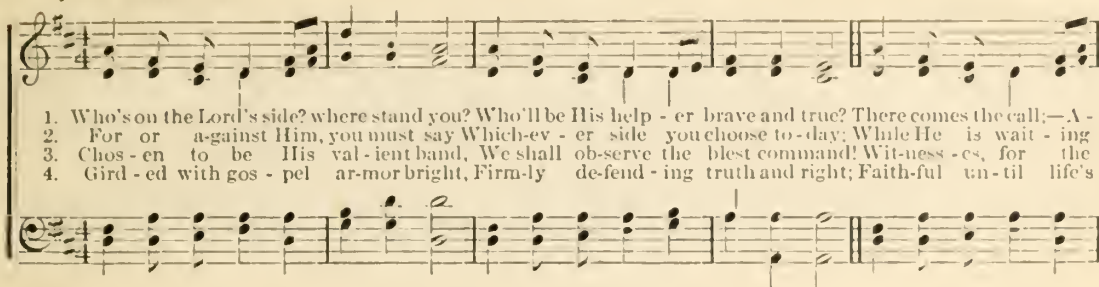


Who's on the Lord's Side?

183

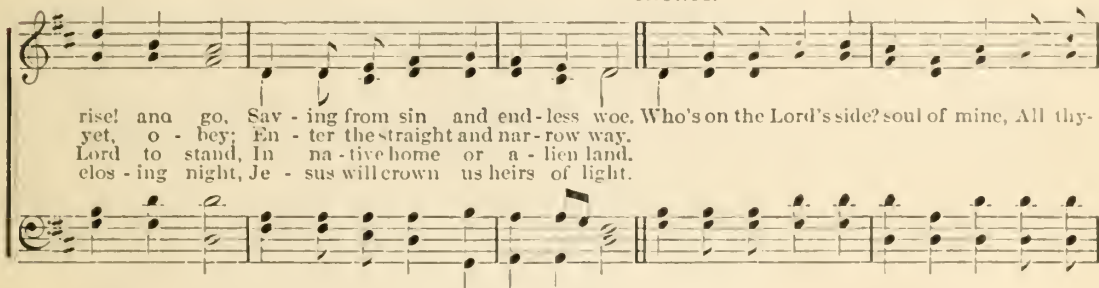
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

ROBERT C. RITER.



1. Who's on the Lord's side? where stand you? Who'll be His help - er brave and true? There comes the call;—A -
 2. For or a - gainst Him, you must say Which - ev - er side you choose to - day; While He is wait - ing
 3. Chos - en to be His val - ient band, We shall ob - serve the blest command! Wit - ness - es, for the
 4. Gird - ed with gos - pel ar - mor bright, Firm - ly de - fend - ing truth and right; Faith - ful un - til life's

CHORUS.



rise! and go, Sav - ing from sin and end - less woe. Who's on the Lord's side? soul of mine, All thy -
 yet, o - bey; En - ter the straight and nar - row way.
 Lord to stand, In na - tive home or a - lien land,
 clos - ing night, Je - sus will crown us heirs of light.



self to Him re - sign; Saved by His grace and love divine!—Thine, blessed Sav - iour, I am Thine!

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

GEO. W. COVER.

1. Ten - der - ly, peace - ful - ly, lay thee to rest, Thy spir - it has gone to the realms of the blest;
 2. Calm and se - rene thou hast gone to thy rest, Now place the cold turf gent - ly o'er the still breast;
 3. Give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove, To has - ten my flight to those man - sions a - bove;

Fine.

Thro' the dark vale of death now thy feet have trod, For - ev - er to walk in the brightness of God.
 To the dear one be - lov'd now a last fare - well, Safe be thy long journey, Be - lov - ed, farewell!
 Then my soul on swift pinions would quick - ly soar, And join in the ranks of the loved gone be - fore.

D. S.—bean - ti - ful home, With Jesus thy Sav - iour for - ev - er at home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

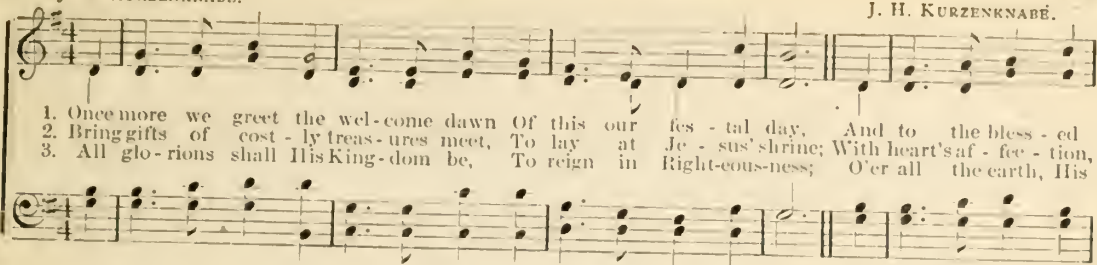
Safe, safe at home, thou art safe at home, Nev - er - more in sadness to roam; Safe, safe at home, in that

Love's Sweet Tribute.

185

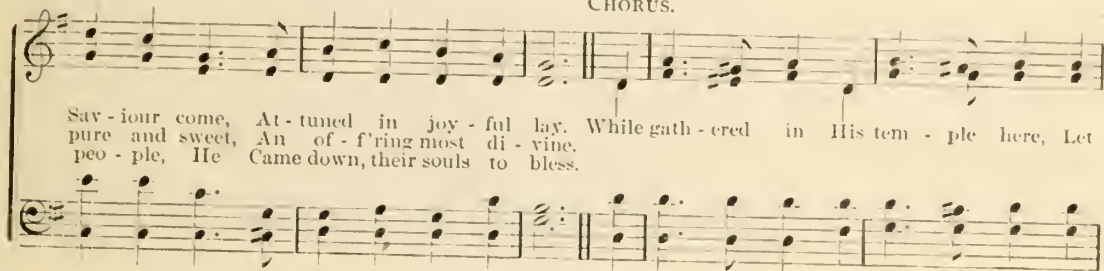
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

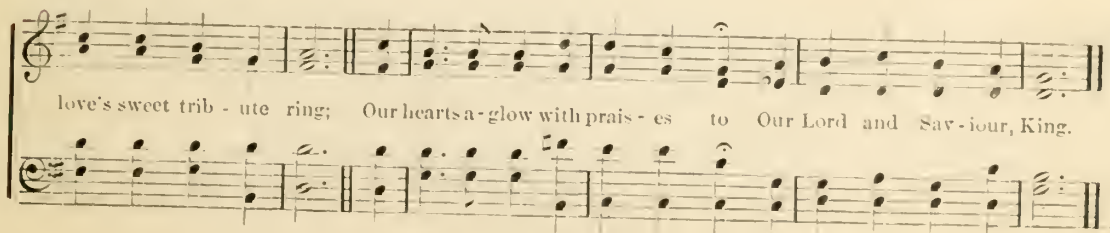


1. Once more we greet the wel-come dawn Of this our fes-tal day, And to the bless-ed
 2. Bring gifts of cost-ly treas-ures meet, To lay at Je-sus' shrine; With heart's af-fec-tion,
 3. All glo-ri-ous shall His King-dom be, To reign in Right-eous-ness; O'er all the earth, His

CHORUS.



Sav-iour come, At-tuned in joy-ful lay. While gath-ered in His tem-ple here, Let
 pure and sweet, An of-f'ring most di-vine.
 peo-ple, He Came down, their souls to bless.

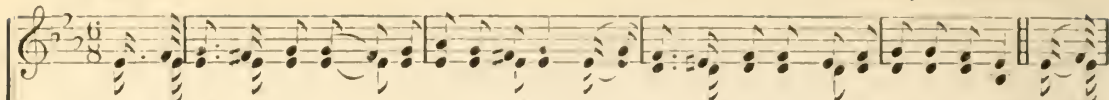


love's sweet trib-ute ring; Our hearts a-glow with prais-es to Our Lord and Sav-iour, King.

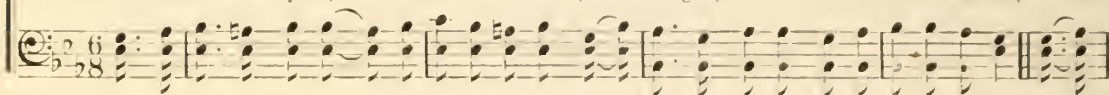
Rest, Blessed Rest.

I. N. McHose.

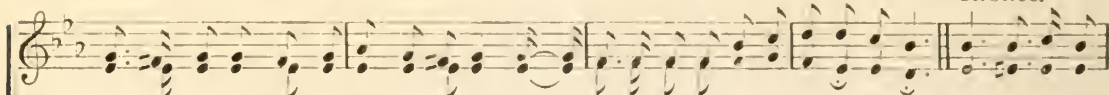
HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



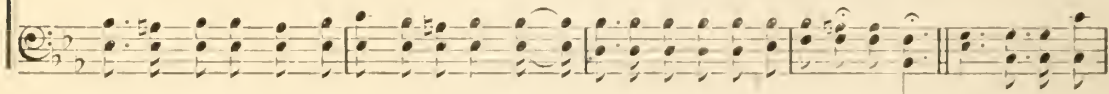
1. When the wea-ry at heart, and laden with sin, Have opened to Jesus the things that have been; When they
2. When in struggling for right, and battling with wrong, The rough doubtful path seems so lonesome and long. A-
3. When the home of our childhood is shrouded and dim, And lov'd ones we've clung to, are gathered to Him; Oh!
4. Soon the shadows will pass, and the tears will be dried, And the light, and the love will forever abide; Without



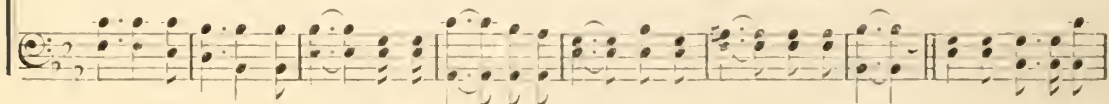
CHORUS.



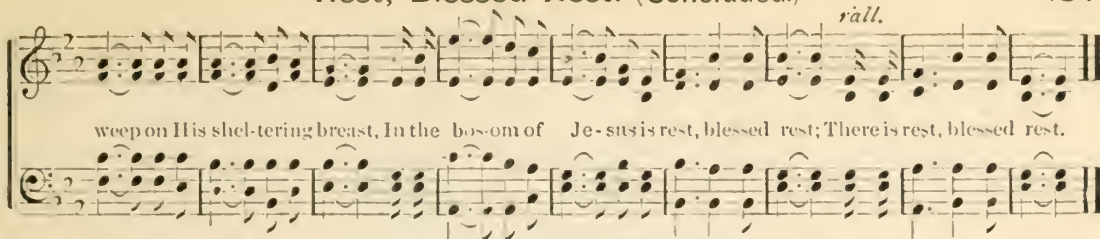
take up the cross at His lov-ing behest. Then they enter the portals of rest, blessed rest. All, all is for-
head glows the vis-ion of scenes of the blest, And glory is dawning with rest, blessed rest.
then like a babe, by its moth-er caressed, In the bos-om of Jesus is rest, blessed rest.
cloud, without end, in-express-i-bly blest; For the people of God there is rest, blessed rest.



giv-en, for all is confessed; At the foot of the cross there is rest, blessed rest. While we nestle and



rall.



weep on His shel-tering breast, In the bos-om of Je-sus is rest, blessed rest; There is rest, blessed rest.

Precious Blood of Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

HENRY A. BONMBERGER.



1. { Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal-va-ry; Precious blood that
Shed for reb-els, shed for sin-ners, Shed for me;

2. { Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Let it make thee whole; Tho' thy sins are
Let it flow in night-y cleansing O'er thy soul;

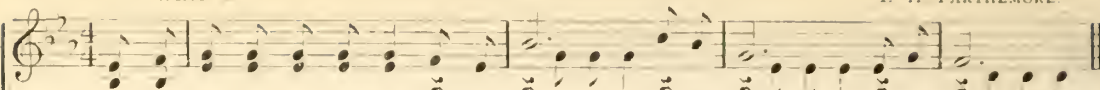
3. { Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Ev-er flow-ing free! Precious blood whose
O, be-lieve it, O, re-ceive it, 'Tis for thee;

hath re-deemed us! All the price is paid; Per-fect par-don now is of-fered, Peace is made.
red like crim-son, Deep in scar-let glow, Je-sus' precious blood can make them White as snow.
full a-tone-ment Makes us nigh to God! Precious blood; our song and glo-ry; Praise and laud!

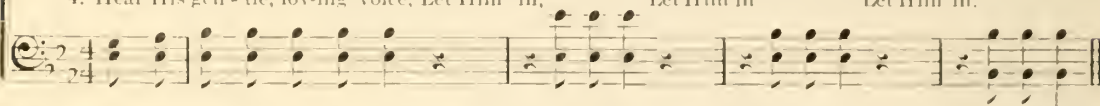
Let the Blessed Saviour in.

L. H. PARTHEMORE.

* L. H. PARTHEMORE.



1. Hear the Sav-iour at the door, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in; Let Him in;
 2. He's your best and tru-est friend, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in;
 3. Do not let Him knock in vain, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in;
 4. Hear His gen-tle, lov-ing voice, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in;



He has of-ten knock-ed be-fore, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in.
 One who al-ways will de-fend, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in.
 He may nev-er come a-gain, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in.
 Bid Him wel-come, and re-joice, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in.



CHORUS.



'Tis the Sav-iour stand-ing at the door, He's been watch-ing, wait-ing there be-fore;
 at the door, yes, before;



O - pen wide the heart of sin, Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in; Let Him in, Let Him in.
Let Him in.

Jesus, I Live to Thee.

HENRY HARBAUGH, D. D

(Is a Duet only)

HENRY A. BOMBERG.

1. Je - sus! I live to Thee, (I live to Thee.) The love - li - est and best; (oh, thou art best); My life in
2. Je - sus! I die to Thee (I die to Thee) When - ev - er death shall come; (when death shall come); To die in
3. Wheth - er to live or die, (to live or die), I know not which is best; (oh, which is best); To live in
4. Liv - ing or dy - ing, Lord! (or dy - ing, Lord!) I ask but to be Thine; (but to be Thine); My life in

Thee, Thy life (Thy life) in me; In Thy blest love I rest, In Thy blest love I rest. (I rest).
Thee is life (is life) to me; In my e - ter - nal home, In my e - ter - nal home. (sweet home).
Thee is bliss (is bliss) to me, To die is end - less rest, To die is end - less rest. (sweet rest)
Thee, Thy life (Thy life) in me, Makes Heav'n for - ev - er mine, Makes Heav'n forev - er mine. (all mine).

Titles in capitals, first lines in small letters.

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• THY WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH

